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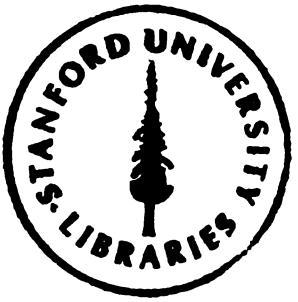
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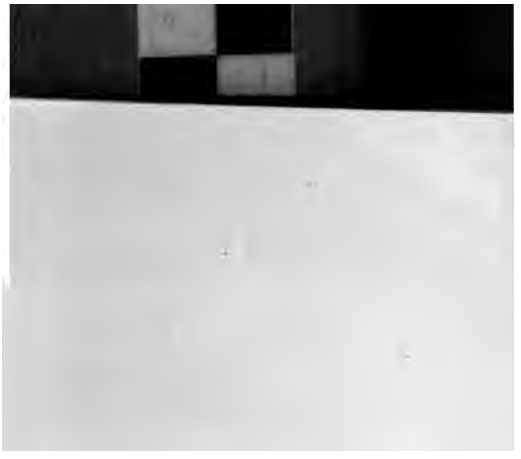
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JOHN H.









MRS. ADA HAVEN MATEER.

SIEGE DAYS

Personal Experiences of American Women and Children During the Peking Siege

BY

MRS. A. H. MATEER



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TO ALL THOSE,
IN EVERY COUNTRY AND CLIME,
WHOSE PRAYERS
DURING THE TIME OF OUR PERIL
INTERPOSED LIKE LEGIONS OF ANGELS
BETWEEN US AND OUR ENEMIES,
THIS BOOK
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.



PREFACE.

A year after the lifting of the Peking Siege, the following letter was sent to all American missionary women who had been in Peking at that time:

My Dear Friends:

A plan has been proposed by which we might all do something to help the Home Societies to raise funds to carry on the work so nearly destroyed. Those who have been spoken to about the plan seem pleased with it, and it is now commended to your careful attention. It is a work which only we can do and which we can only do now.

We have received wonderful mercies. The larger ones have already been given to the world, but not the countless little ones that made up our daily life during that summer of 1900. Let us gather up these fragments, after the great miracle, that nothing be lost. Let us record them now "lest we forget."

The plan is that every lady and child among the American missionaries should write on some subject. Of course, children are not limited to any subject. Let their little hands pick up all the crumbs they can.

Some will object that enough books have already been written on the siege, as they have, on the causes of the uprising, its statistics, diaries of the siege, etc.; but nothing exactly like this. This is to give the small details of daily life, a record of little daily mercies, which cannot but be interesting to Christian women, and which would otherwise die in oblivion.

Let us all pray for the blessing of God upon the book, that His name may be glorified by it.

The above letter will show the way and the spirit in which these sketches of siege life were collected. This book is not intended to be a complete history of the

siege, but lets one read between the lines in accounts already published the little bits that went to make up the daily life of the women and children during the siege.

It will give also enough of extracts from letters written *before* the outbreak to show the state of feeling existing, both among the missionaries and also among the Chinese.

But the main object of the book will be to show forth a few of the wonders of the siege itself, as seen by the eyes of women.

The causes of the Boxer uprising, the events of the siege and the ultimate results, have already been so admirably given by Dr. Arthur Smith, in his "China in Convulsion," that we scarcely need to touch upon them here. To his work, which must always remain a classic on the subject, the reader is referred for any gaps in the story—for the developments of the movement outside of Peking, for the diplomatic correspondence with the Foreign Office, for the philosophy of the whole episode, for all that goes to make up history. This is the story from a woman's, not a man's, standpoint, a record of feeling rather than event.

The body of the book is made of originally prepared articles on given topics, with extracts from letters and journals (often not prepared originally for publication), to fill up the record of the days. At the close of each week's record some of these topical articles will appear, not limited in subject matter to the one week in question, but covering the whole period of the siege, though the main drift of the article would mark it as appropriate to this week. Sometimes the

opinions of many will be given on the same subject, and we shall have, as it were, a social discussion. And at least once a week we shall hear from one of the children.

These articles were prepared, of course, without the chance of comparison and mutual discussion, the writers being scattered over two continents. In some cases, to prevent too much repetition, articles complete in themselves have been broken up, introductions and connecting links cast aside, and the anecdotes, incidents or descriptions forming the nucleus of the article, have been grouped with similar ones from others.

Owing to the pressure of many cares upon the busy workers, as well as the disadvantage of wide separation, it has been impossible to secure accounts from all the women. In order that as nearly as possible each woman in the siege should be represented, as well as to fill out the continuity of the journal, etc., it has been necessary to make liberal extracts from papers, magazines, etc., published at the time. All that appears from the pens of Miss Andrews and Miss Chapin is reprinted from the Congregational "Life and Light," (Boston). The shorter extracts from Mrs. Smith and Miss Gertrude Wyckoff are also from the same. Ruth Ingram's story is from the "Mission Dayspring" (Boston). "Mission Studies" (Chicago), is also drawn upon for some extracts. Almost all that appears under Miss Russell's signature is taken from the Boston "Missionary Herald." Miss Miner's are sometimes taken from one of the above, but more often taken from the Chicago "Advance" or "Interior," or the New York "Outlook." Mrs. Goodrich's

shorter extracts are sometimes taken from one of the Congregational publications, but more often from the Boston "Youth's Companion." The Presbyterian "Woman's Work for Woman" (New York), furnishes shorter extracts from Mrs. Fenn and Mrs. Inglis, Drs. Leonard and Mackey, and Misses McKillican, Newton, and McCoy. But a larger proportion of the shorter extracts from Mrs. Inglis are from the Presbyterian "Banner," while most from Miss McKillican are reprinted from the Montreal "Daily Witness."

The Methodist "Heathen Woman's Friend" furnishes shorter extracts from the Misses Martin and Dr. Terry. Excerpts from Mrs. Gamewell's pen are from the "Northwestern Christian Advocate." Mrs. Ed. Lowry's extracts are from "McClure's Magazine." Permission has been asked from all these to reprint, and the courtesy is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

The longer articles are all originally prepared for this work. We also wish to acknowledge the courteous permission to reprint the maps that originally appeared with Mrs. Ed. Lowry's article in "McClure's Magazine."

We are also indebted to the "Life and Light" for the portraits of Miss Chapin and Mrs. Galt; to the "Mission Dayspring" for that of Ruth Ingram; to "Mission Studies" for Misses Evans, Russell, Sheffield and the Wyckoff sisters; to "Woman's Work" for those of Mrs. Inglis and Miss McCoy; to the "Chautauquan" for those of Dr. Gloss and Mrs. Jewell; and to the "Northwestern Christian Advocate" for that of Mrs. Gamewell.

CONTENTS

	Preface	7
I	Introduction	13
II	The Gathering Storm	23
III	The Semi-Siege	71
IV	The Siege	123
V	Second Week	183
VI	Third Week	219
VII	Fourth Week	260
VIII	Fifth Week	286
IX	Sixth Week	307
X	Seventh Week	327
XI	Eighth Week	360
XII	Last Hours at the Siege Hospital	397
XIII	Special Providences	401
XIV	Te Deum	410

IN CHINA.

Forget them not, O Christ, who stand
Thy vanguard in the distant land.

In flood, in flame, in dark, in dread,
Sustain, we pray, each lifted head.

Be Thou in every faithful breast;
Be peace and happiness and rest.

Exalt them over every fear,
In peril come Thyself more near.

Let heaven above their pathway pour
A radiance from its open door.

Turn Thou the hostile weapons, Lord;
Rebuke each wrathful alien horde.

Thine are the loved, for whom we crave
That thou wouldst keep them strong and brave

Thine is the work they strive to do,
Their foes so many, they so few;

Yet Thou art with them, and Thy Name
Forever lives, is aye the same.

Thy conquering Name—O Lord, we pray,
Quench not its light in blood to-day.

Be with Thine own, Thy loved, who stand
Christ's vanguard in the storm-swept land.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in *The Congregationalist.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mrs. Ada Haven Mateer ..... Frontispiece

FACING PAGE

Plan of Pekin 26
Miss Nellie Russell 32
Misses Grace and Gertrude Wyckoff 37
Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich 44
Grace, Dorothea and Carrington Goodrich 44
Mrs. J. L. Mateer 52
Miss Grace Newton 52
Miss E. C. Leonard, M. D 52
Miss Janet McKillican 52
Miss Maud A. Mackey, M. D 56
Mrs. Courtnay Fenn 56
John M. Inglis, M. D 59
Mrs. John M. Inglis 59
Plan of the Besieged Legation Quarter 71
Bessie G. Ewing 84
Marion and Ellen Ewing 84
Abbie B. Chapin 104
Ralph and Ernest Chapin 104
Miss Edna G. Terry, M. D 118
Emma E. Martin 118
Lizzie E. Martin 118
Miss Bessie Meloy 128
Room in Corner House with Miss D. M. Dow 128
Miss Jane G. Evans 148
Gertrude Gilman 159
Charlotte M. Jewell 159
Miss Anna D. Gloss, M. D 159
Miss Amy E. Brown 256
Miss M. E. Andrews 256
Miss Hattie Rutherford 256
Ruth Ingram 286
Miss Alice Terrell 286
Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Walker and Esther 303
Miss E. Sheffield 348
Commemoration Medals 409



INTRODUCTION.

The Modern Miracle.

Never in the history of the Christian church has such a volume of prayer gone up to the Throne of Grace as was poured forth during the Summer of 1900, the prayers of the whole world centering on China; and never has prayer been answered in such a marvelous manner. Some, who have heard us tell the story of the wonderful deliverance, say there is too much "God" in it. But what is one to do? We cannot leave it out. We owe our lives to the fact that there was so much God in it. We wish to bear witness to His great mercy before all the world.

There are times when history moves on so quietly that one is not forced to think at all of the great Ruler, any more than one thinks of the engineer when the train is running smoothly. But in times of danger, with one chance in a thousand of safety, and that dependent on this one man's skill and courage, one's thoughts are constantly upon the engineer. There are times when God's people still feel that they are a theocracy, when one cannot but say, "This is the Lord's doing—it is marvelous in our eyes."

The wonderful facts, the miracles, were there before our eyes apparent even to unbelievers; to them a bewilderment (see page 402), to us a strong confidence, a sure resting place. We felt safe "under the shadow of His wings."

But some will say, "It is all very well for you who were saved. But how about those who lost their lives?" We would reply: If those prayers were offered in a spirit of seeking first the Kingdom of God, then these same prayers met as glorious an answer in them as in us. Has not all that is most precious been purchased by blood? In this, too, our Savior calls us, His human brethren, to the fellowship of His sufferings. The foundations of the Church in every land are laid in blood. Salvation, liberty, honor, truth have all been bought at one time or another by blood, and we who hold them now look upon them as sacred heritages bequeathed to us by the martyrs. This great land of China must also have its baptism of blood. So some must die, that the prayers be answered. And some must be saved, that the seed be preserved. Where shall the line be drawn? We all know how, though large numbers were praying for those scattered over China, yet, on account of the critical and cosmopolitan situation in Peking, all the nations of the earth joined in praying for their representatives there. So we were saved, while to these others is given that most precious reward—the martyr's crown. Do you think there is one among them who would change places with us? We shall live out our little term of service here on earth. But they will work on in China forever.

But you will say, "How about their friends? Death made quick work with the martyrs, but the friends will bear around a life-long sorrow." Perhaps so. We certainly felt, when in danger, that we were really having an easier time than our friends who were in suspense about us. Yet for this sorrow, as for the martyrdom

itself, comes a special preparation, and more than one mother called that summer to know the blessedness of sacrifice, has been willing to offer another treasure to the service of the Kingdom of the Lord in China.

Preparation of Heart for the Crisis.

The leading by which the remnant, or rather the greater part, of the Church in China was saved, was a leading as remarkable as that by which the Children of Israel were led to the Land of Promise. And as ten plagues on their enemies were necessary to prepare their hearts to follow an unseen leader, so to our poor feeble church came a special preparation of heart, for doing or for bearing, for service or for sacrifice. But it came, not in the line of plagues, but a sweet and wonderful outpouring of the Spirit. During the late winter, revival meetings were held in the M. E. University in Peking, meetings of great power. The theological students of the American Board in Tungchou went up to attend these meetings and came back with their hearts on fire. On their return, the foreign missionaries at that place, themselves having previously had special heart preparation, commenced a series of meetings. After a few meetings the Spirit came with power—these proud, reserved Chinese yielded, and in weeping and sobbing confessed sin, and entered a new life of more devoted consecration, each one as he found peace, helping others still unsatisfied. The regular exercises of both college and seminary were suspended, that they might, with undivided mind, seek this most precious education of heart. After three or four days of such meetings, invitations were sent out to all neighboring stations and

nearly a hundred came and met with them for two or three days. Afterwards, wishing to spread the light still further, the students went out, two by two, among all the outstations of the missions within a day's journey of Tungchou, as well as the important centers of work—Peking, Tientsin and Paotingfu. The work in these places was as in Tungchou, for the quickening of the church members; and nearly six hundred were reached. After a week's work these young apostles returned with glowing faces, to tell of the Spirit's power. Does it not seem like the old story, of the sending out two by two to the places where the Master was soon to go? The watchword of the meeting, "What would Jesus do," and the hymn, especially translated by Miss Miner for this occasion, both seemed an especial preparation of heart for what was to follow. So they sang:

"I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain or plain or sea;
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what you want me to be."

And we at Peking, in the American Board Mission, both in these revival meetings and in some that had preceded them, sang also:

"Where He leads me I will follow,
I will follow, follow all the way."

Little any one knew where the Lord would have us to go, to follow. All that was required of any of us was that he should be willing to be led.

We had often thought that sooner or later, when the great enemy saw we were really making inroads on his kingdom and when the Master saw His church was

able to bear it, persecution must arise. But we had not before thought the time would be so accelerated.

How often have we heard the prayer—"Prepare us for what Thou art preparing for us." How perfectly this was done the heart experiences here recorded will testify. Not only was the prayer* "That Thou wouldst keep them strong and brave" thus answered by giving a new spirit to the weak church members, but in our own hearts that other petition, "Be peace and happiness and rest," was also to be fulfilled. It is sometimes easier to be brave than to be peaceful in times of danger.

We are often asked how we felt during the siege. As this story is to be a record more of feeling than of events, we will begin at the beginning. A native pastor, who was beaten two hundred blows during the troubles in Shantung, told me that up to about twenty blows, each hurt more than the last, but after that, sensibility decreased, until at last the flesh became insensible. So it seemed to be with us. We should have been overwhelmed had we gone into the thick of the danger, with our poor flock, we and they alike unprepared. But one alarm followed on another, each a little nearer, and so by degrees we became prepared, until when the crisis came, we could be calm. At the coup d'etat in 1898 we were moved with indignation, and felt a political crisis more serious yet must follow. Then we heard of the persecution of the native Christians in Shantung, and thought of the early martyrs of our own race. Then the murder of Mr. Brooks in Shantung filled us with horror, and the words would come to our

*See Margaret Sangster's hymn at beginning.

minds, "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints." How little we thought how much nearer, as well as more widespread, would be the application of those lines of Milton!

These things seemed to make the thought of persecution and martyrdom a thing not separated from us by centuries of time, or half a continent of space—it was now, and in just the adjoining province. As time sped on mails from Shantung became more full and urgent in appeals to the Foreign office, and now as we were more prepared for it, a new terror arose, and we began to hear of troubles in the borders of our own province where it joined Shantung. Boxers were drilling there, near our own out-stations.

If you ask how it felt now—from this time on it was an increasing flood of sympathy, as we heard of members of our own flock being intimidated into giving great sums of money (great for them) to the Boxers to spare their lives. Then sympathy changed to fear as we heard of personal violence, a helper in the London Mission being tied up by his thumbs, women being insulted and children forced to join the Boxers. Then we heard of Boxers drilling in all our country districts, who threatened loudly the lives of the foreigners, how they were all to be swept into the sea, and how, after that, the secondary devils (the Chinese Christians) were to be destroyed.

As time went on, and the troubles came nearer, refugees began pouring in with tales ever more alarming. Places must be found for them. Do you ask now how it feels to know that these weak and helpless ones are being hounded to death, and oneself powerless to help? It

is awful! It pulls at one's heartstrings, especially the thought that such may be the fate of the Chinese entrusted to one's own care. It is fear, dread, horror, each day as much as one can bear, until each day we wondered why we were so much moved by the first feeble rumors, when this seemed so much more terrible. Thus we were gradually led on. Then we heard rumors about foreigners at Paotingfu having been attacked in fleeing, and our blood seemed frozen with horror.

After this anything that came would seem as a matter of course. So when we heard of the Chinese soldiers coming into the city in large numbers, it only seemed one of the things to be expected. And when we heard of Christians being killed in a village not far away it seemed a part of the same thing. One could believe anything. One dreadful night the mobs went shouting up and down the streets near the legations. When asked in the morning if one had heard them, one could say calmly, "Yes." And if any one had come in and said: "And your houses are to be looted," one would have said "Yes." And then if some one should say, "And your Christians are to be killed," one would still accept it as a possibility and say "Yes." And if some one had added, "And they are at the gates now waiting to kill you and every one inside," the answer would still have been the same unsurprised "Yes." This was the first of the special providences of the siege, the bringing on of the horrors in just such a way that finally, when the awful strain came, there was really no strain—everything was a matter of course—the new order of things was on. Events must be simply accepted with no storm and

stress, just a readiness to follow whatever leading seemed best.

And how about those others for whom the prayer seems to be, though in a different sense from the one originally meant,

> "Let Heaven above their pathway pour
> A radiance from its open door,"

those to whom the gates of glory opened to let them through? May we not believe that for them there came more abundant preparation for what lay before them? In fact, one has evidence of this in their letters, etc. Well does the writer remember sitting with one of these, Miss Mary Morrill, on the sea shore at Pei Tai Ho, in the early autumn of 1899. We were playing idly with the sand, letting it run through our fingers, when, looking up, I saw a far-away look in her eyes as she gazed off beyond the curve of the ocean. It was but natural to say, "What are you thinking of, Mary?" With her eyes still beyond the horizon, she asked, "Do you think if I should be led out to be killed that I would go with courage?" Her question took me wholly aback; for it was not till our return from this outing that we heard the name of Boxer. So I answered that doubtless, if the Lord ever called on her to go through with such a trial, I was sure He would give her grace to bear it; but perhaps not before. But the thought has often comforted me that He was taking especial pains with this, the most sensitive of all my friends,

> "Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame."

leading her up to the point where it could be written of her,

"Within this lowly grave a conqueror lies."

I am *sure* that He walked by her side as she went to her triumph.

"A Light Unto Our Path."

But let no one suppose that the peace and calm with which we could finally face the danger was the result of an overdose of horrors. There was daily, as the need came for it, the special comforting that came from communion with our Master, "a very present help in trouble," who would mete out the day's message to the day's needs. In this daily reading one came gradually to realize that *the* book made for the occasion was the book of Psalms. As a child one likes the Psalms because it is cut up into such small portions. But as one grows older and reads for the sake of getting help, rather than getting through a portion, one turns to the New Testament and rather neglects the Psalms, except a few chosen ones, the treasury of the ages.

They seem to speak of a civilization (or the lack of it), once, alas, prevalent on the earth, but now happily so long left behind that those same Psalms which speak of the enemies are characterized as "imprecatory," and one speaks of them in an apologetic strain. But if one examines the greater part of these Psalms now characterized as imprecatory, one will see that they are cries to be delivered from an enemy, an appeal for help to one who is mighty to save, a trust in a mighty fortress; and that almost every dark, gloomy picture of distress and danger ends with one of those grand assurances of help and strength. The bright promises seemed all the

more real and certain from the way in which the dark side matched the present aspect of affairs. The painfully natural way in which the cloud was painted made the ray of sunshine emerging from its edge seem all the more bright. One could, in reading, easily turn about the only things that were anachronisms in these imprecatory Psalms, translating the curses into prayers for our enemies, that they might speedily be vanquished by love and led to a mighty salvation; and all the rest, except those few verses, applied wonderfully; and as time went on, seemed more and more fitted to the case. When all the trouble was over and a party of Japanese missionaries were asking some one who had just escaped the "snare of the fowler" as to what passages of Scripture had been an especial comfort to her, she replied, "the imprecatory Psalms." Of course she knew her audience; and they knew her, as one who would gladly have laid down her life to save her enemies, whose love for the Chinese was always leading her to make great sacrifices in their behalf. We were living in the Old Testament all through those siege days.

THE GATHERING STORM.

The Boxers.

The Boxer organization started in Shantung. Its motto, after leaving the confines of its native village, was "Uphold the Ch'ing (the ruling dynasty) and exterminate the foreigner." Their drill consisted in burning incense before a tablet and then working themselves up by gymnastics, etc., to a state where they were no longer masters of themselves, but became unconscious. After remaining in this state for some time they would rise, declaring themselves possessed of the spirit of one of the old heroes of antiquity. In this state they could perform great feats, but the chief mark of distinction was that they were invulnerable. Swords would not hurt them, and they could knock their heads on the ground until a great lump appeared, but never feel it. This lump on the forehead became a distinguishing mark. It was enough to make one think of the mark of the beast and to make one wonder whether, after all, these fellows were not right in their claims to be possessed. Was this not a gathering of the forces of the evil one, for one mighty struggle?

And yet, as Mrs. Galt says, "The Boxers rose up not so much against Christianity, as against everything foreign." Goaded and stung by loss of land through its absorption by foreign powers, and more directly loss of means of livelihood through having their carts or boats or hand-looms superseded by foreign machinery, it was

a struggle against the usurper, the "foreign devil." A widespread drought added to other troubles. As Mrs. Goodrich says in Youth's Companion: "It was announced that 'Heaven would send no rain until appeased by the destruction of every foreigner and all those misled by their hated doctrines and devilish contrivances, such as telegraphs, steamboats and railroads.' To make the desired destruction and annihilation seem the more easy and profitable, it was added that 'by the raising of eight million spiritual soldiers—*i. e.*, men incapable of being hurt by thrust of spear or flying bullet—the deed can be accomplished, the gods appeased and we ourselves reimbursed by the booty obtained.'"

Some one has well described the way in which the Boxers and the Imperial army were regarded by the Chinese by saying that to the body of the Imperial army the Boxers furnished the divine wings. As the whole power of the Boxers lay in their relations with the supernatural, so it was to be expected that they should come to look upon us whom they considered their enemies, as also possessed of magic power. Seeing the foreigners regarded their religion as one of their most sacred things, this religion formed a secondary point of attack, especially the religion which, from its unjust extortions at the Yamens they had had occasion to fear and dread—the Roman Catholic religion. They had become familiar with the cross, seeing it on the pinnacles of the great Roman Catholic churches in the city. Ignorant and superstitious themselves, they regarded the cross as the magic charm by which we derived our power. That this superstitious dread of the cross was also shared by the government, was shown at the Chinese

New Year of 1900, when the old die used in minting copper cash in Peking was altered, and in the expression of the value, which had been used ever since the coming in of the dynasty, the character for ten, +, was changed to a much more complicated form, employed on bank-notes expressly because more complicated, and which does not resemble the above at all. When we asked the reason for the change we always got the same reply: "This cross is sacred to the foreigner. The churches with the cross on belong to the foreigner. Great slices of our land, all up and down the coast, have been taken by the foreigner and the cross rules there. If the cash has the cross on that will go to the foreigner, too."

They must have seen the Roman Catholic Christians crossing themselves, for the Boxers, doubtless seeking an analogy to their own mark on the forehead, said they could always tell a Christian by seeing the cross on his forehead. After the beginning of the uprising, that was enough to condemn a person to death. One of the servants who came up from Tungchou, after the burning of that place, said that on the way he had passed some Boxers killing an old man. He asked what crime the old man had committed and was told that he had the cross on his forehead. The servant hastily turned away, pulling the cap down over his own forehead, wondering whether the Boxers would see a cross there.

Yet that this religious persecution was, after all, secondary is amply proved by the fact that the first attack on Peking was on the railroads, and that as it went on it was extended to any one having in his possession anything foreign, so that men to save their lives would

bury their kerosene lamps and burn their foreign cloth.

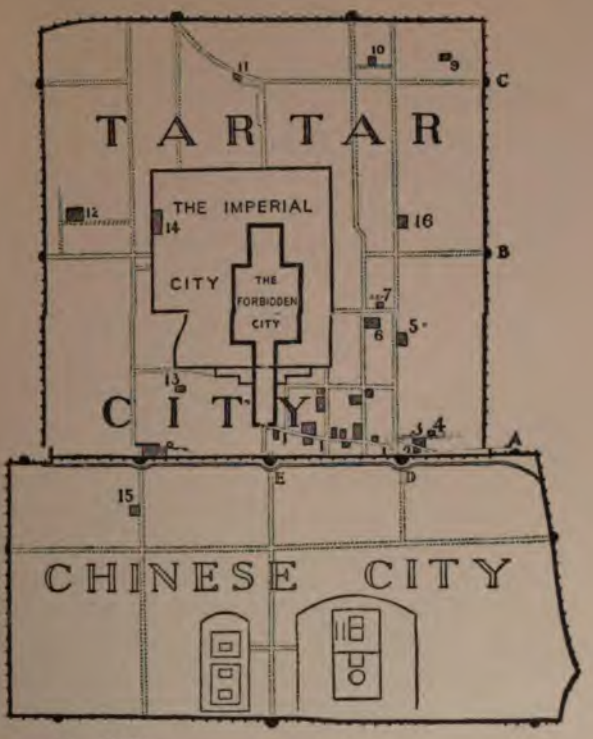
The Beginning of Troubles.

But now let us quote from letters, written by those who were afterwards to be "bound in the bundle of life," in the English legation, but were then widely separated. We will commence near the seat of the trouble.

Pang Chuang, Shantung, September 21, 1899.—The Boxers have said all along that they would disturb no one but Catholics, but to the East of us church members are being required to forsake their religion, burn incense, etc., or have their homes plundered and utensils smashed. On Monday, the 18th, the news was serious, the threat being to come here, drive us out and make this place headquarters for a rebellion, stowing of goods, etc., so that we all really felt very grave. The helpers and native pastors went around with most solemn faces and we really feared danger was at our door. It was suggested that we should have a hand bag with necessary things, if we should need to flee, and later, that a trunk be packed to be sent to the village. I think the verse, "Set thy house in order," never meant more to me, though we had no fear of life.

We did not really expect the robbers that night, but felt more anxious for our church and our seemingly near danger than afterwards.

A few days after this Dr. Porter said, "In the name of our God have we put up our banners." Our American flag has created a great fear; reports say we have hundreds of foreign soldiers under it, that our cellars are full of fire-arms, cannon, etc. One woman coming to



GATES.
BRICK WALL.
STREETS.

PLAN OF PEKIN.

A. *Tung Pien Gate.*
B AND C. *These two gates were blown up by the Japanese troops.*
D. *Ha-ta Gate.*
E. *Chien Gate.*
1. *Legation Street.*
2. *Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.*
3. *Methodist Mission Compound.*
4. *Durbin Hall.*
5. *East London Mission.*
6. *French Eastern Mission.*
7. *American Board Mission.*
8. *French Southern Mission.*
9. *Russian Mission.*
10. *Presbyterian Mission.*
11. " "
12. *West London Mission.*
13. *Miss Douw's Mission.*
14. *French Northern Mission and Cathedral.*
15. *Methodist Church.*
16. *Tsungli Yamen (Chinese Foreign Office).*

Courtesy of McClure's Magazine.



see if we were all right, asked, "How many of your country's soldiers have come?"—Miss Gertrude Wyckoff.

January 6, 1900.—In a place where we had a chapel, but which is now a wreck, it was said that before the looting took place the leaders of the Boxers had ridden on their horses through lanes and alleys, crying, "Kill the foreign devils and all the adherents of the foreign devils." Then they threatened to go to every Christian home and kill the Christians. Those of weaker faith might well say, "Is this what we are to receive as Christians?" And we of larger faith and farther vision sometimes wonder, "How long, O Lord, how long?" Yet this may be but the beginning of troubles for the church in China.—Gertrude Wyckoff.

The diplomatic corps made repeated representations to the Chinese government and demanded punishment and suppression of the Boxers. The purpose of the government and the peril of the foreigners in China and of the native Christians were indicated by the fact that, though extreme outrages were committed with constantly increasing frequency, and though the government made promises and issued edicts, *no one was punished*.—Mrs. F. D. Gamewell.

Peking, January 21.—The next few weeks will decide whether the prophesied break up of China is to take place immediately, or whether the old Dowager will recover herself by one of those astute tricks with which she is in the habit of bamboozling the foreigners. Immediately after the murder of Mr. Brooks she was out with a nice sounding decree, expressing regret, but it was followed in a few days by another which may be

interpreted in quite a different way—the mandarins in managing such cases should not be too harsh in condemning societies loyal at heart, who might be banded together for "practicing gymnastics." Soldiers sent to protect threatened places have secret instructions not to move, and sometimes even join the looters.

The foreign ministers are banded together to act concertedly, but will first wait to see what the old Dowager will do. But many say the end is now near and the partition of China must come very soon. It looks so. They say the Emperor tried to escape the other day. The Boxers are not in force here as yet.—Ada Haven.

Peking, January 25.—These are exciting times we are living in just now and we are all waiting to see what will be the next "coup" of the old Dowager. It really seems as if her cup of iniquity were about full. Every one says the inefficiency of General Yuan and his troops in Shantung is owing to secret orders received from the throne. Sir Claude McDonald even ventured to hint as much as that at the Foreign Office, whereat, of course, the high magnates held up their hands in holy horror that any one could think so. This morning the proclamation was out on the streets of the appointment of the Emperor's successor. I have just returned from prayer meeting this evening—a memorable meeting. Mr. Ewing first read the passage about Christ weeping over Jerusalem. Then he commented on the sending of prophets to warn them of sin, and compared it with the present situation by saying it was the very region which had produced China's prophet, Confucius, which is now the region of persecution. Mr. Brooks was butchered very near to Confu-

cius' birthplace. Then, after a few comments, he called on any one who had read the proclamation of the day to give the substance of it. Barber Wen got up and prefaced his report of the proclamation by a bit of news about the occurrences in the palace yesterday. One never can more than half believe about one-quarter of what one hears of as having happened in the palace, but as I heard it I will tell it. In the presence of all the great potentates of the realm the Emperor-elect was brought into the presence of the former (or what shall I call him) Emperor. Then Kuang Hsu, the retiring Emperor, made the speech he was required to make, to the effect that as he had no hope of any sons to inherit the crown, he had decided to adopt a son to succeed to the throne. Then he took off his own royal hat (or shall we call it a crown), and gave it to the new aspirant, who took it and put it on his own head. But just at this juncture a most unlucky circumstance occurred. He put it on back foremost. His attention was called to the fact by the anxious courtiers and he speedily rectified the blunder, but could not undo the bad omen. Then the one Emperor gave the other a k'ou t'ou and the deposed one retired bareheaded. The proclamation was much to the same effect as the Emperor's speech, purporting to be his own wish in the matter. Poor little puppet! The old woman was too much for him! But to return to the meeting. Then followed prayers for the rightful Emperor, for the people have prayed so much for him before that he is not to be dropped out of their prayers, even though uncrowned.

'After a while Deacon Wen got up again, earnestly counselling all church members not to mention a word

about politics or the country in the front chapel or on the street, as it would bring danger. In my private opinion he might as well have said the domestic chapel, too (where the meeting was being held), as a place where speech should be guarded, for occasionally a eunuch from the palace drops in, and spies may be present at any time. Then a rather foolish old man got up and said we had enough to think of in the affairs of the church, and better not concern even our thoughts with the affairs of the country. (Think of any Christian saying that in any civilized country! It shows the scar of tyranny.) Of course Mr. Ewing speedily corrected that advice, stating how much our prayers should be for the country in the crisis before her. Then he read a few verses full of hope and peace, and we sang "O Pity China, Lord"; then a few more prayers, full of feeling, the doxology and the benediction.

I wonder what these next days will bring forth! A foreigner on the streets today met two thousand soldiers marching into the city, clothes and arms all new. Evidently the old lady means to strengthen her position. The Chinese are all saying that they are getting ready for a war with the foreigners. But who knows! Generally speaking, the thing that the Chinese say in prophecy is not the true thing. And the fact that the ministers have not sent for the marines shows that they do not consider the situation a grave one. The people on the streets show no hostility, and our work goes on as usual. We are accustomed to alarmist scares. But with our friends in Shantung the case is entirely different. There is no doubt they are in real danger. I wish they were safe in some of the ports.—Ada Haven.

Early in the spring Boxers from Shantung came by boat to Tungchou, and began to drill recruits, winning them easily from the malcontents in the north and east suburbs, many of whom before the railroad was built used to steal their living from the Imperial rice sent by river from Tientsin to Peking, others were boatmen, carters, wheelbarrow men, whose business had also been ruined by the railroad, still more were young boys and street loafers for whose idle hands and brains Satan had found some unusually lucrative and attractive mischief. So daily they went through their drill, or rather the superstitious rites which passed for drill, openly when they dared, secretly when they feared that the officials might interfere. Gradually the contagion spread to neighboring towns and villages, and with numbers courage grew, and our Christians received premonitions of the fiery trial which awaited them. Yet during those troubles, weeks before the outburst, we knew of only three or four weak ones among our two hundred and fifty church members who tried to avert the otherwise inevitable persecution by putting up idols in their homes or performing heathen rites.—Luella Miner.

This Boxer movement is the strangest thing I have ever heard of. One of the young men told me this morning that he went last night and saw them practicing. He asked them to teach him. They made him call out the name of a god nine times, then make three prostrations; then he should have gone off into a trance, but the thing did not work in him. He said that he saw many who would shake and tremble all over as though they had a fit. Then they would call out that such and

such a god was present and that he said this and that; i. e., they must kill all the foreigners, pull up the railroads and telepraph poles, kill the Christians and last of all, burn the steamers, and then China for the Chinese. All such kind of talk fills the city at the present time.

I heard of one young lad who was talking in a most violent way, appare trance, when some one exclaimed, "Here co father with a stick." He made a jump—gods else were forgotten; but it was too late, the old ad him down and he laid on with his stick till was thoroughly convinced that life was very rea the gods very far away.—Miss N. N. Russell.

A boy subsequently ca red in a Boxer camp said that when the Boxers went their village and demanded sixteen boys for their society, his father said, "You will kill me first before you get my boy." "Then die," was the answer, and he was killed on the spot and the boy taken to the temple with the others.—Miss N. N. Russell.

Meanwhile, spite of warnings, the legations seemed in happy unconsciousness of the impending danger. On May 24, the Queen's birthday was celebrated as usual in the English Legation by all of that nationality. Sixty joined in the festivities. The dinner was followed by a dance on the tennis court, so soon to be the theatre of such strange scenes. Talk was of going to Pei Tai Ho, one present wrote, and then commented thus on the situation, "Rumors of the Big Sword Society, commonly known as Boxers, have been reaching us for some time past, but they have been so widespread for the last six months,



MISS NELLIE RUSSELL.



and 'wolf' has been cried so often that nobody worries much about the stories." Only four days later came the break up at Feng Tai.

Near the close of May the ministers in all the legations along the route burned, cars smashed, Chinese take the protection of the legations and the protection of foreigners in Peking. They sent to Tientsin for guards, and from the war vessels at Taku a guard of 450 marines was sent. Of this 450, fifty-three were Americans.—Mrs. F. D. Gamewell.

Forty-eight hours after the marines came in, the railroad connecting Peking with Teintsin was torn up, stations along the route burned, cars smashed, Chinese employes murdered and a party of French and Belgian engineers with wives and families besieged by Boxers near Feng Tai. A small relieving force of students from the French Legation was hurriedly formed and accompanied by brave Mr. and Mrs. Chamot, from the French Hotel, all armed, rode out ten miles to rescue their countrymen. Just in time, too, for the infuriated Boxers were shouting their incantations, brandishing their torches and preparing to fire the little house in which the engineers were barricaded. That afternoon a little cavalcade of armed men, worn with fatigue and excitement, carts containing frightened women, with their babies and divers boxes and bundles, appeared in Peking streets and made their way to Chamot's Hotel. The news of this episode came early to our ears and we felt that unless more help came soon our situation would indeed be desperate.—Mrs. J. Inglis.

The Tungchou Boxers began their diabolical work, not

by massacring Christians, but by leading in an attack on what they hated even more, the railways. The twenty-eighth of May, Feng Tai, a station near Peking, also another station where there were important railroad shops, were destroyed, and some thought that, having tasted the sweets of burning foreign property and seeing "foreign devils" fleeing for their lives, we were in immediate danger in Tungchou, when the Boxers returned on Tuesday from their crusade against railroads. But we knew that the sentiment of the better classes in the city and of the highest official was friendly. We met the people as usual on the streets, and felt that we were in no great danger from the local Boxers. When the hordes from other places began to sweep down upon us, the situation would be totally changed.—Miss Luella Miner.

I was in the country when the troops came, and for a time the excitement was so great I had almost made up my mind to try to make my way to the coast rather than go to the city. The excitement quieted down after the marines got in, and I came to Peking in a closed cart three days before we left our compounds. I was very glad to be able to stay in the country so long. I had a nice class of women for a short time, and I realized that it might be my last opportunity with them.

There seemed to be no immediate danger while I was there, but almost every one seemed to be practicing the Boxer drill, and talking about the extermination of Christians and foreigners, and one could but wonder what was to be the outcome of it all. It seemed as though there was not a quiet spot on the whole earth. I

had been very much interested in South Africa, and tried to keep up with the war news. That, with the preparations and reports around me, made me often ask myself what it must be like to be at home in Canada now, where there is none of that terrible bloodshed, and where the people do not hate you, and are not planning and expecting to take your life.

Mr. and Mrs. Killie were in a village four miles from where I was, but we were so busy, we did not see much of each other. After the class was broken up, I went about among the villagers for a few days, trying to strengthen the faith of the Christians. My one hope was that if the worst came, they would suffer death rather than burn incense.

The storm broke about two weeks after I left, and nearly all our Christians there have been massacred. Some of these were burned to death, being first hacked with knives, and then thrown into the flames of their burning homes. It is too horrible to write about.—Janet McKillican.

During these days of gathering storm the North China mission of the American Board held its annual meeting at Tungchou, twelve miles from Peking, and the North China Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church held its session in Peking. The meeting of these two bodies at this time brought from their various stations in North China many workers, foreign and native, to meet together a common peril and, as it eventuated, a common deliverance, by which are spared workers whose experience and wisdom will be needed for the reorganization of a shattered work.—Mrs. F. D. Gamewell.

Here is a letter from one coming to attend the Methodist mission meeting:

From our quiet station in the city of Tsun Hua, one hundred miles east of Peking, we watched with anxiety and interest the Boxer uprising, beginning, as it did, in the Province of Shantung in the autumn of 1899, and spreading rapidly northward. By the middle of May, 1900, the Boxers were practicing throughout the towns and villages of the Tsun Hua valley, and were also in the city where we lived. No one could tell whether the movement would be quickly suppressed, or whether it would end in a widespread persecution over the country. We remembered that about a year before there had been a thorough canvass made and a census taken of all the Christian families. Our native Christians, at that time, had been somewhat disturbed, and had asked, "What does it all mean? Does it mean that they are going to kill us all?"

Notwithstanding the disturbed state of the country, we went to Peking the last of May to attend our Annual Conference. The Conference was over, and on Monday morning, the 4th of June, some of the members of our mission returned to Tientsin. Those who failed to take the train that morning found themselves prisoners within the walls of the city of Peking. The railroad was soon destroyed, and all hope of escape was cut off. The Chinese had said, "No one who goes into Peking at this time will ever come out."—Edna G. Terry, M. D.

June 7th.—We tried to escape June 5th, but, after waiting at the station five hours, gave it up and came





MISSES GRACE AND GERTRUDE WYCKOFF.

back. If they send up a train for us we will all go down to Tientsin, school and all; but there is no prospect of it now. There are no trains; the wires, they say, are all cut, and the next thing we shall be shut up in Peking.—E. E. Martin, M. D.

And here is one from a member of the Congregational gathering. We will now follow them until they join the others in Peking:

My sister and I, in company with Dr. and Mrs. Smith, left Pang-Chuang May 8th, and in due time arrived in safety at Tungchou, waiting for the annual meeting of our North China Mission. It had occurred to me that, inasmuch as peace reigned again with us, the Boxers might move north, and even when we left there were rumors of unrest and ugly forebodings. The school girls begged me not to go north. They said, "We are so afraid you won't be able to come back."

The mission meeting at Tungchou passed off most pleasantly, and the past and present experiences of the church and the native Christians drew both foreign and native workers into a very warm and tender relation, and Christian fellowship was peculiarly sweet. During these days terrible stories came from Peking, Tungchou and Paotingfu out-stations of burning of Christians' homes, of plundering and even murder of some, and threats to continue till all foreigners and their followers should be exterminated. The college premises at Tungchou were threatened. To go seemed like inviting utter destruction; to remain might mean loss of life as well.—Grace Wyckoff.

I went to Tungchou with the children on Satur-

day, May 26th, to attend mission meeting, returning, however, before the rest. As threats of attack in Tungchou continued more numerous, we hoisted the American flag as a sign of protection and also mounted a telescope on the roof turret of one of the houses. This telescope had been up there nearly all last year for astronomical classes, and some of the Chinese had been frightened, thinking it was a big gun. Every opportunity was taken to undeceive them, but with no effect. Now was the time to use this telescope as a scarecrow, and it proved a good one. The story was soon going round that when that big gun went off half of Tungchou would be destroyed. This reminded me of the yarns we were told when children about the bronze dogs in people's yards.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

Tungchou, May 30, 1900.—We know we are as safe as you if we are where duty calls. We are here as God's soldiers. I know how troubled you will be when the cable flashes to you the news of the destruction of the railway to Paotingfu, the burning of the station and the narrow escape of foreigners.

The ministers have not believed us, who have gone in and out among the people, concerning the Boxer movement. When our helpers were killed, they would say: "Did you see them killed? We want facts, not rumors." Now they are thoroughly frightened.

You know, doubtless, how Tungchou has been ruined by the railway. It is thought that the Boxers who did it went from here, as large numbers went on Sunday. It was reported that they had returned exultant over their success, and planned to come out and attack us. We

sent for soldiers, but none came, neither did the Boxers come.

1:35 p. m.—A small official has come with a few soldiers, but these soldiers have not brought guns. They may be Boxers. Of course, we can only wait and pray. Long before this reaches you, something will have happened.

We are thirty-four foreigners, wonderfully calm because we know God's will is sweetest and best. What His will is for us we do not know. I write not so much to tell you what will be old news ere you receive this, but to let you know we are kept by the power of God. If He wishes us to join the "noble army of martyrs," we can rejoice at the hope of seeing Him whom we love and serve.

June 3rd.—Yesterday there were four camps of Boxers three miles from here and less, and our people were sure that we were to be attacked last night. Of course, we are busy in annual meeting all day long, and go on in our plans of work just as if our country were not on the eve of anarchy.—Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich.

The following account, from the pen of Miss Miner, is taken partly from the "Advance," partly from the "Mission Studies":

It was the coming of two hundred soldiers of the Chinese regular army to "protect" us which precipitated our calamity. They arrived in Tungchou on Monday, the fourth of June, and were divided among our places in city and country where danger seemed most imminent. We were not surprised to hear that when these soldiers took their first look at the beautiful college

buildings which they had been sent to guard from the Boxers, they said, "When this place is looted and burned, we will have the first hand in it." A review of most of the articles written by missionaries during the past year on the Boxer movement shows that they have apprehended from the first that the Boxers had secret sanction from the Empress Dowager, that she hoped to use them as militia to reinforce the regular army, and help drive out the foreign aggressors who were stealing seaports, opening mines and building railways, also the missionaries who were the pathmakers of trade, and who were stealing the hearts of the people away from their ancestral faith, thus undermining the state. It was the news of massacre of twenty, in one of the out-stations that terrible Wednesday night, which roused us to flee before the storm overtook us. The two hundred rebellious soldiers sent to protect us from Boxers had for two days been boasting that their hands would be first to pillage and kill. Rumors of the awful catastrophe which had fallen on our southern out-stations reached us Thursday morning, and three missionaries went at once to consult with our friendly official, the Tao-tai. Sending out all the under-officials and attendants, he confessed with tears that he could do nothing more to help us; the soldiers would not obey his orders, and he himself was in danger because of his friendliness to foreigners. We had already heard that the Boxer nickname for him was "Chief of the Secondary Foreign Devils," "Secondary Foreign Devils" being the name for the native Christians. We may anticipate by saying that this Tao-tai's premonitions of his fate were not unfounded. Since coming to Peking,

two reports have reached us, one that the Tao-tai was a prisoner in his own yamen, his very life in danger, and that the Boxers were using his official seal to stamp their own documents. Later we heard that he was imprisoned in the Board of Punishments, Peking's dread Bastile, from which, during these two years when usurpers have been in power, many a martyr to progress and civilization has gone to the executioner's block. Thursday noon, when we gathered to hear the report of the visit to the Tao-tai, it was with hearts sick with dread. Just a few moments of prayer and consultation, then we knew that before another morning broke we must leave those beloved scenes of our life-work, must leave the helpless people whom we were worse than powerless to protect, for by staying with them we only invited swifter, surer destruction on their heads. Had we dreamed that sad afternoon how sharp would be the search for every suspected adherent of the "foreign religion," how ruthless the assassins' hands, our hearts might have failed us. We knew that the beautiful college building with the museum which was our pride, the large new church just building in the city, our numerous little chapels and school buildings, our homes, endeared by associations, would soon go up in smoke, that our earthly possessions would soon be limited to the few necessities which we were hurriedly packing, but the value of material things, of food and raiment, of brick and mortar, faded into nothingness during those hours when our eyes saw, as it were, with Heaven's perspective. It was the beloved work of over thirty years, work built up by prayer and love and faith, it was the lives of hundreds of hunted, persecuted Christ-

ians, which seemed priceless, and which we prayed God to spare. He whose love is so much wiser, broader, tenderer than ours must have heard that prayer, though for a time the light has gone out in every Christian home in city and country. The lavas of Vesuvius never swept a more destructive path than has this holocaust. With unspeakable heart agony we decided to flee to Peking that Thursday night, or rather before light the next morning, and to counsel our Christians whom we could to go with us, unless they could find hiding places with heathen relatives. We were more than powerless to protect them by staying, which was the happy privilege of the missionaries during the Armenian massacres, for our presence only increased their danger. It seemed as if I were leaving my very life behind during that four hours' cart ride to Peking.

Besides the Chinese, there were in our party Dr. and Mrs. Goodrich and three children, Mr. and Mrs. Tewksbury and two children, Dr. and Mrs. Ingram and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Galt, Miss Andrews, Miss Evans, Miss Abbie Chapin and myself of Tungchou; and of the guests who had not yet returned from mission meeting there were Dr. and Mrs. Smith and the Misses Wyckoff. The Chapin family of Lin Ching had gone a day earlier.

Now it is time we heard from one of the children.

The Journey to Peking.

On the seventh of June, the people of our Station at Tungchou had decided that we must leave our homes and flee to Peking. How hard it was to leave the dear

homes, and think that in a few days they would all be burned by the Boxers!

Minister Conger had promised to send down some soldiers, to escort us safely to the city. Papa had raised some strawberries, and that night we had a great dish of strawberries, but we did not eat them; no, because the soldiers were coming, and they might like some of them. Don't you think you would, after a long tramp? We waited and waited for the soldiers, and all the people of the station were at our house expecting them to come, but they did not come.

After a while, Dr. Ament, of Peking, came down, with a gun thrown over his shoulder, and a cartridge belt buckled around his waist. He had with him fifteen Chinese carts from Peking. We had already ordered carts from the city near by, but they would not come. Finally five more carts agreed to go, and so there were twenty in all.

That night there was a great deal of talking going on down stairs. And, besides, mamma had taken off the mattress and the soft warm quilt from the bed to pack, leaving only the springs to sleep on. So I could not sleep very well. I fell asleep about eleven o'clock, which was very late for me, especially as I had to get up a little after one to get ready.

The next morning, twenty-three of us Americans, and some Chinese, got into our carts in the dark, about three o'clock, and at half past three we started. We were not sure we would reach Peking safely, because the Boxers practiced early in the morning.

On the way going up we met a man—a Boxer leader, very likely—who looked very fierce, and he had two

glistening swords crossed on each side of him, as he rode along on his donkey. He gave us a look, as if to say, "You may pass now, but you will not be alive very long."

When we were at last inside one of the gates of Peking, we felt relieved. We reached the Methodist mission safely at half past seven in the morning, *so* tired, but oh! so glad and thankful to be with all the other missionaries, and where we hoped we might be safe.—Grace Goodrich.

The Scene and the Actors.

The location of the city of Peking, unlike that of the other great capitals of the world, seems to have been chosen for its inaccessibility. What other capital is situated eighty miles from the sea coast, and yet not on a river? And that in a country which owns no good roads or inns, or comfortable means of private conveyance? But for this very reason it is well adapted as a trap to catch foreigners in. We have already seen how the quarry from outside was driven in. From Tsun Hua on the north by the Great Wall, to the Shantung mission near the Grand Canal on the south, nearly all the missionaries belonging to the Boards represented in Peking were now within its walls.

Let us now take a glance at this same city of Peking and its foreign inhabitants. It is indeed a walled city, a very much walled city. A wall surrounds the Northern or Tartar city, and a wall surrounds the Southern or Chinese city, and on its northern side separates the two cities. In the middle of the northern city is another walled city, its walls capped at the top by yel-



MRS CHAUNCEY GOODRICH.



GRACE, DOROTHEA AND CARRINGTON GOODRICH.



low tiles to show it is imperial. This is the Yellow or Imperial City. In the middle of this again lies the Crimson Forbidden City, surrounded by a moat, and inside this a triple vermilion colored wall, also surmounted by yellow tiles. It is in the inmost of this nest of boxes, that one in looking down from the city wall can see the yellow tiled palace roofs gleaming among the trees. Here lives her Imperial Majesty Athaliah II.

The society of Peking is peculiar. Before the establishment of the railroad the society was very simple, consisting of three classes, the Diplomatic and Customs bodies and the missionaries. It was like an English fruit tart, no lower crust (unless we missionaries were willing to consider ourselves as such). All manual labor was performed by the Chinese. As Peking was not an open port, no trade was allowed. This is not saying that there were no foreign stores, but simply that they were not allowed by law. Nevertheless one of the two stores in Peking had been there nearly thirty years. They could have been closed at any time, but the mandarins themselves were too fond of going there to purchase foreign toys and clocks, and especially foreign wines and cigars, to wish to close them. These were run by Europeans.

The Diplomatic service, of course, included all nationalities and embraced not only the staff and attaches but students learning Chinese in preparation for service.

It seems a strange comment on the practical working of the classics of China that after all these centuries of studying nothing but the theory of government and

the ethics of statesmanship, of which the Chinese classics are made up, the Chinese government is obliged to use foreigners to collect their maritime customs, but such is the case. This is a lasting good effect to China's finances, of having been helped to raise a former war indemnity. The Inspector General, or I. G., as he is called, Sir Robert Hart, selects his staff from the "gentleman" caste of all nations; and here in Peking there is not only the working force belonging to the port, but also a body of students preparing for the service. The functions of the service are rather extended, embracing among other things the running of an imperial postal service.

The Tung Wen, or Interpreters' College, is also under the control of the customs, the design of the college being to equip Chinese students for diplomatic service abroad. The professors in this college are also chosen from all nationalities, to instruct in the different languages required in the service abroad. The college itself and the residences of the professors were at a little distance from the Legations.

Quite recently, an Imperial university had been started for foreign learning, of which Dr. Martin, formerly a Presbyterian missionary, was the president, the professors being of all nationalities. Some of these were formerly missionaries.

Of late years banks have been established in Peking, and the possibility of developing railroads and mines has brought representatives of syndicates. Each year adds to the number of these.

The railroad has also brought many globe trotters

and curio collectors, so that society is no longer divided as of old into the three castes.

Now as to the location of these different foreign compounds. The Customs, the Post Office and the Austrian and English legations are near the southeastern corner of the Imperial City wall, on streets running between this wall and the wall of the Southern City. The residences of some foreign officials are on the street at the base of the Southern City wall, but the larger part of the foreign community, the foreign banks, stores and hotel, and more particularly most of the legations, are on the street next to this "Wall Base" street, and nearly parallel with it. This is called by the foreigners Legation street, and by the Chinese (Tribute) Rendering Subjects street. It was assigned to the foreign Legations at the time foreigners forced an entrance into Peking. The Coreans, who had from of old come yearly to render tribute, had been assigned a place on the Wall Base street, and the assigning of the diplomats to the immediately adjacent street, as well as the name, shows how foreigners were regarded. On the Boxer placards that appeared on the walls of the city, it was announced that the name of this street was changed to Cut-up-Foreigners-Cock-Crowing street, rather a cumbersome name, and one which fortunately was never fully justified.

It will thus be seen that all the foreign residents of Peking, except the professors in the two Chinese colleges and the missionaries, were gathered into a very limited area. One of these colleges was in the Imperial City, the other near the Foreign Office.

And now a word in passing with regard to this same

Foreign Office. Ever since the opening of diplomatic relations with China, the method of communication with the Chinese government has been through the Tsung Li Yamen or Foreign Office. This board consists of ten or twelve officials whose business it is to act as the medium of communication between the foreign ministers and the Dragon Throne. They are thoroughly well up in the art of "how not to do it," whether the matter in hand be a treaty granting commercial rights to a foreign power, or an appeal for redress for loss of life or property of some humble missionary. They are a fence behind which the foreign powers may stand imprisoned while they watch the old dragon "swinging the scaly horrors of his folded tail." To change the figure, they act as a buffer when one tries to "hustle the East." But the most accurate description is Lord Salisbury's—"a machine to register the amount of pressure brought to bear on it."

But now to return to the foreigners. The above must suffice for a description of the society of Peking. Now for its societies. In the West City there were two English societies, the western branch of the London Mission (L. M. S.) (independent), and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (S. P. G.) (Episcopal). There were also two American societies, the Mission to the Higher Classes (Dr. and Mrs. Gilbert Reid and one child, and Mr. Stelle), and the Alliance Mission (Misses Douw, Gowans, Brown and Rutherford). In the Southern City only one foreigner resided, Mr. Bok and family, of the Swedish mission.

On the north were two compounds, both belonging to the Presbyterian Mission (A. P. M.), one near the

north gate of the Imperial City (Dr. Wherry, Dr. Eliza E. Leonard, Dr. Maud Mackey, and Misses Newton, McKillican and McCoy); the other not very far from the most eastern gate in the north city wall (Mr. Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. Fenn and two children, and Dr. and Mrs. Inglis and one child). On the east were the eastern branch of the London Mission, the American Board (A. B. C. F. M.) (Dr. Ament, Mr. and Mrs. Ewing and two children, Mrs. John L. Mateer, and the Misses Russell, Sheffield and Haven). And near the wall of the Southern City, the Methodist Mission (M. E. M.) (resident missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. F. D. Gamewell, Dr. George Lowry, Mr. King, Dr. Anna Gloss and the Misses Gilman and Terrell, also its mission meeting guests, Messrs. Verity and Hobart of Shantung, Dr. and Mrs. Walker and daughter and the Misses Martin of Tientsin, and Dr. Edna Terry of Tsun Hua. With these one must count Mrs. Edward Lowry, who though not herself the wife of a missionary, was daughter-in-law of the superintendent of the mission, and was usually looked upon by us as belonging to our number).

Concentration of Forces.

And now let us trace the development of events which led those from the different mission premises to concentrate in the Methodist mission, and the English and American Legations. These many strands are thus gathered into three, and finally, as will be seen, this three-fold becomes one.

Presbyterian Mission West, to Methodist Mission.

The Boxer rumors have made such a stir among the people that all our work is suffering. My Sunday school

has closed itself. There were only two children present Sunday before last and none came yesterday. It has been so exceedingly dry and we foreigners are said to be the cause of the drought. They say we are poisoning the wells, too, so there is a guard set at each well near us. There have been a number of days set for destroying us and our houses, but nothing has come of it so far. Placards seem to be false. One of our helpers brought one to Dr. Wherry which he had taken from a wall. It said definitely that the two compounds of our station were to be destroyed. Papers and books speaking evil of us have been found in all parts of the city. We have a guard of Chinese soldiers at our front gate, sent by the Chinese officials, who seem to think the Boxers may harm us. The guard is perfectly useless, unarmed. Although rumors have kept heathen away, the Christians have shown a strong spirit. We think we are in danger but hardly think anything will be done to us in the city. We feel some anxiety about the school girls. Miss Newton may send them home, as they would be much better off than with us if anything should be done about looting this compound. We know that we are all in His keeping and that anything that comes, comes by His decision and that is good. I must close. I need not ask for your prayers. I am grateful every day for the privilege of being a missionary and having the prayers of friends at home. Major Conger says he apprehends no serious danger in the city, but it is well to have some protection. The other legations have sent for large guards, too.—B. C. McCoy.

May 30th.—You would be surprised to see the general

excitement and confusion of this forlorn city. The Boxers are threatening all sorts of calamities.

If the government had paid any attention to this uprising six or seven months ago, there would never have been serious trouble; but the Empress Dowager either ignored it or connived at it, until now it has gotten apparently beyond control. If it should go down in a general crash, it would serve that old Catherine de Medici exactly right. Oh, but she is a bad woman! Chinese soldiers are careering around the city now, marching out to the railroad station, etc., but it remains to be seen whether they have courage and honesty enough to resist the Boxers or whether they will not secretly assist them. Dr. Mackey's teacher reported yesterday that when the Empress was informed of the destruction of the railroad she was very angry and said it was "All the fault of France; the Frenchman in charge had not taken proper care, and France must reimburse the Chinese government for the loss!" China will be true to herself to the very last.

I began to feel nervous about the school girls. If the compound should be attacked at night it would be impossible to save them, and of course we would not run off and leave them, so I bestirred myself yesterday and sent every one away. Those who had homes went to them and I found places for the others. Mrs. Jewell of the Methodist Mission has 130 girls, over a hundred of them from a distance, so that it is impossible to send them home.

May 31.—No looting yet! You don't know how queer it is in the midst of so much excitement to have no

newspaper, and to know nothing of what is going on except by rumor. Yesterday I took a cart and went to various places in the city trying to get the news. Some people were very optimistic, affairs were looking brighter; others were decidedly pessimistic, things were exceedingly serious and no one could tell what a day would bring forth. Railroad authorities refused to give the foreign troops a train from Tientsin; then the foreign Ministers requested the foreign office to insist that a train should be provided. The Honorable Secretaries replied that they had no authority to grant such permission, whereupon the Ministers replied that if permission was not granted by two o'clock today, the troops would take possession of a train; so, if the road is not torn up before night, we expect 400 marines this evening. I wish there were three times that number, then each compound could have a guard and we should not be anxious about our property.

We prepared ourselves for flight last night. I didn't take off my shoes and stockings, had money and clothes ready so that it would not take me three minutes to dress. My hair was done up in a tremendously tight knot on the top of my head, and I was going to cover that with a Chinese hat of Mr. Killie's. I was going to put on my bicycle skirt, no dress waist but a Chinese garment which reaches to the ankles. We four, Dr. Leonard, Dr. Mackey, Bessie and I (Miss McKillican is in the country) were going to climb over the wall on the east of the compound, try to get through to a lane beyond that, then light lanterns and walk along as if we were Chinese to the Methodist Mission, about four miles away. We each have a Chinese garment. The



MRS. J. L. MATEER.



MISS GRACE NEWTON



MISS E. E. LEONARD, M. D.



MISS JANET MC KILLICAN.





gate-keepers go about the compound all night, carrying lanterns, and they could warn us at the first approach of danger. I think tonight we women shall probably all go and stay at the Methodist Mission.—Grace Newton.

June 2nd.—We are safely over the feast and no disturbance at all. The foreign troops have had a magical effect. These brave Chinese subsided as soon as the soldiers entered the city, and no special disorder seems likely now. Great apprehension was felt about the entrance of foreign troops; 6,000 Mohammedan soldiers bitterly opposed to foreigners were stationed at the city gates, and it was feared would fire on the troops. If blood was really shed, there would be nothing for the foreign population to do but to run for their lives. Government had the good sense to order those 6,000 soldiers to another place, and ours came in without resistance. Things are quiet now; an enforced quiet. As soon as they feel strong enough, the whole mass will burst into flame again.

Dr. Wherry thinks that possibly this government may be bolstered up by foreign powers until Christianity shall have spread enough to affect public life, and then a stable government may be formed by the Chinese themselves; but there is certainly no hope for China except in Christianity.—Grace Newton.

On June 6, we put our things away in boxes and trunks, ready to leave Peking on the first train that could put through to Tientsin, that order coming from Minister Conger. It was a difficult matter, packing for living we didn't know where—Peitaiho or Japan. No

train has gotten through since that order was given.—B. C. McCoy.

On the evening of June 8th all repaired to the Methodist Mission.

Presbyterian Mission East, to Methodist Mission.

May 29.—Mrs. Courtenay Fenn wrote to her brother: We live from moment to moment in constant dread of an outbreak. I try not to be nervous and go right on doing everything as usual to convince myself that there is no special danger, but it can't be done. The crisis must soon be over, as Friday (June 1) is the great feast of the fifth month, and the day appointed by the Boxers for the extermination of the foreigners. If we get safely through the next few days the danger will probably diminish. We are glad to get word this evening of the arrival of 300 marines. We shall apply for a guard in the morning, as we are so remote from the other foreign residents.

Dr. Inglis is sick in bed and unable to move no matter what happens, so we are tied down to the compound. With a sick man and three little children on hand, one feels rather anxious. My ears have grown so preternaturally acute the last few days that I hear every unusual sound on the streets, and my heart stands still when a shout or anything unusual reaches me. It is an awful state to live in.

The account of Mrs. Inglis is taken partly from an hitherto unpublished article and partly a reprint from the "Presbyterian Banner."

Some time in May a Manchu soldier appeared at

our hospital gate. He would not enter, but bade the gate-keeper to tell us within to flee from Peking, for the soldiers had received two months' payment in advance and had been ordered to unite with the Boxers when the appointed day for our extermination had arrived. We paid some attention to this, but fixed our eyes on the Foreign Ministers, believing it safe while they remained in Peking. The attendance at the daily dispensary grew less and less. Often only five or six patients appeared for treatment. The fourth week our heathen carter gave notice. My husband asked, "Why do you wish to leave? I can readily certify that you are not a Christian." The man answered, "Yes, but I must not be caught here, for the Boxers and soldiers intend to kill not only the foreigners but every one who serves a foreigner." Seeing his actual fright, we did not detain him, and I never beheld an expression of greater relief than was in Chao's face as he bade us farewell. Shortly after this, our table boy returned from a visit to his mother who lived in the country. He seemed greatly agitated when he arrived, and soon I noticed an uneasiness stirring among the other servants. I called Keng Su to me and asked what had gone wrong. "Nothing," he answered, "but I have seen the Boxers, and all the foreigners in the world can't hurt them. I saw a man try to cut off the head of a Boxer boy, but the knife slid to one side and was of no use. Time and again the man tried it, but could not succeed. I think I shall have to go look after my mother." However Keng Su did not go then, but remained until we fled, guarding our house at night in company with several others.

Now and then a brick was thrown over our walls or

through a window, crowds gathering in the streets, insults and vile epithets were hurled at us when we dared venture out of the gates.

But the long nights were still worse. The steady tramp, tramp of our guards were not reassuring sounds. Failing to sleep, beset with nervous fears, I went frequently to the window and looked out into the night; everything seemed quiet, but I felt sure it was the deadly calm which often precedes a storm. I could see Keng Su, the old carpenter, a charity patient, and one or two others tramping about, thumping long poles on the ground in rhythmical unison. Chinese watchmen take courage some way in proportion to the noise they make. There were only two other dwelling houses in the compound, containing our only foreign neighbors nearer than a mile and a half. Two little children were in the one nearest us, and often I knew that Mrs. Fenn kept vigil with me, praying over her babes as I over the white draped cradle that held our little one. In the house nearest the gate, lived Mr. Whiting, grown old in his service to the Chinese. His age was reverenced in Peking, and I used to fancy foolishly that his white hairs could save us if the worst came.

Our Christian Chinese neighbors were frequent visitors about this time. Several told me that they intended moving to other quarters of the city where their relations with us would be unknown. Alas, they were ignorant as we that the Empress had even then in her hands a directory containing a registration of not only the foreign community people and missionaries in Peking, but every Chinaman, heathen or Christian, who served or associated with foreigners in any way.



MISS MAUD A. MACKEY, M. D.



MRS. COURTNAY H. FENN.



The last Sunday in May, a thousand of the foreign-haters assembled to watch the burning of our church in the west city compound, located one and a quarter miles from us. The burning had been announced by placards, but after the crowd had gathered in front of the compound, no spirit was bold enough to hurl his brand over the wall, or rush the closed gate. After waiting some time the people dispersed, angry, disappointed and breathing out threatenings.

The English missionaries were already in the British Legation, all save plucky little Miss Smith, who stayed on at the East London Mission compound with a band of native Christians who had fled to the city from country districts. Messrs. Stonehouse and Biggin remained at the West London Mission for the purpose of looking after the native Christians in that quarter.

The invitation to go to the Methodist Mission reached us June 8th about noon. It mentioned U. S. Minister Conger's approval of the plan "for purposes of better self-protection and defense," and contained instructions as to food supplies, cooking utensils and bedding. There was a half-day left for us in which to get our things together. What a time, deciding for this article, rejecting that, then debating it all over again; walking through the different rooms trying to hold wandering wits together, pausing before this or that, wondering if I should ever see it again. Strange faculty of memory: the thing I can best recall now was taking up a cracked and battered photograph of "Jess," the old family horse that my husband rode when a child, and wondering if that had not better be saved than many another article of more value.

There were few Chinese about the place, but I had to say good-bye to the old nurse, Wang Nai Nai.

"Will you not come with me?" I pleaded. "No," she said, "my son says I must go and stay with my heathen daughter, where I shall be safe."

The old woman was very dear to me because of her devoted love to the baby, and my heart was sad as I clambered into the cart. Wang Nai Nai hugged and kissed the baby, and weeping, put her into my arms.*

Back of me in the cart were packed some granite pots, stewpans and various other kitchen utensils. As we rode along the narrow alley, the pots and pans behind me went jangling and bumping against each other like the discordant music of a Chinese funeral procession. The cart contained a well, or place for the feet, so we managed to put some of the ironware below, where I could hold it steady with my feet, and distributed the rest about the sides of the cart, where they were partially kept in place by my elbows.

Three trunks, all the canned stores in our possession, cooking utensils, mattress, pillows and the baby's bath-tub, were piled in two carts back of us—our house boy accompanying them. We had locked the house behind us, storing our most valuable goods in a stone isolation room belonging to the hospital. We said hopefully: "If they do burn the building, no more than the window sash can burn in that stone room." Alas, when we next beheld our pleasant compound it was a waste of broken brick and mortar, level to the extent that a cart

*Mrs. Inglis had been but three days at the Methodist Mission when old Wang Nai Nai followed to share the peril, giving as her reason that she could not leave "her baby."





JOHN M. INGLIS, M. D.



MRS. JOHN M. INGLIS

could be easily driven over where the buildings had stood, cisterns and wells filled up, the beautiful old trees torn up by the roots, and the compound walls dug out for two feet underground. The dusk had fallen and the moon was bright when we rumbled through the big gate and turned down the narrow alley leading to Hatamen street. We passed unmolested for some distance, but just as we were approaching the turn, a half-naked man, with wild face framed in by disheveled hair, rushed into the entrance in front of us. He flung up his arms, shrieked out some curse, for an instant seemed about to rush upon us, then veering to one side, disappeared as suddenly as he came. This at the very first stage of our journey did not tend to reassure us. I shook nervously and drew the baby closer to me inside the little cart and saw my husband draw his revolver quietly from his pocket and lay it upon his knee, where it gleamed in the moonlight. Turning upon the great street we drove quietly along past a Boxer rendezvous where a mandarin daily drilled and fed several hundred Boxers. Just beyond this place two men suddenly appeared, one on each side of the cart, keeping unnecessarily close to us. We had proceeded a mile or two in this manner when we decided to dispense with their company. The revolver had evidently been unnoticed, for when they beheld Dr. Inglis turning it about and examining it, first one and then the other disappeared suddenly down a side street into the darkness. When nearly to the M. E. Mission we drove by a little company of Boxers drilling upon the street. They were so engrossed in their gymnastics and chanting their incantations that we slipped by unobserved.

After this we journeyed some distance without noting anything unusual in sight or sound. The baby, who at first had sat upright in my arms gazing around in wonderment, had long since closed her eyes and lay fast asleep, her little flaxen head cuddled in my bosom. The street itself was partially deserted, and although the moonlight turned everything silvery, the little candles in the street lamps were lighted, as they always are on the nights when the moon shines; on dark nights we feel our way along Peking streets as best we can, for "who can see to light the street lamp when the moon is hid?"

After some time we saw to our right eight or ten half-clad men performing the Boxer gymnastics in the half shadow of a large shop. They were waving their hands and chanting some mystical incantation in which, I suppose, they called upon the God of War to aid them in their cause. Then dropping face downward on the ground, they gave the k'e t'ou, a graceful act in which the Chinaman, with his knees drawn up like a seasick passenger, knocks his forehead three times on mother earth. This was barely completed when we rolled quietly by; if they saw and recognized us they gave no sign, and were probably as philosophical as the Boxer sympathizer who called out to Mr. Fenn a few days later: "Foreign devil! Sooner or later you must die!" So, trusting that a worse fate or the natural destiny of man would overtake us, they did not oppose our flight.

On entering the lane leading to the Methodist Mission we saw it was filled with the carts of those who had already arrived, so that the way was blocked. Carters screamed and shouted to help along the general confus-

ion. These men always imagine that noise betokens industry and attention to the business on hand. With some difficulty I extracted my feet from the pots and kettles, stretched my cramped and stiffened elbows, handed out the baby and crawled out of the uncomfortable Chinese cart. Pushing our way along, we approached the gate. Oh, the blessed sight of the United States marine who stood there! It was young Marine Hall, who later became such a favorite with the children. His old slouched army hat was pushed back from his forehead, and his frank boyish face beamed with kindly interest in all that was going on. My eyes and throat filled. I stepped forward to clasp his hand and to tell him how glad we were to see him there, but I was afraid to venture my voice, so held out my hand in silent greeting. He seemed surprised and took it hesitatingly. I learned afterwards the reason of his surprise, privates not being accustomed to such recognition when on service. But we all said then, "God bless the privates," and I still say, "God bless him," for without the American private in Peking our little force had been overcome long before the day of our relief.

On entering the compound what a sight met our eyes! Women and children waiting about by piles of baggage; servants running back and forth with burdens, United States marines on guard, marching slowly up and down the long walks, native convert refugees everywhere sitting about with their children, some with small hand-bundles, some swathed in bandages because of burns and cuts from revengeful Boxers; all looking most disconsolate, for many had fled to Peking because their homes were laid in ruins and members of their families killed

or missing. The pleasant homes in the mission were as in happier hours—aglow with light and hospitality—there was a great deal of subdued conversation to be heard, mingled with noise of carts and screaming drivers.

Alliance Mission to English Legation.

One of the incidents of the dark days of the summer of 1900 which come most preciously to my mind is that of the last night spent in the dear old Mission home. Every day alarming reports were coming in and we were being made more conscious of our dangerous position. So fearful were we of the Boxers attacking our premises that we had already chosen dark corners in the most secluded portions of our court-yard, hoping to find refuge in these should we have time after the announcement of their arrival. That last day in the home many distressing accounts of massacres in surrounding villages were brought to us, and as I lay in my bed that night, afraid to go to sleep lest the Boxers should come upon us, and starting nervously at every sound, thinking they were already at hand, I asked my Heavenly Father for a verse of Scripture, and He gave me these assuring words: "I will keep thee as the apple of mine eye." His loving watchfulness over us during the dark days which followed is but another token of His faithfulness.

Miss Hattie E. Rutherford.

American Board Mission to American Legation.

June 7th—Rumors increasing. Refugees coming in from out-stations in larger numbers and with tales and marks of greater woe.

Our Tungchou friends have sent up for a guard to bring them to Peking, but no soldiers can be spared from the Legation. Because of general conditions, danger between the two cities is great, but Dr. Ament, with Jen Mu Shih (native pastor) and other native Christians have taken carts and gone for our people.

June 8th—Tungchou friends left their home at 3 o'clock a. m. and arrived here in the early morning. Some came here to Teng Shih Kou'rh, while others went direct to the M. E. Compound. With them came the news of the burning out and killing off of twenty church members—a choice flock near to Tungchou.

P. M.—Danger increases. We are all to leave Teng Shih Kou'rh tonight. Our native Christians who have, or can find, a home in the city, are to go to it—those from out the city are to go along to the M. E. Compound. If the danger becomes extreme we are all to seek refuge in the Legations. Knowing my physical strength to be small and that the danger will increase, I wrote to Minister Conger, asking if I may go direct to our Legation, and have in reply a cordial invitation to come.

A hasty throwing of needed articles into a small trunk, giving instructions to Yang Shih Fu (our Press foreman), then to a back court to speak last words of courage and faith to my dearly loved Bindery women (women whom I had taught to bind native books), a word to this one and that one of the children, and—my home is left and I am quickly stowed in the back part of a cart with my trunk and faithful Ch'eng Lin in front.

10 p. m.—Safe within Legation walls. In a little

room with Miss Douw and Miss Brown, of the Alliance Mission. It is restful. Only 35 men and one Gatling gun, with thousands of infuriated enemies outside shrieking and howling for our lives and the wily, deceitful Chinese government gloving its hands in the Boxer name back of them, yet God rules and there is rest.

American Board Mission to Methodist Mission.

May 19—You have heard of the Boxers and what they have done.

Since February they have been coming north and all our out-stations are now going through the same terrible persecutions. The past three months things have grown steadily worse. Every day the past ten days, church members and helpers have been coming in and their stories and experiences make our hearts ache beyond words to express. Mr. Ament has just returned from a trip to four of our out-stations. His experiences remind one very much of some of John G. Paton's. The good hand of our Father was over him and though plans were made to entrap him at two places, word reached him in time for him to avoid and go around them.

Our work in the country is at a standstill. This city is also full of Boxers and many dates have been set for an uprising in the city. You can imagine the talk going the rounds when little children say, "When I get to be a full Boxer I also can kill foreigners."

Foreign governments have allowed things to go so far that it is a question now whether anything can be done before things reach a more terrible state. For months now the Christians have been reviled beyond words to

express. The reports that the foreigners have poisoned all the wells have gone out all over the country. This is believed and adds to the general state of feeling against foreigners. The Boxers in the country now have become so bold that they have adopted a uniform and go about with their knives drawn. They compel the rich men to support them on penalty of fine or death. The officials in the smaller cities can do nothing. They are without soldiers and no attention is paid to the appeals they send to Peking. A reign of terror exists in the country.

Later.—Chinese soldiers have been sent to Cho Chou and we hope something is to be done. We hear that French soldiers have come; also the French admiral. It is also reported that Chinese soldiers have been sent to protect the Presbyterian Mission in this city.

We had a most inspiring visit from Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Clark.* They came so full of good cheer and entered so into sympathy with us that we longed to keep them all the time. N. N. Russell.

Peking, May 19.—I can hear the girls talking outside my windows. The poor things are all stirred up over the news from Cho Chou and P'u An T'un, and need comforting. If this crisis is passed in the right spirit, it will make noble Christians of those tried and tempted. It is an opportunity that must be used. Oh, how I hope the Lord will find much wheat in this sifting! I can hear what the girls say, hoping that this one or that one has stood firm. Think what it would be if it were some of our own dear ones whom we were questioning about,

*Of the Christian Endeavor.

whether they had stood firm for Christ, or joined his enemies!

There are times at night when I fancy I hear the Boxers, and I should not be surprised if it were the case, as they are practicing all around us. After joining they are compelled to enter all the deviltry commanded them. The devil is making the most of his opportunity and drilling his soldiers well.

So far we are absolutely safe. The Boxers say they will destroy the native Christians first, before attending to us. Besides, the Boxers in the city are only boys.

We have dismissed our school, but there are some thirty girls we cannot dispose of, as their homes are in greater danger than here.

No one can tell what may come, but we are calm and trust in God. In fact, I am glad of anything that hastens a crisis, for it will help to bring in God's kingdom.

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done."

Ada Haven.

June 2.—Refugees have been coming for days. It is heart-breaking to listen to their experiences. Some have gone back, but only a few of the many church members. What we are going to do with them all if this condition lasts for months is a great question. Our minister seems to be doing all he possibly can.

It is hard for the foreign ministers to understand the condition of things in the country and how terribly the Christians are suffering. If this movement had been taken hold of when it started in Shantung all this might have been averted. As it is, things have reached a state

that may not be possible to manage. Now, since the railroads have been torn up, the stations burned and Peking threatened, they have awakened to the fact that the Boxer movement is more than child's play.

The Boxers are gathering in large numbers in Cho Chou, and report has it that they expect to attack Peking. When they attack from the outside there is to be a rising in the city. Whether western powers can bring enough pressure to force the Chinese government to put down the movement is a question. It looks as though China, as China, was seeing its last days. God rules, and God is good. It is such a comfort to know and rest in that.—N. N. Russell.

Whitsunday—It has been a day of rumors, some confirmed, some refuted. First, the old story, refugees coming in with reports of families fleeing, houses burned, women carried off, etc. Then a man came in who had fled from another place. Miss Russell asked him after his wife and children. He replied: "I do not know. At such a time as this it is every one for himself." Then he went on to state that when he came to the river that flows down from Paotingfu to Tientsin, he saw three wrecked boats, with blood flowing from one, and on inquiry found it was a party of foreigners from Paotingfu who had been attacked and some killed, others fleeing into the reeds, pursued by Boxers. Of course we were much alarmed, fearing for our missionaries. Later we heard that they were Belgian and French railroad or surveying employees.

Later came reports that the great army of Boxers now holding Cho Chou were only waiting till they were suffi-

ciently reinforced to sweep all before them. Later still, Mr. Tewksbury and Dr. Ingram appeared to ask for a guard for Tungchou, as tomorrow night had been set as the time for burning the college. With Mission meeting there, there are twenty-five women and children and only nine men.

Next came the report that Mr. Norman and Mr. Robinson had been killed. Later the same day we heard this confirmed as far as regards Mr. Robinson.

I have allowed all girls to go home if their homes are safe, and have only thirty-two at present. I am responsible before God for them.—Ada Haven.

For two nights before we went to the M. E. Mission I hardly dared sleep, and in fact was standing in the window more than half the night. The noise and confusion in the city was so bad that we could not sleep. People were coming in to us all day long and we were busy locating them and doing for the poor, homeless ones who came to us from the country.

Friday night at 7 we decided to leave our place. At that time a crowd of people were about the English Mission half a mile from us. We went around, picked up a few things and filled our steamer trunks, locked up as well as we could, and at half past 10 got in the cart and went down. I think we hardly spoke all the way down. It was like a dream.—Miss N. N. Russell.

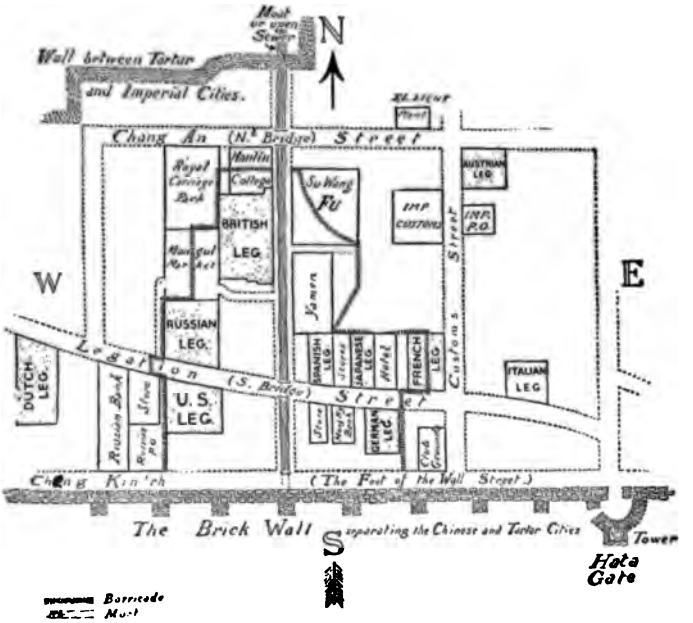
A meeting of missionaries was called for that afternoon to meet at the Methodist compound. That meeting was really the beginning of a bond very close and near, closer than ordinarily exists in family life—"bound in a bundle of life." Thirty missionaries met

in this parlor and it was decided that at all events, all the missionaries in town should be invited to the Methodist mission; also that the school girls should be invited. The care and thoughtfulness shown by the missionaries of the Methodist Board in watching over the interests of our school, both at the Methodist Mission and also afterwards in siege, deserves very especial and warm thanks on the part of our Board. Not only was this care shown by the ladies—Mrs. Jewell, Miss Gilman, Dr. Gloss, etc. —but the chivalrous aid given by the gentlemen, Messrs. Gamewell, Hobart, Verity and others, was above praise. So it was decided we were all to come there, and that very night, waiting till dark that it might not look like flight. It was expressly desired that we should not come very late, or very early (before dark), or in a great body, so as to attract notice. So, as soon as it was dark our six carts took our little band to the Methodist place. Our girls were very collected and calm, quite content to go anywhere or do anything as long as they kept with the foreigners. Arrived at the Methodist Mission, we were told to go to the church. We found the Methodist girls already there—eighty or ninety of them. As soon as we could, we got settled for the night, spreading down our quilts between the rows of seats. We could not sleep on the seats for they were like opera chairs, with their wood bottoms and backs, so we threw up the hinged seats and spread ourselves between the rows, feet to feet, or head to head, a continuous line of bodies in each row.

I doubt whether much sleeping was done that night. What with the novelty of one's physical surroundings, the anxiety with regard to what one could do for one's

Christians, and the straining of one's mental eyes to try to see more than a step before one into the future, it was hard to lose oneself in sleep. And so in the night began our strange experiences of the summer.—Ada Haven.





PLAN OF THE BESIEGED LEGATION QUARTER.

Courtesy of McClure's Magazine.

THE SEMI-SIEGE.

Semi-Siege in the American Legation.

June 9—More soldiers left Tientsin yesterday, but telegraph lines are cut, railroads torn up, bridges burned, and we know not where our soldiers are. Tales of horror increasing.

June 10, Sabbath—Two members of Tsungli Yamen called to request of Minister Conger that no more troops be brought into the city, as "it made trouble between the head of the foreign bureau (Prince Ch'ing) and the Empress Dowager. They heard plain English, well translated, in return.

Tungchou buildings, with all of their contents, burned to the ground—by the Imperial troops placed there to guard them! Also another near station of Christians burned and people killed.

June 11—Still no news of soldiers. Our Western Hills place burned to ashes (five small houses fifteen miles from Peking, to which we went in the heat of summer). British summer resort burned, just new, and cost over $100,000.

Four members of Dowager's Cabinet came with compliments of Empress to Minister Conger and wife (special compliments mean special mischief) and to ask if coming troops are for offense or defense? If for defense alone they may come.

June 12th.—No news of relief. Kalgan wires cut, which means separation from all the world.

Lin Ching and Pang Chuang people been advised by Tientsin Consul to go southward to the coast. Paotingfu people shut in but, so far as we know, all alive. (They were until the last day of June and the first day of July.)

June 13th.—News [illegible] resbyterian and M. E. houses at the West H[illegible] Yesterday the Japanese Chancellor, Mr. Su[illegible] as taken from his cart and brutally murdered[illegible] t sleep last night and so was not up this [illegible] en we heard Captain Myers' voice ring out, [illegible]e, men to arms!" and then the rapid running past o[illegible] indow of the automatic gun and the word "Boxers," explained the situation. I sprang up and giving no thought to bath or hair combing went to dressing while dear Miss Brown calmly said, "Let us pray." The first battle was soon over and one luckless Boxer paid the penalty for coming too near our lines.

6 p. m.—Miss Douw and I were having a cup of tea with Mrs. Squiers (wife of First Secretary), when a messenger came with a letter from Captain McCalla, saying, "Rushing on with 1,600 men." In the meantime rumors are rife and all expect active work tonight. Great fires have been burning in all parts of the city—our hearts tell us what the material used for fuel.

June 14th—No violence here, but cannonading, beating of tom-toms and din of tumult in the near distance. A "Boxer's bugle" (donkey) all the night kept up its music just outside of our window and the hostler

took this occasion, about 1 o'clock a. m., to give his mule a beating which called out numbers of women and children.

It is a fact (and it is hard to sift facts from the much news) that our troops on their way up from Tientsin met Boxers, killed 30, routed the remainder with three British wounded. Also, yesterday, the old chapel outside the M. E. compound was burned. We now wait news of the night from other places. Here, no one undressed but all lay in dress and some in double dress (and the night was so hot) ready for speedy flight or whatever called upon to do.

News comes rapidly. Both Presbyterian Missions, South Cathedral, London Mission premises, M. E. compound buildings and Teng Shih Kou'rh all burned. The dear home is gone, but not its precious memories. My thought clings to the "Old Arm Chair." More news: Every foreign residence in the city is in ashes. The Old Woman's Refuge with its inmates, including the blind girls from Mr. Murray's school, all burned.

And now we are ordered to be in readiness to go to the Russian Legation. Closer and closer into the hole. God's spirit is with us.

June 15th.—We slept in our clothes ready for instant flight to the Russian Legation, and, if necessary, from there to the British, as our final stronghold. Ch'eng Lin comes in to tell me that the American Board compound, including the printing press, was first looted and then burned, and that many of our Christians were killed.

2:30 p. m.—Squads of soldiers from the different Legations are going out to the South Cathedral and other

places, rescuing and bringing in suffering Christians—blood makes us kin, every soldier is eager to go. One poor mother was brought in holding her blind babe in her arms. One of our "Boys in Blue" seeing her, ran to the "quarters" and came back with two pieces of bread which he thrust into her eager, outstretched hands. Most powerfully does this suffering appeal to all. Just now as I peeked through the latticed brick I saw two squads of soldiers start on their errand of mercy. God go with them. Mr. William Pethick led the first rescuing party and on his return said, "Never have I seen anything like it, men, women and children bound together with burning coals under and around them; killed, dead and dying on every hand; weak ones carrying aged and sick on their backs—and worse." Night before last and yesterday morning was bad, last night and this morning worse, and still the carnage goes on.

June 16th.—Still no troops come; but we thank God for another morning of life. For four hours fire has been sweeping the Southern City; the sky is black and the sun darkened by the smoke while ashes fall upon my paper as I write. We hope the wall will be our protection. News comes that twenty-eight warships are outside of Taku. We know now that our relief are fighting every foot of the way between Tientsin and Peking. Last night I did not even take off my shoes.

June 17th.—Sabbath. Isolated shots all through the night and at 3 a. m. close, rapid firing. In a few minutes all were up and ready for orders. The situation this morning is dangerous—perilous. A quiet Sabbath morning to look down upon a devastated, burning city, and

not one chapel left in which to worship God. Thirteen in ashes!

News has come from Captain McCalla. It has not been given to us and we know that it is unfavorable. I have just rearranged my few belongings, putting papers, jewelry and a little money on my person.

June 18th—Last night about 10 o'clock Mr. Cheshire (Chinese interpreter) met and conducted around breastworks and through winding ways three representatives of the Tsungli Yamen (Foreign Bureau), who asked audience with Minister Conger. "The Empress Dowager would know the policy of the foreigners?" Without circumlocution they were told that it was to restore order and save life. The night was quiet, but like the Israelites of old, we slept with staff in hand ready for instant flight. Twice I took off my shoes and twice, on rapid firing, put them on again.

2 p. m.—Dark rumors come of the railroad being cut at both ends with our relief in between with hordes on hordes of Boxers and soldiers all around—and the words Boxers, soldiers and government are synonymous. Gloom hangs heavy.

June 19th.—The situation is unchanged. No news from troops, nor can a messenger be hired, at any price, to carry a letter to Captain McCalla.

6 p. m.—The hair that held the sword has broken. The Tsungli Yamen has ordered all foreigners to leave Peking within twenty-four hours. They offer us an escort—which means the escort Nero gave his mother. They cannot reach us here without too great loss to their

Boxer ranks, therefore order us out to clearer range. God will keep us from this awful slaughter.

June 20th.—Memorable day! First the decision of the Ministers that it will be impossible to leave within the given time. Next the killing of the German Minister, Baron von Ketteler. A fleet messenger to the M. E. compound with an order to Captain Hall to bring, on a thirty-five minutes' notice, all the people there to the American Legation. Our native Christians were in that long rank and file and were taken to the Su Wang fu where those rescued from the flames and swords of the Boxers, had found refuge. A lunch from Mrs. Squiers' generous store room, and then came moving of trunks, boxes, provision, etc., to the British Legation, and between 2 and 4 o'clock the women and children in groups and ranks were all guarded over to that stronghold—all a refugees. Nearly a thousand people, about a hundred horses and mules, a flock of sheep all turned in and running about in wild, chaotic confusion. Oh, God! what a sight to look upon! The saddest my eyes have ever seen. And yet how wonderfully hast Thou this day preserved us from our enemies.

4 p. m.—The enemy's guns have opened upon us. Here God's greatest love was shown by the veil which He hung between us and the fifty-four long days and longer nights which lay between us and the coming of our relief.—Mrs. John L. Mateer.

Semi-Siege in the Methodist Compound.

June 9th.—The sun waked us early in the chapel, spite of the fact that the novelty of the situation had not been

very conducive to sleep the night before. It was with some difficulty that those of the girls who woke early could be restrained from their accustomed use of their tongues. But the quietness on the other side of the church, where the Methodist girls had spread themselves, was a good example. On looking around, one could see most of the girls sitting cross-legged on the floor between the rows of seats, each one combing the hair of a girl who sat in front of her, yet busy only with hands—tongues entirely quiet, and even hands quiet as regards sound. So my girls and myself followed the good example. But when the 6 o'clock bell sounded, presto—what a change! Every girl was on her feet, folding her quilt, her tongue busy enough to make up for lost time. What a humming in the hive! The M. E. ladies came up to the pulpit, where they had left things needed for their breakfast, and took them over to the school compound, where their house also was, telling me they would come back and let me know when the coast was clear, then my girls could go with theirs and spend the day at the school compound, returning to the chapel at evening to sleep. In the meantime the girls took their bundles of bedding and piled them up on the platform behind the pulpit. Even at that early stage, the church was fast losing its ecclesiastical aspect. The altar was fenced around with a barricade of boxes of condensed milk, biscuit tins, baskets of household silver, etc., and the air was redolent with the smell of freshly burned coffee beans, for provisions were carefully looked after, even at that early stage. By and by we marshalled the girls out of the church and across the lane to the school compound, the door of which was just opposite, across

the lane. Inside that compound there was quite a walk to get to the school court, in front of the ladies' house and across a court. (As the days went on, and the situation became more dangerous, we would lead the girls through the back verandas of this house, and they were to be silent and quick in crossing this open space, for they were in full view from the city wall, and at the great city gate near us there were always bodies of soldiers camping.) Arrived at the school court, too, certain parts of the court were tabooed for the girls, being too exposed to sight from the wall. Afterwards, when all the M. E. courts were crowded with Christian refugees, these exposed courts were given to some of them; but in this, as in all provision for the welfare of the natives, the school girls, of whatever denomination, were always given the place of greatest safety. We felt very deeply the kindness and generosity of our Methodist friends in thus giving our Congregational girls a better place than remained to give to their own refugee families. The helplessness of these girls appealed to the warm hearts of our Methodist friends, and in every particular our girls always shared with the M. E. girls the best that could be given to the Chinese, favors that could not be given to all.

It was at first the plan that only the school girls should be received from outside, the church members of other denominations remaining in the city compounds of those missions; but at the earnest request of the ladies of our mission, the refugees from Tungchou and our out-stations were allowed to come in, and finally, those of our city church members whose homes were unsafe at that time. Our M. E. friends found the prob-

lem an altogether more serious one, as refugees from all quarters came pouring into the compound. It taxed their generosity to the utmost, for it was more than they had bargained for. Yet even this ingathering, as was proved in the issue of events, was of the Lord's ordering.

All that day the Christians kept pouring in. Finally it was arranged that none who had homes in the city could stay, so that many families returned to their homes, leaving place for those whose homes were either already burned or else threatened. The university court was thrown open to men who had no families.—Ada Haven.

About 100 were thus sent away. This, of course, was a very hard thing to do, but it seemed the wisest course, and nearly every one thinks there will probably be no general uprising in the city.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

We had to keep a tremendously zealous guard over the gate; there were so many Chinese members of different churches that no one knew them all, and a Boxer might easily creep in among them. We labeled them "Christian," had it sewed firmly onto their clothes, and had them wear a turban at night, so that the American marines, who could not understand Chinese, would not mistake and shoot them for Boxers.—Mrs. A. H. Smith.

Under order of Captain Hall and under direction of Mr. Gamewell, the sentry lines have been advanced outside the compound on all sides, covering all the street approaches; the compound itself has been strengthened against attack, and the church has been converted into a small fort.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

It will give you some idea of the magnitude of the task we are attempting, to tell you that the area we are

defending at the Methodist Mission, including barricaded streets and alleys, comprises about thirty acres, a tract more than a quarter of a mile long. Not including the University building, which is slightly separated from the other Methodist property, and occupied only by men, we have about forty sentinels constantly at their posts, night and day. Volunteers perched on roofs and at other places swell the number in the day time, and at the University building probably about twenty-five more are on watch all the time.—Miss Luella Miner.

Short pointed sticks have been driven into the ground just inside the compound walls; inside these is a barbed wire fence. In some places a deep trench has been dug inside the fence, and a second fence of barbed wire put up on the inner side. The brick walks have nearly all been torn up, to make new walls within our compound, cutting off a small enclosure around the church, from the rest of the premises.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

We soon had the beautiful church transformed into a fort. Inside, at night, there slept on the rostrum eight foreign mothers and twelve children. On the church floor slept the teachers and nearly 200 school girls; in the lecture room nearly the same number of native women, with babies. There was a baby and often several crying every hour of the night. Happy was the mother whose babe was a sound sleeper and did not add to the general disturbance.

All day long Mr. Gamewell, who later became our great man of the siege, worked his gang of native teachers, school boys and farmers, digging trenches, building walls, watch-towers and barbed-wire fences. Even the sturdy young Chinese matrons and some old women car-

ried brick to the men. One white-haired grandmother said: "It is all I can do, but I want to do it."—Mrs. J. Inglis.

As the crowds still kept streaming in, the older men and women were allowed to spread tents and mat-sheds in a court beyond the church, and all little outbuildings and courts were occupied. And still they came, standing outside the guarded gates and pleading for admission, only to be turned away, unless in cases of extreme urgency; for we had already more than could possibly find standing room even in our big fortress, and the compound was so commanded by the wall that all other places were thoroughly unsafe in event of attack. —Ada Haven.

During Saturday the church was provisioned with everything we could get that could be eaten without cooking, and I did not retire until after 2 o'clock, staying up to boil kettles full of water for drinking. This was carried to the church also, and placed in large earthen jars.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

June 10th.—The chapel is to be the place where all the women and children are to meet in case of attack, and Major Conger says it can be defended against all the Boxers that have ever been born. Mr. Gamewell did not know he was building a fort when he planned the church. All the gentlemen and some of the ladies are armed; but the captain says the place for the women is under the seats in the chapel if anything happens. That puts a damper on the martial spirit of some of our brave women.—Edna G. Terry, M. D.

The men are all very busy fortifying our position. The work is so urgent that they kept at it all day even though it was Sunday. Mr. Gamewell plans and directs everything and the Chinese all assist, no matter whether college-bred pastor or humble coolie.

A service was held in the morning in Chinese, and one at five in the afternoon in English. The ladies were able to keep a quiet Sabbath until about sundown, when the gentlemen all asked for cartridge belts. We have about fifty London Mission converts with our refugees, and two Englishmen with them, also one English woman. In view of this, Sir Claude McDonald sent ten rifles with ammunition to help us out in defending. So we bought strong blue Chinese cloth and set to work to make belts for the cartridges as fast as possible, not knowing but that they would be needed last night. But all was quiet and we think the troops from Tientsin must come soon. I fear when they do come that the ladies and children will be sent to Tientsin, and most of us do not wish to go. But just here we are glad we are Americans, for no one will *order* us away. Our minister can only *advise*.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

June 11th.—The gentlemen are apportioned to guard hours and stations, and the ladies have posts of duty to aid in managing the Chinese if trouble should come. The Chinese are being organized to drill with spears; sanitary, food, and other committees are appointed, and everything reduced to method and order.—Mrs. Ed. Lowry.

Much is being done to provision our fort, for both Chinese and foreigners. Among the articles provided

were 500 or more eggs—great tubfuls. But alas for those eggs! A toddling baby sat down in one of those tubs one day by accident. It was a case of "whether the pitcher falls off the wall, or the wall falls on the pitcher, it is the worse for the pitcher." It was a bad thing for that baby, and still worse for those eggs, for not all the King's horses nor all the Dowager's Boxers could pick those precious Humpty Dumpties up again. All that they (the latter) could do when they came ten days later, was to poach what still remained whole of those eggs in the other tubs.—Ada Haven.

Today Major Conger sent us ten more marines. He is very kind to give us protection here, dividing his own small force. But he is willing to do all he can to help us care for our native Christians. We feel very grateful to him for this. Besides the twenty marines, there were twenty-one foreign gentlemen and about twenty-five trusty Chinese, all armed with rifles and doing sentry duty. Many other Chinese are armed with spears.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

The courts are astir now, every missionary and native pastor carrying his musket as he walks around. One gets used to this kind of thing, so one takes it as a matter of course. "We are killed all the day long,—accounted as sheep for the slaughter." But though the spirit is that of sheep, as regards the commands of our great Shepherd, the Boxers will find us wolves in sheep's clothing if they try to attack us.—Ada Haven.

The gentlemen of the missions now began drilling, most of them having been supplied with rifles, and the captain in charge of the guard began teaching them

something about fighting. That marching, facing about, and similar performances, though it made one heart-sick to see the missionaries take up this new kind of work, was really amusing, and I believe there was enough boy in even the oldest to enjoy this marching up and down with a gun.—Janet McKillican.

June 12th.—Tuesday. Mr. Ewing went up to our house several times on Monday and Tuesday and saved a number of things, among others the church communion service.* On the last trip Mr. Ewing brought down all the deeds of our mission property, both in Peking and in our out-stations, and also brought the account books, Mission, Press, and personal. Dr. Ament has been very bold all along, and he did not like it that everybody left their places, for it only invited the Boxers to burn and pillage. In spite of protestations from all, he stayed up at our place until yesterday afternoon, coming down only for a short time each day. But when he came today in time for supper he said he would stay all night.

Our property in Tungchou, both in the city and at the college outside, was looted and burned Saturday and Sunday, loss estimated at $150,000. It does not seem possible that the beautiful college building where we held our annual meeting only two weeks ago is all gone, and the homes of our dear friends, too. The new church at Tungchou was roofed and the flooring all laid. We are much concerned now about our friends in Paotingfu. There is no possibility of their escape by themselves, the

*See later story of this service in Missionary Herald, February, 1902.



BESSIE G. EWING



MARION AND ELLEN EWING WITH BABY BROTHER.



foreign force of marines is too small to send for them, and no Chinese guard is to be trusted. We simply must wait for a large force and pray God to protect them.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

The Chinese government soldiers, set to guard our beautiful new college buildings and four lovely new homes, said privately among themselves their wages were not enough to live on, and while they were about it they guessed they'd do some looting for themselves!—Mrs. A. H. Smith.

We are thankful for every one of the missionaries now at home in America. Every one here is bearing up wonderfully. I wish I could tell you how brave the Tungchou people are about the loss of their homes and property. Miss Andrews and Miss Chapin were so busy getting Chinese refugees settled that they came away with nothing but a bundle of clothes. Others were able to bring trunks.—Miss B. C. McCoy.

I am glad to think of our friends in America as peaceful and happy. So are we peaceful—at heart. I have not seen a tear on the face of any one since I came in, except a poor school girl whose father had been murdered by the Boxers at Tungchou. Well, God reigns, and we trust in Him.—Ada Haven.

June 13th.—Wednesday. The thrilling event of this date was in the evening. No one of us had the heart to write about it then. As we gathered in knots about the northern windows, climbing up to look over the barricaded part, the reddening skies showed a group of white faces as we looked from one to another in horror. We

could see from the direction of the flames the point of attack, and saw the flames point, with fiery index fingers, from the various mission centers to the heaven above. "They are not men, but fiends," said one, between her teeth. Yet she who said it always had a heart full of love for the Chinese. She was thinking of her poor lambs outside, among the wolves. All descriptions in journals naturally speak of this event as having occurred "yesterday."

At 7 o'clock I went down to have prayers with one roomfull of women refugees. The faith and courage of these Christians who have lost their all is very touching. While one woman was still praying, some one came in from outside and whispered in my ear, "The Boxers are coming." The court was already alive with our Chinese men preparing their spears and other weapons of defense. The women kept very calm. I told them to get their things in order, but not to start for the church until they had a definite call. I gathered up my things rather rapidly, for the yard was full of smoke from the little Methodist chapel on the great street, a few rods away, but not directly connected with our compound. As soon as I had packed my things into the church, I hurried again to the other end of the compound, meeting the women on their way into the church, and helping some who had not started yet to carry their babies and bundles. Soon they were gathered quietly in the Sunday school room of the church. The school girls and the foreign women and children gathered in the body of the church.—Luella Miner.

The burning of the Methodist street chapel began the

work of destruction that was to lay waste large tracts of the city. Fires were started in quick succession in many parts of the city and continued to rage until all the mission premises, of which there were seven besides the Methodist, every street chapel, two Catholic cathedrals with their orphanages and hospitals, all the houses occupied by those in the employment of the Imperial customs service, the homes of the professors of the Imperial university and the Imperial college, the postoffice, the telegraph office, the electric light plant, the Imperial Chinese bank, the Russian bank and all shops containing anything foreign, were consumed.—Mrs. F. D. Gamewell.

We began to realize that the Empress had no intention of putting down the Boxers, but that she was furthering a union between them and her Imperial troops. There was ample proof of this on the night of June 13, when Peking streets were strewn with the bodies of native converts, and the sky above was red in a dozen places with the flames from mission and other foreign compounds. That night the Boxers reigned supreme, looting, burning and murdering. But her majesty's soldiers along the bloody streets caught the escaping fugitives and turned them over to the Boxers, while the official police served hot tea to the Boxers to further refresh them for their horrid work.

The narrative is far too brief for me to dwell upon the horrors of that sad night. Nor can I tell the sad, heart-rending tales of June 14, when the poor souls that escaped to us related their experiences. And worse than this was the news of the massacre. The flower of the Peking church had been cut down in the night. All day,

and many days after, we looked for friends and familiar faces, but they did not come. Our Presbyterian church alone can count barely fifty members out of two hundred and fifty.—Mrs. J. Inglis.

A thrilling account is given concerning the burning of the old Catholic cathedral. It seems that the Catholic missionaries had announced that when the Boxers should appear against them an alarm should be rung by the Cathedral bell. Accordingly, when the first mutterings of the storm were heard in that vicinity the bellman took his place and rang the alarm with might and main. The fire caught the tower and crept to the floor beneath his feet; but still he kept the big bell pealing. Then the floor gave way and he and the bell went down together into the flame-wrapped ruin.—Mrs. F. D. Gamewell.

June 14th.—This was the day when we expected McCalla. Mrs. Inglis thus tells of our fruitless visits to the old "Bulletin Tree":

A beautiful old tree stood in the middle of our compound and on it all announcements and reports were tacked. Many times a day we visited the old tree to look for reports of the McCalla and Seymour troops, which we knew had just left Tientsin for our relief on June 10th. The last one was dated June 12th and reported the troops half way to Peking. Thereafter no message came, but we expected the troops daily and hourly. In the early morning we said with hope in our hearts, "Oh tonight they will be here." At night we said, smiling bravely, "Oh they will surely be here when we waken." Had we been able to look down through the dark days of the weeks to come, we perhaps would not have worked

so hard for our own safety, but as it was, we watched and prayed and hoped from hour to hour, day to day, working all the time, and so we lived to welcome the relief column.

We had just settled ourselves for the night at about 8 o'clock when such a din arose as I never heard before in my life, and hope never to hear again. The terrible noise was the shouting of a mob just outside the Ha Ta gate. One continuous yell of "Kill, kill, kill the foreign devils." We were so close that it seemed at first as though the mob were surely inside the gate, and would be upon us any minute. But some of the gentlemen came in quickly to relieve our minds and say that the city gate was safely locked between us and them. Still we did not feel very secure, fearing that the gate keeper would unlock the gate without much objection if the Boxers wished to come in. The hideous yelling kept up for two hours.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

Strong men turned pale, children looked at their parents with wondering eyes, while the mothers shrank back into the shadowy corners of the church, with sleeping babes drawn close against their throbbing hearts. Never shall we who waited within our walls those awful nights forget them while memory lives. More painful and more dangerous nights were to follow, but none so frightful. —Mrs. J. Inglis.

As one lady expressed it, she felt as though she were in nothing stronger than a bird cage, while hyenas howled without. Some estimated there were 50,000 voices.—Mrs. Ed. Lowry.

We learned afterwards that the cause was the divid-

ing of the spoils obtained from our foreign premises in the city.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

The Boxers in their indiscriminate pillaging had looted a Mohammedan bank. The Mohammedans gathered a band of three hundred, pursued them, and got back their money, after which the mob dispersed.—Luella Miner.

Major Conger, who was on the city wall till 1 o'clock with Captain Myers, said the Boxers were worshipping, going through incantations and burning incense. The Germans had shot seven to ten Boxers who were drilling across the moat from the position occupied by the Germans on the city wall. Possibly this killing may have had something to do with the demonstration.—Mrs. Ed. Lowry.

June 15th.—"Our future is known only to our Father in heaven. The Psalms are full of comfort and appropriate. Last night a mob, of several thousand perhaps, was just outside the city wall. This compound on one side the wall, the mob on the other. Miss Newton read Psalm lix to me this morning, beginning at the sixth verse. Could anything express the affairs of last night more fittingly? We realize that the Lord is our shield, and we sing of his strength alone."—B. C. McCoy.

This morning all hearts are a little lighter because of word from Tientsin, and also because of word from the American soldiers who are coming to our relief. Yesterday how we did pray, for danger seemed very near. We are sure God is on our side. The question now for us is, how are we best to glorify God, by living or dying? There are seventy Americans in this Methodist yard, in-

cluding children. Of this large number of missionaries there is not one who is afraid to die, or one who is unwilling to give up his life at this time "if it be His sweet will." When, however, burning or wholesale massacre stares one in the face, the flesh seems weak.—Miss Grace Wyckoff.

The days which preceded the final crisis on the 20th of June were perhaps as trying as any which came after. There was one peculiar sensation which was common to all, especially during the first days of our imprisonment. The time, as it passed, did not drag heavily, but when it was past it seemed so far away. We seemed to live so much in a short time that what took place yesterday seemed like last week, and the events of last week seemed ages ago.—Edna G. Terry, M. D.

(Written later.) It seems strange to think back now to the time when we used to go to the gate-house so trustfully at 8 in the morning and deposit in a box on the gatekeeper's table the letters that we had so elaborately written to our home friends, knowing that when they heard of our danger they would be anxious. Whether the messenger with his letters ever got outside Peking or not, whether, if so, he threw them away, or whether, for having them found on his person, he met his death, no one ever found out. We only knew that the messengers never came back, and months afterwards learned that our friends never received those letters.—Ada Haven.

Some feel strongly that all women and children should go to the American Legation. The people from all the

Legations are to go to the British (on the principle of "united we stand") if the probability is that they cannot hold out alone.—B. C. McCoy.

Major Conger has promised us more help if we are attacked, if we will send up rockets. Some of the gentlemen consequently tried to buy rockets. They were refused, but at point of pistol got them.—J. G. Evans.

It was not long until the shop-keepers on the street refused to sell provisions to the cooks. The milkman gave notice, and also the water carriers. Then the soldiers and missionaries went out with the cooks and at the rifle's muzzle forced the shopmen to sell meat and vegetables. They also accompanied the native Christians to the wells and stood guard while they drew the water. For milk we depended upon the condensed article. The servants who were bold enough to venture out alone reported Boxer tokens for sale everywhere, and every shop burning incense to the Boxer god.—Mrs. J. Inglis.

There are now on this place over six hundred Chinese with us, protecting ourselves from harm. We are to go into the big church when an alarm of three guns is given. Our twenty marines and armed missionaries may be able to keep us if we are besieged, until our relief can come. Messengers were offered a reward of $50 to the first returning with answer from Captain McCalla to the letter written by Dr. Smith.—B. C. McCoy.

The American flag has been hoisted over the church today, and looks prettier and more like home than ever before. A temple was cleared of Boxers today by a

party of English, American and Japanese troops. They killed forty Boxers—not one escaped. Over one hundred were killed yesterday. The missionaries watch day and night. Dr. Wherry has no time for anything else. It is hard for such a loving old gentleman to begin being a soldier. His cartridge belt and bayonet look quite out of place.

God is very good to us, and we feel thankful that we are all well and have a "peace that passeth understanding." No one here has shown fear or nervousness. While every one realizes the danger, there is no one panic-stricken, whatever happens. When the alarm comes (three times already) to go to the church, everybody picks us his few possessions and walks in as quietly as though going to meeting.—Maud A. Mackey.

The next night we took the precaution to have the key to the city gate in our possession, and just here lies one of the great jokes in the midst of all this tragedy. Four of the gentlemen with their guns (Dr. Ingram, Mr. Tewksbury, Mr. Ewing and Dr. Inglis), went and asked the gatekeeper to lock the gate. This he did without hesitation. It was a spring lock and did not need a key for the fastening. Then the gentlemen asked to see the key (an iron bar about two feet long with a peculiar crook at one end). Dr Ingram took it in his hand and said, "We want this." The gatekeeper demurred, but after a little parley gave it up and our gentlemen brought it away, a thousand and more Chinese soldiers standing by and not saying a word. The next morning two gentlemen with four marines went and

unlocked the gate and have continued this performance night and morning each day.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

June 16th.—Saturday. Up to the present time there have been twenty-six places burned, even to foreign cemeteries, and then they began burning shops where anything foreign was sold, like cloth, even to flour shops, where the flour was ground with foreign machinery. A large part of the Southern City, which adjoins us, was burned. We could see the smoke all day. The tower of one of the city gates itself was burned. In the Southern City, even all the Chinese turned against the Boxers, who have destroyed so much of their property, when they professed to be Heaven-sent, and only to destroy foreign devils.—Mrs. E. G. Tewksbury.

A fire has been burning most of the day near Ch'ien Men (front gate) of the city. Foreign medicine shops were fired, and the breeze carried the fire. The Boxers claim that it is holy fire they are using, and only such property as they curse will burn. This is now the only mission compound in the city which has not been burned. Soldiers and rabble have followed the Boxers and looted houses. The streets have been full of foreign goods. —E. E. Leonard, M. D.

The wholesale way in which life has been taken reminds one a bit of those times in the French Revolution, which to me is one of the worst things in history. It is a number of nights now since we have slept with our clothes off. I feel very much as though I were made of wood, with a machine inside which makes me walk, talk, etc.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

June 17th.—Sunday. This second Sunday is more noisy and work-a-day than the first, as each day seems to bring an attack nearer. We are now so well fortified that we do not fear the Boxers, but only the Chinese soldiers. The latter have not made any open attack as yet, but one of the generals has expressed it as his avowed purpose to prevent the foreign troops entering Peking, and has said that he does not intend to fire on the Boxers. This general alone has command of ten thousand soldiers.

A request has been received from the Chinese Foreign Bureau asking us to relinquish the big key to the proper authorities, and not to take it again, but Major Conger advised us to pay no attention to this request.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

Those who come in bring most fearful reports of the terror in the city, families fleeing for their lives, cut down in the streets—the dead lying everywhere—this in the month of June. God only can keep the city from pestilence.—J. G. Evans.

All through the courts the scene is a busy one, even on this Sabbath day,—walls going up, and deep pits being dug everywhere to guard the approach to the chapel from all directions. Everybody is pressed into service, men, women and little children carrying bricks and wielding pickax and shovel.

I was on guard from 6 to 8 in the morning, so had a quiet time with my Bible and the Lord. After breakfast we gathered our servants for prayers. By "we" I mean the people in our house who are keeping house for us, most of us Tungchou people, but I was called

to lead prayers in the next house where there seemed no one to attend to it. After that I made the round of the refugees with Dr. Mackey, she to look after the sick ones, I to interpret for her and to speak words of cheer or possibly of reproof, as needed. Later we met in the chapel for worship and took that as a special answer to prayer, for the captain was unwilling to have us gather,—thought it unwise. But we felt that our people needed the help of the Sabbath service, so we prayed, and he was won over to give consent. Then those in charge of the work in the courts thought the work ought not to stop, but we felt sure it would do the men good to stop for an hour and get soul-nourishment,—that they would work better for it. That, too, the Lord brought about in answer to prayer. I had a meeting with the women in our courts in the afternoon and then our own English service, which I specially enjoyed. Mr. Smith gave a very helpful, strong sermon on the 90th and 91st Psalms. After tea I went over to the other compound, and had a meeting with the women there, out in the court, as there is no room large enough for them to gather in. Later we had a delightful sing over at Mrs. Walker's, all the marines who were off guard coming in, and seeming to enjoy it thoroughly.—M. E. Andrews.

June 18th.—Monday. Yesterday, June 17th, a most unfortunate thing occurred, which we feared would bring immediate trouble on our heads. As some Chi- were passing by the Austrian Legation, threw stones at them, and immediately for a while they had a lively

time. Nine Chinese were killed. They feared a serious attack at that time, and we all regret their lack of tact and wisdom in precipitating such a thing. Today word comes from the United States Minister that they had a very quiet night at the American Legation, with no developments, and advise all the present guards to stay quietly at their posts and not in any way to stir up the Chinese soldiers. We had a call from two or three of the Foreign Office last night, who stayed talking for an hour and a half. We told them to tell the Empress we had heard enough of their promised protection (the errand of these officials purporting to be the promise direct from the throne to protect us), and now proposed to protect ourselves, giving them to understand something was going to happen when our soldiers got here. The boys' prayers would move hearts of stone, especially Gardner's. He is not afraid, because he says if he dies he will go to Jesus, but if the Boxers die, they will go to Satan. There are quite a number of children here, so they have a good time together. They are very fond of the marines, and play with them quite a little. The boys are just getting a little taste of what it would be to be soldiers, and they catch up a stick here and there, and shoulder it and go off in great style.

Our hope is that the troops may be hastened on their way. All attempts to reach them have been in vain of late. One of our Christians, disguised as a ragpicker, reached the troops when they were thirty miles away. They were coming only five miles a day, repairing the railroad as they came. Since then, all attempts have failed. We live from moment to moment

only, walking not by sight, but only by faith. We are all miraculously delivered thus far from any disease, at a time of year when every one wants to get away from this vile city, even under the most favorable circumstances. The men get a few snatches of sleep when they can. Every one of our Chinese helpers and school boys are working as coolies all day, and on watch during the night. Of course they feel it a privilege to do it. They are dependent on what we can do for them for their life and food. We all go dirty in clothes and person. There are no tubs or boards, but very little soap, the water is bitter, and every servant driven beyond his strength. As to baths, the water is scarce and does not cleanse; the dirt and dust is 100 per cent worse than anywhere else in China. We dare not take off our clothes to do more than a little here and there, and so we live in semi-civilized condition, yet as I wake up each morning it is only with joyfulness in my heart that we have been preserved another night, and at night it is the same for care during the day.—Mrs. E. G. Tewksbury.

We have heard that the Tsun Hua missionaries (M. E. M.) have made a successful escape to Tientsin. We are still very anxious about Paotingfu. They have been in danger longer than we, and are far more helpless; there are only a few of them, probably unarmed, and with no fortifications—far away from help, at the mercy of the Boxers. But we have heard that up to the 12th they were safe; also that some Chinese soldiers were going to their relief (?). I was a little anxious when I heard that. Hyenas! But they are a trifle better than Boxers. Two days ago a few foreign soldiers here

raided a temple known to be a stronghold of the Boxers, and found some boy Boxers engaged in disemboweling a little child. They say that on the streets the boy Boxers catch children at random and treat them thus. We had before this always comforted our girls by saying, "Outside the city the Boxers are to be dreaded, but here it is only boys who are practicing. Who is afraid of such children?" But now one can see how even a child, who yields himself fully to devil possession, may become a fiend.—Ada Haven.

I have been several days writing this letter. We are still safe, and our defences are being made stronger every day. Our soldiers have not come, and messengers fail to reach them. One man who went a few days ago and returned is going again. During the Tungchou revival one of the gentlemen asked the Chinese Christians, "Who of you are willing to die for Jesus?" This man said, "I raised my hand;" and now this thought is filling his mind and he is to go again, taking his life in his hand. Any one who goes must be ready to be searched, held up, killed. This man seems to be able to pass himself for Boxer, repairer of railroad, beggar, or anything else.—Grace Wyckoff.

We have heard that the Boxers say we are too strongly fortified for common Boxers to attack, that there is a great mysterious Being from America upon the church who has a charm over the place, so they have sent everywhere for the Boxer leaders, their strong men, and in seven more days they will make an attack. If our relief comes, we can "give them what they are looking for," as the marines say. Some way I fear nothing

but the fright to some of the very nervous women, even in our present condition. We have used ever so much barbed wire in our defenses, which would certainly astonish them, if nothing more, if they try to make a rush on it. The Boxers say it is in some way connected with mines which explode if the wire is touched. Some outsiders, also, have asked if one would receive a shock if it were touched, and have also inquired how many cannon we have. All these reports cannot fail to reach the ears of our enemies and help us. They have been learning that they are not so invulnerable to rifles as they claim to be. Hundreds have been killed by foreign soldiers during the last few days.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

We are in suspense waiting for our troops. Boxers have the road between the troops and us. A man got a message through a while ago by carrying it in a basket of sticks and chips, pretending to be a scavenger.—Maud A. Mackey, M. D.

Dr. Arthur Smith complained one day about the time he spent looking for his tooth brush. He would like to have two, one for the church and one for the room he called home.—J. McKillican.

Dr. Ament ventured out one day to see with his own eyes what had been done to the American Board compound. He came back, reporting it so burned up that not enough wood was left to make a toothpick. He had buried some valuable coins and some one else had buried 100 taels underground; even that was gone. The yards seemed to have been dug up for valuables. Pitiful stories we heard the next few days.—Miss B. C. McCoy.

June 19th.—A Boxer was caught this afternoon and handed over to the authorities. He was posting notices calling on the people to arise and destroy us today. They know their time must be now, before the soldiers come, or never. But we are very strongly fortified, and the system of watches and guards is very perfect.—Ada Haven.

And now a change comes—the beginning of the end. On June 19 a letter came from Major Conger saying that the Ministers and all foreigners had been ordered out of the city at twenty-four hours' notice. At once we all said it was a scheme of the Chinese to massacre us all, and we prayed then and there that the Ministers might not fall into the trap. Some of the gentlemen went to the Legation and talked the matter over. The ministers had pointed out that we could not go; the railroad was not working, and where could we get carts for such a crowd? We missionaries said we could not and would not leave the Christians to fall into the hands of the enemy. Only God knows how heavy our hearts were that night, how little we knew how He would save us, or what the price was to be.—N. N. Russell.

But the foreign ambassadors decided to leave under the protection of the four or five hundred foreign soldiers and a Chinese guard. Missionaries must go too, or remain unprotected. They could provide neither transportation nor protection for our thousands of Christians, Protestant and Catholic. Could we desert the people whom we loved better than our lives—who would be doomed to certain death the moment the soldiers left them? We slept little that night, and God

answered our prayers in a most unexpected way.—Luella Miner.

June 20th.—Wednesday. We have passed another terrible night, a night of much prayer, and again we are facing the dreadful possibility of being obliged to leave all these dear native Christians to massacre, or something worse. It seems as if we simply could not To die with them would be easy, as compared with leaving them to their fate.

We were all called together after breakfast to hear the letters which had been sent to our Minister protesting against our being sent away, leaving our native Christians to their fate,—and his answer, which was that there seemed to be nothing else to do, since we were ordered away by the Chinese government; that he should demand of them carts and an escort to take us to Tientsin, and that we should be ready to leave at the latest by next morning. It was such sad word to take to our women and children. They felt our danger in going was as great as theirs in staying, and had little hope of seeing us again here. We went to work to select from our little store of earthly goods those most important which we could take with us in our carts.—M. E. Andrews.

Accustomed as I thought I had become to thoughts of bloodshed, it was nevertheless a dreadful thing to see it. As I was down in the native Christians' encampment, some men came past bearing a man, a stranger to me, though a foreigner, on a litter. The look on his face I can never forget. I afterwards learned it was the German interpreter. He had been accompanying the German Minister, Baron von Ketteler, who

was going to the Foreign Office a little earlier than the time set for all the Ministers to go. He was taken to the military quarters and there his wounds were dressed and he told his story.—Ada Haven.

He told how Baron von Ketteler and himself had been fired upon by Imperial troops; that Baron von Ketteler was killed and he himself escaped death by a narrow chance.

This attack proved that Imperial troops and Boxers were making common cause against foreigners, and that therefore rifles and possibly artillery would be used against the foreigners' positions; besides, all foreigners were now convinced that to start to Tientsin meant to be massacred on the way and the act to be laid by the Chinese government to the account of an uprising of Boxers.—Mrs. F. D. Gamewell.

An event as tragic as this seemed necessary in order to bring those in authority to a realizing sense of the danger.—Edna G. Terry, M. D.

And now an order came from Capt. Hall for us to be ready to leave and go to the Legation in twenty minutes. We could only take what we could carry in our hands.—N. N. Russell.

The cruel part that seemed to crush what was left of our broken hearts, was that they said our Chinese could not be taken in and we must scatter them out. We knew it would mean slaughter to almost all. I cannot describe the awfulness of it, we could help them no further; should we stay and be massacred with them or make a final attempt to save our lives for further

work? Just at this bitter crisis, God moved the hearts of those in power to say the Christians could be taken over and quartered in a prince's deserted palace by the legation.—A. G. Chapin.

I went down again to see our people and say good-by to them, and was just turning away with a great sorrow of heart at the thought of leaving them at last with no protection from their enemies, when word came suddenly that they were to be allowed to go with us, not to the Legation, but to a large place opposite, which was also under the protection of the guns. That was another precious answer to prayer. We had been so pleading that we might not be obliged to leave them.—Miss M. E. Andrews.

At about 11 o'clock in the morning we started. At the head of the procession were the German soldiers bearing on their shoulders the litter of the German interpreter. Then, two by two, we women, each carrying a bundle or blanket, followed with our little ones, guarded by marines or armed missionaries.—Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich.

The native women with their little ones in arms or clinging to them followed, the native men with spears and other weapons forming a guard on either side. Our school girls, marching in perfect order, came next, and the rest of the company filled up the rear. There was no sign of fear or panic among those helpless, homeless native Christians, and one who has lived many years in Peking said it was the most affecting sight he had ever seen in China.—Edna G. Terry, M. D.



ABBIE B. CHAPIN.



RALPH AND ERNEST CHAPIN.



Can you see us, that bright June morning, seventy-one men, women, and children (foreigners), followed by 700 Chinese Christians, guarded by our American marines, twenty-one in all, the first secretary of the German legation on a long chair carried by a troop of German marines, walking that mile with our arms full of our earthly belongings?—N. N. Russell.

Soldiers were stationed along the route of march, but looking down upon us from the Ha Ta Gate not a block away were a thousand armed Chinese soldiers. Why they did not fire upon us then as they did a few hours later we do not know, unless it was that marvelous protection so wonderfully manifested during the siege.—Mrs. J. Inglis.

I cannot express the sense of relief with which we at last passed the great Ha Ta street that had witnessed so many cruel sights in the last few days, and came within the barricades on Legation street. That we were not attacked seems even now incomprehensible. With all our rejoicing, however, it was a very sad procession that the June sun looked down upon in that closing year of the nineteenth century.—Mrs. C. Goodrich.

Luncheon of crackers, sardines, scrambled eggs and tea was served to seventy missionaries by Mrs. Squiers. No sooner had we reached our Legation than we were ordered on to the British, as it was reported that an attack was to be made that day at 4 p. m. So, passing through the Russian Legation, we came to our place of refuge in the British.—E. E. Leonard, M. D.

A compound of about five acres, surrounded by a

wall fifteen feet high and five feet thick, I venture to say it would be difficult in any other city of the world to find a place better fitted to stand a sudden siege.—Mrs. Goodrich.

Odds and Ends.

My part in the siege was not in the least heroic, it was all odds and ends, but I enjoyed them. In the Methodist Mission I one day prayed that I might be guided, if some dreadful time was coming, that I might know what to do about it. I kept thinking about cocoa and milk, so I sent and laid in so much that my husband laughed at me. Toward the end of the siege when some drooped and some were ill, and not nourished, what a delight it was to have my own little store box, and refresh the tired mother whose baby always waked up day before yesterday, or the patient superintendent of the workmen, or the little shadowy Presbyterian boy who wasn't hungry.

While trying to give odds and ends of comfort I was once sorely puzzled. It was before we left the Methodist Mission, where we lived under a great strain, fearing the Boxers would break in on us. I was in the woman's yard holding a meeting. Suddenly there was a dash of our spearmen through the yard, a buzz and commotion, and the air seemed electric. When the minutes began to seem like hours, I decided to take the patient, quiet women, only awaiting my word, into the church. If the Boxers had not broken in, this could do no harm. There was no rush. As we went along I kept them reminded: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." I was leading a blind woman, and carrying a

baby for a mother who had one too many. As we neared the church, a fair-faced foreign lady whom I had never seen before loomed up before my astonished gaze and said: "O, where shall I go?" "Into the church." "But my baby," she faltered. I looked, the little thing was all covered with "flowers" (smallpox). Merciful heaven, what a dilemma! Inside with several scores of grown people and little children? Outside with the Boxers? I set her down gently between the horns and said, "Wait till I ask a doctor." It was only a false alarm, but it gave us courage, we found ourselves so brave.

When we went to the Legation it was a little cyclone. "My dear, we are ordered to leave in twenty minutes, put your absolutely essential things together sharp." This from a man who is never late—but his wife sometimes is. I flew at my trunks. The Master stopped me off short. Would I go into safety and protection and leave the disconsolate Christians without a word of cheer? No, indeed; so I ran over to the yard where they were, and told them that we were ordered to go and the guard were ordered to go too, and that if we stayed without the soldiers we should only make the destruction of the Chinese Christians the more speedy. I emphasized once more the watch-word which all those weeks I had been drilling into them: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." A sweet-faced London Mission woman said: "Let us fast this noon, and get close to God, that He may deliver us." We promised to do so, and I went back to my trunks lighter hearted. God kept me quiet, and not flustered, and I got all that I really needed, and stepped into the line last of all, but

radiant, for "Before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." The heart of the Commander had been turned, and the dear Christians were to go with us after all!—Mrs. A. H. Smith.

The Semi-Siege.

(This general article, from the pen of Mrs. Gamewell, is such a summary of this whole period that it is given entire, instead of arranging under the particular days touched upon.)

Refugees from the great persecution sweeping the country districts were daily arriving at the gates of every mission in Peking, bringing tales of violence that increased in horror.

Hordes of Imperial troops swarmed into the city where already the Boxers were at work. Their trumpets sounded from every quarter, and a forest of banners floated from the city wall.

Among diplomats and missionaries, even the slowest to believe the worst import of the multiplying storm signals that were flying admitted the gravity of the situation, and those of clearest vision began to brace themselves for a crash.

Dr. Ament, with cool daring, left Peking in the night taking a train of carts to Tungchou, twelve miles from Peking, where the Congregational Mission was holding its annual meeting, and succeeded in conveying the missionaries, and the Chinese refugees in their charge, to Peking.

By advice of Minister Conger, Presbyterians and Congregationalists, with their native Christians, assembled within the compound of the Methodist Mission, where

they were soon joined by members of the London Mission who also had native Christians in charge.

The way was more direct from the legations to the Methodist Mission than that which led to any other Mission, and it was important that a plain course should lie before the soldiers who were strangers in the city, when an emergency might call them from legation to mission; besides the Methodist Mission was more easily fortified than the other mission compounds.

There were gathered into the compound many times the number that the buildings therein were designed to accommodate.

The missionaries had come with trunks and bedding only. All their other possessions were abandoned and lost in the great destruction that swept away homes, school houses, hospitals and churches.

In the overflowing houses, bedding was spread upon all available floors, and the company divided itself for picnic housekeeping, according to the number of kitchens in the place.

Pavilions were put up in the courts to accommodate Chinese for whom there was no place in the school houses or other buildings.

Urgent activity filled all the days, and day and night everybody moved in a perpetual round of alarms, rumors, questioning and uncertainty.

Among those comrades in peril there were differing opinions as to the character of the peril; and there was little unanimity of judgment on any point of the kaleidoscopic situation, in which all foreigners in Peking were involved. Some solemnly questioned if they might

not have saved their own and mission property by remaining at home.

Concerning the Chinese Christians, whose number was constantly increasing within the courts, some believed that their safety lay in scattering as remotely as possible from foreigners, and were agonized by the constant coming of others to swell the numbers already inside the mission walls. On the other hand there were those who were convinced that the only chance for the Chinese Christians to escape destruction was to abide with the foreigners.

In this connection occurred an incident that illustrates a possibility of Chinese character.

During those days of dire uncertainty a missionary went into a kitchen where her cook was then cooking for a combination of odds and ends of families that crowded that particular house, and said to him that now was his chance to escape, and offered him money to take himself and family out of the city; and she warned him that as things then looked, he would probably be killed if he staid among the foreigners. He turned and looked quietly at her as she spoke, his big, dark eyes glowing in a face already lean and care-worn, then said, "The lady herself is not going, is she?"

"No."

"She is not afraid to die?"

"No."

"Neither am I. I shall not go."

His choice probably saved his life, but he did not know it at the time of choosing. He was a church member but a very wavering Christian, but like many another member not much esteemed for pure piety, when

tried by the strokes of those terrible days, he rang true, and true he was to the end.

Affairs moved rapidly to a crisis that reduced conflicting opinions to a unit and resolved varying judgments into a single conviction.

A party by a wild ride through burning stations, and over roads where an up-torn rail or damaged bridge might at any moment send them plunging to destruction, had reached Tientsin. Then from Tientsin had come word that Tsun Hua was threatened. Within the Mission hurried good-byes were said, and two missionaries whose families were in Tsun Hua, armed and on horseback, sallied forth into the disturbed streets hoping to reach the station and make a swift trip to Tientsin and from there to Tsun Hua. Alas, the road was already wrecked. No more trains would run. They returned to those who with apprehension had seen them set out, to watch with them—and oh, with what anxious hearts—the developing storm.

The railroad was gone. Soon the mail was cut off. Then one day, among the notices tacked upon the trunk of a great tree in the midst of the compound, was a note from Minister Conger saying the 1,600 troops under Captain McCalla had been heard from at a point only thirty miles from Peking. Hope beat high with the reading of that notice, but that was the last Peking heard of McCalla and the relief corps for many a long day. Messengers sent to meet him with letters were turned back unable to make a way through the ranks of the enemy.

Next the telegraph lines were destroyed. Then indeed was Peking cut off from the outside world.

Inside the compound all was astir and preparation. Councils despatched messengers to the Legation, meetings appointed committees, committees protected by guns brought in food supplies, committees looked after the multitudinous wants of the multitude and organized them for swift movement in time of attack.

The soldiers kept guard day and night, and English-speaking students from the Peking University were detailed to keep company with the sentinels to translate each challenge from English to the Chinese language.

In dark nights and in the beating rain, as well as through fair days and moonlit nights, the constant vigil was faithfully kept.

Women sentinels were appointed also. Through the days and nights as well, a set of woman took turns at watches of two hours each. These watches were kept on verandas and there were chairs for the sentinels.

The sentinels on the verandas, and the organizing committees, were part of an arrangement by which all Chinese Christians could be gathered swiftly into the church in time of attack. One watch was kept where a soldier could readily find and notify the sentinel of approaching peril. She then would speed away and notify the other sentinels on other verandas, who would set all moving towards the church. The Chinese responded promptly and intelligently to these organized movements. Like veteran soldiers, without noise or panic, they obeyed with precision and speed.

An incident, that with a little different turn in affairs might have proven serious, led to the appointment of another functionary.

The presence of the soldiers in the Mission was to the

imperiled missionaries like a strong arm reached from the beautiful homeland, whose touch brought a comforting sense of being cared for. Besides, the uniforms awoke in one missionary at least memories of "war days," when the sons and brothers and husbands and fathers of the best families in the state were recruited and drilled in the many camps that encircled a town on the Mississippi, where she had her home. The enthusiasm of the stirring girlhood days awoke for the brave "boys in blue" come to China to protect—possibly to die for—her and the rest. When the rush of the day was over she joined the soldier on his beat, and up and down the court she walked through the small hours of the night, watching the Stars and Stripes floating in the moonlight from the roof of the church and listening to the soldier talk of home and the fight in the Philippines. An environment filled with danger and the unusual seemed to have created a condition wherein weariness and sleep were alike impossible. But the collapse came. A friend found a quiet corner and one afternoon put her into it, and she immediately fell into a profound sleep. She suddenly awoke in a deep stillness where had been the noise of urgent activity. In the stillness she heard the closing of a distant door. Startled, she stepped to the window and spoke to a passing soldier. He told her that the alarm had been given, and all but the guard were already shut into the church. She had been overlooked in her quiet corner. Between her and the church lay a heavy barricade with gate now closed. The approaching troops who had caused the alarm passed by, but if an attack had been made she would have found herself among fighting men, if not in way of their fire,

and a thick, high wall with closed gate between herself and the church. To avoid such an occurrence, there was appointed to each house one whose duty it was to see that no one was left behind when the warning was given and non-combatants betook themselves to the shelter of the church.

After a few days it was ordered that women and children should spend all nights in the church. Thereafter four missionary women nightly retired to the floor of a vestibule of the church, one armed with a formidable iron poker, nearly as long as she was tall, another with an ax, another with a revolver, and still another with a patent nail-puller that carries a murderous beak. No Boxers were to assail their girls and other helpless Chinese until they had felt the force of at least one stroke of the poker, one swing of the ax, one shot of the revolver, and one fell blow from the nail-puller.

One of these martial women, meeting the captain in the court one day, said to him that when the attack was on and the fight begun, she would like to help in any way and anywhere that he thought she might be useful. She had visions of pioneer days when women carried ammunition and loaded muskets; but these were modern days, and the captain belonged to a modern army. His reply was, "The most helpful thing a woman can do in a fight is to keep out of the way." These were rather stunning words, but she looked at the Captain standing so straight and stern, and remembered that she probably was old enough to be his mother and that he was still a brave young soldier in spite of his blunt speech. The Captain seemed to take a second thought. Then, with still unsmiling countenance he

said, "There is one thing you can do—when the firing begins you can take charge of the hysterical women and try to keep them quiet!"

Oh, then did the brave Captain disclose his ignorance of the stuff those women were made of! Without humorous intent be had uttered a bit of richest humor. The missionary repeated the Captain's saying to her comrades over whose hysterical performances she was appointed to preside, and possibly took satisfaction in the smile that went around at the Captain's expense.

As soon as violence appeared in the city the work of fortifying the Mission had begun, and it was more and more urgently pushed after the soldiers arrived, and through all the days of the two weeks of the semi-siege. The work in the Mission proved to be training that prepared the way for the fortification of the Legations which enabled foreigners there to hold out through the two months that preceded the arrival of the Allies.

Walls were laid across the wide enclosure of the Mission compound. Barbed wire labyrinths were constructed. Wooden gates were built over with masonry. Deep ditches were dug. The church windows were built in with bricks and loopholed. Large quantities of bricks were piled on the church roof to be dropped upon the heads of the attacking party. Drains were let into the church. Its doors were covered with iron. Trunks were piled in the entrances ready to barricade the doors. Furnaces were built, and water was boiled in big cauldrons set thereon and, thus purified, was stored in huge water jars in the church. Hundreds of boiled eggs and stacks of Chinese biscuits were stored in the church. With urgent haste all things were hurried into shape for the

expected attack and possible siege of the Boxers, who fought with sword and torch only, discarding rifles and artillery because they are of foreign origin.

Partition walls and brick walks were torn up to provide material for fortifications. The material was carried sometimes from one extreme of the enclosure to the other. Among others who hurried the work, women and boys loaded the brick into baskets which they carried on poles, or carried them piled upon their clasped hands or in upturned garments. Little mites of children with pathetically serious faces toddled in the long line, each carrying one brick, or two or three according to its strength. There was work for all, and even the babies shared the labor.

A sergeant of the guards drilled a company of missionaries who were armed with rifles sent in from the British Legation, and the missionaries had each a position assigned which he was to keep when an attack was made.

Among the Chinese there was one who met with genteel surprise a suggestion that he was needed among the diggers in a ditch. It was unseemly that a student should soil his garments and harden his hands with such labor. "Dig or go into the streets," was the command. "In the streets they would kill me." "Very likely they will," was the grim reply. Questioning eyes looked into determined eyes. A lesson was absorbed and digging became possible.

There was an appointment that was not made public whereby three students of Peking University were pledged to a hazardous undertaking. When the attack was on and threatened to overwhelm, these students were

to drop from different parts of the Mission walls, find a way through the lines of the enemy and run for the Legation to bring promised reinforcements. They knew that three were appointed to insure that one might succeed, and that it was not expected that all would survive the attempt, yet with good courage they held themselves ready.

The American soldiers had left their vessels on short notice. While at dinner they had received orders to report at once for Peking. They had come in their heavy uniforms, not having time to provide anything more fitted for summer wear. While it was yet possible to make purchases at the shops, the ladies took up a collection among the missionaries, and sent and procured enough navy-blue drilling and brass buttons to fit the soldiers with light weight suits. They had no experience with making gentlemen's clothes and they thought the soldiers might object to the fit, but after consulting the Captain as to the regularity of the proceeding (for all were under military rule those days), they entered upon the undertaking. They ripped up a duck suit belonging to a gentleman of the party, for a pattern. Then one of their number cut coats and another cut trousers. To be sure the soldiers were tall and short, heavy and slight, but the pattern was medium. And there was to be a basting and fitting of each suit. While two cut many basted. Then the fitter went down to the soldiers' house and one by one pinned and fitted until every garment was adjusted and a name attached. Then the sewing machines were put in motion while another lot was being cut, basted and fitted. The soldier boys, sweltering in heavy uniforms, beamed with delight over the

prospect of a cooler outfit, much to the satisfaction of the ladies who had begun the enterprise with some doubts concerning the soldiers' opinion of their tailoring.*

Four pockets seemed a large addition to the work of making those close fitting jackets, so the ladies ventured to inquire in as disinterested a manner as possible how many pockets were essential to complete a soldier's jacket. "Four," was the emphatic and unhesitating reply. So four it was. Four pockets and a row of brass buttons and a little standing collar adjusted under the direction of the soldiers, and the jackets were pronounced satisfactory. Concerning one point only were these brave soldier boys particular, and that was that there should be no hint of flare where the trousers meet the feet, for these soldiers of the marine corps were sensitive on the subject, and anxious that no extra width of trouser should cause them to be mistaken for sailors. When the suits were on, and the cartridge belts and the gaiters adjusted, and the women watched the soldiers march by, four pockets and a full row of brass buttons each, they congratulated themselves on their successful attempt at tailoring and said, "One could not tell these suits from the regular uniforms."

The activities of the days were occasionally interrupted by a call from Minister Conger, about whom all gathered and listened with brightening faces to his words

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*Cutting and making men's clothing was new work for us, but we went about it, and on the whole, we were rather proud of our amateur tailoring. We did not know at first whether the men appreciated our efforts or not, but when the clothes were nearly finished, and we feared one suit might be missing, one of the men said he "hoped it was not his."—Miss E. G. Terry, M.D.



MISS EDNA G. TERRY, M. D.



EMMA E. MARTIN.



LIZZIE E. MARTIN.



of cheer and courage. There were other callers who braved the dangers of the streets and carried to the Legations reports of the Mission fortifications.

The fame of the fortifications seemed to have reached the enemy also. Reports from them indicated that fear of what was being prepared for them within the Mission premises operated to hold off an attack. During all the riot of burning and killing that raged in the city in the days of the semi-siege in the Mission, an outlook kept watch on the peak of the church. The soldier's trim figure outlined against the sky, appeared large, strange and impressive to the superstitious natives. Among the Boxers it was reported that a strange being had lighted upon the church and poised there for the protection of foreigners, and many added days of practice would be necessary before the Boxers could overcome the power of this being and venture an attack.

Fires began with the burning a street chapel of the Methodist Mission in a street near by. A great crowd was there and they started in the direction of the Mission. Captain Hall called eight of his men and charged the crowd, which fled and went by another way. When the soldiers returned one remarked with great glee, "It was the yell that we let out that sent them flying."

One night the air boomed with the roar of a multitude who shouted for the space of three hours, "Kill, kill, death to the foreigners!" There seemed to be a great concourse just over the wall in the Southern City, opposite the Mission. Some were deeply anxious that the Legations should know of the disturbance but there seemed to be an opinion against trying to reach the Legation with a message at that hour of the night. Un-

observed, Mr. Hobart quietly departed and went alone to the Legation though the night was far spent and one could not know in what condition he would find the streets. Cool and courageous he went and returned. He reported that Minister Conger and Captain Myers had been on the city wall listening and watching. They had discovered that the whole Southern City had turned out to burn incense and prostrate themselves and then stood and howled that dreadful cry of "Kill, kill!"

One day after the burning of the Congregational Mission, Dr. Ament, with characteristic daring went into the neighborhood to see if any of his people there needed help. On his return he was followed by a boy who kept out of sight until Dr. Ament was about to enter the Mission gate. Then he came forward and begged, "O, take me in with you." All dirty and forlorn, Dr. Ament did not recognize him, but he plead saying, "I am your Sunday school boy." Then he told how the shopkeeper to whom he was apprenticed had turned him into the street because he feared the Boxers would be after him for harboring a Sunday school pupil. In great peril he had managed to hide until he discovered Dr. Ament and followed him. Finally he was recognized and brought into the Mission. Afterwards, in behalf of the besieged within the Legations, he braved death and, let down over the city wall in the night, made a trip to Tientsin and back to bring word to the besieged from the outside world.

While the fires burned and the mobs raged, and Imperial troops swarmed on city wall and in the streets, the marine guard kept watch, the missionaries fortified their courts and cared for the people crowded there;

and amidst a ceaseless round of labor, hoping, doubting, questioning and wondering, marines and missionaries listened day and night for the comng of McCalla and the Relief Column.

Two weeks passed; then on the 19th of June came orders from the Legation to be ready to leave the city at a moment's notice. The Chinese government had so ordered and gave twenty-four hours wherein all foreigners within the walls must set off for Tientsin, one hundred miles away, railroad destroyed and city and country swarming with the troops and Boxers. Over in the High School of the Mission, more than one hundred girls and their teacher received the order. Into what testing of character it brought those young girls. The missionaries expected to meet death outside the city gates in case they were compelled to go. To stay contrary to orders would involve the Chinese Christians in certain death. To send them forth might save them.

They were called together; money sufficient to support one for two or three months was given to each girl, and they were told how they were to be scattered among the families of the Mission's Chinese neighbors; then before parting all those girls with their teacher knelt in prayer. There was no outcry—no panic—but with white faces and steady courage the girls knelt. Then in that hour of deadly peril each one consecrated herself to God. If life be given them it shall be a life of service; if death, then God's will be done, was the consecration prayer. They sang, "Where He leads me I will follow." Then their teacher followed in supplication in behalf of her charges, and who can tell of the

agony of heart with which her cry sought God, in the black darkness of that hour?

"Before they call I will answer and while they are yet speaking I will hear them."

The soldiers of the Chinese Imperial army had swept into action. The first shot was fired, and Baron von Ketteler, Germany's Ambassador, lay dead in the streets of China's capital—shot by an officer of the Imperial troops. The German interpreter who had accompanied Baron von Ketteler on the way to the Foreign Office that 20th day of June, 1900, found the Methodist Mission his nearest refuge and, desperately wounded, was helped within the lines there and told the startling tale of the killing of his chief and of his own escape, before he sank into unconsciousness. Then a messenger was despatched to the Legations.

Other events had been sending their converging lines towards the climax of that day, and now at last, in the "nick of time," there was a place within the Legation lines for the Chinese. Swift orders found waiting soldiers and missionaries. "Come at once within the Legation lines and *bring your Chinese with you.*"

There was to be no parting. With joy, missionaries and their charges fell into line, and under guard of the brave boys in blue, marched away in long procession, through streets overlooked by a host of armed men who watched in silence the moving throng, until it was received into the barricades in Legation street.

The semi-siege was ended. The siege of Peking was begun.—Mrs. F. D. Gamewell.

THE SIEGE

FIRST WEEK.

I. Journals.

II. Articles.

Life in the Chapel.—Mrs. Chapin, Mrs. Walker and others.

The Axe is laid at the Root of the Tree.—Mrs. Goodrich.

Our Workers.

III. Children's Corner—Dorothea Goodrich.

FIRST WEEK.

JOURNALS.

June 20th.—June 20th of the year 1900 was a day long to be remembered by the company of missionaries who for twelve days had been in semi-siege on the premises of the Methodist Mission. Those days had been so full of new experiences that we were not altogether unprepared for the order, "Go to the American Legation at 11 a. m."—from thence whither no one knew. When a little later, however, all were escorted to the British Legation and assigned a place, there came a sense of relief from the uncertainty and anxiety which many had shared. The future was unknown, but the loving Father who knows all from the beginning to the end, whom,

though we see him not, we love and trust, was never more real and precious than at this time.—Miss Grace Wyckoff.

And the first thing to think of was how to prepare for this siege. For instance, there was the rescue of baggage, as thus described by Mrs. Ewing:—

When we had left the Methodist Mission we were first told we were to take all we could carry for baggage, next that nothing could go except what the ladies could carry, next that the ladies and children were to go first, and the gentlemen and marines would wait until all baggage and provisions had been sent over. With all these conflicting orders, it was hard to pack for flight. I did not carry anything, as the two children were enough for me to look after. Miss Russell and Miss Sheffield took turns with me in carrying Ellen, while I carried their things. We had been at the legation only a few minutes when our gentlemen and marine guard came in. Captain Hall was afraid of an immediate attack following the murder of the German minister, and would not stay after getting the ladies off. So, of course, the gentlemen had nothing else to do but come too and leave our things. Our worldly belongings will almost go into a red cotton handkerchief.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

On arriving at the Legation Dr. Ament, brave and intrepid in all circumstances, seeing that the attack had not yet commenced, went back almost alone to the Methodist Mission to rescue his bicycle. His example stimulated others.—Ada Haven.

As everything remained quiet in the early part of the afternoon, about ten gentlemen and 100 Chinese went back to the M. E. compound. The looters had been at work and had opened everything that was not fast locked, some locks, too, being broken. There were great quantities of goods scattered all over the church, and these our Chinese gathered up into sheets and quilts as best they could.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

And how grateful we felt to them for this, some of us who had left, through force of circumstances, with only the clothes on our backs! And how eagerly we looked over the bundles brought in, hoping to find (usually, of course in vain) some necessary garment. But other needs still more urgent demanded the strength of most.—A. H.

The men took supplies from deserted Chinese food and grain shops in our vicinity. Foreign stores turned their stocks over to the foreigners. Carts and mules were seized on the street, and our reverend missionaries were driving them at full speed, laying up supplies of food and fuel.—E. E. Leonard, M. D.

Carts filled with trunks and provisions kept coming in. During these last few hours of safety every one was putting forth strenuous efforts to secure supplies; and for the first time in our lives we saw Europeans in the Orient working like common coolies.—Mrs. C. Goodrich.

For a time the great question was, "What is to be done about the native Christians?" The authorities at first insisted that they must be left behind, but that

meant certain death, and yet where could room be found for so many? The way opened up in a wonderful manner. A large place was found quite near the Legation. Prince Su, who owned the place, decided he had better leave, and in that way accommodation was found not only for the Protestants, but for over 2,000 Catholic refugees as well. It was afterwards found that this place had to be brought within our lines in order to protect the Legation, and if the Christians had not come and occupied it and helped with the fortifications and guard duty, it would have been impossible for us to hold out.*—J. C. McKillican.

When Prince Su left, we moved our Christians right in. The fires were not out in the ranges and there were stores of coal and grain, just as though God's hand had beautifully prepared everything for them. Indeed He had! It is a lovely large place, with beautiful wells, etc. It is an indication that God is going to bless us in that we kept them with us. The reporter of the London Times, Dr. Morrison, when the question came up of bringing the Chinese into the defenses, said that if they were not allowed to come he should be ashamed to call himself a white man.—Miss J. G. Evans.

As soon as possible we went over to see our people. We found them huddled together in groups under the trees in a great open court. A large building belonging to the prince who had fled was soon opened to them, so that they have quite comfortable quarters. We stayed and helped them clear out the rooms and get them ready

*This place is sometimes called the Su Wang Fu, and sometimes this is shortened to the "Fu."

to shelter the mothers and babies. But a call came to come back at once to the Legation, and shortly afterwards the Chinese opened fire on us, though without doing any harm.—M. E. Andrews.

The British Legation is situated just south of the southeastern corner of the wall of the Imperial City, separated from it only by the Han Lin library. A moat which surrounds the Forbidden City, and flows out of the Imperial City under this wall, passes just below the tree-shaded road at the east of the Legation, and separates it from the palace of Prince Su, in the courts of which our Christians and the Catholic refugees were quartered. Both gates of the Legation were on this street. The Legations were all surrounded by walls twelve to fifteen feet high.

Upon entering the British Legation a scene of great confusion presented itself. Boxes, bundles, mattresses, baby carriages, trunks, carts, canned stores, stacked and dropped about in any available place. The comfortable houses and pleasant lanes of the Legation crowded with anxious people; some standing helplessly about, others dragging and pulling at their belongings; babies crying or staring wonderingly at such an unusual sight; children hopping and skipping under the trees; dogs barking furiously; ponies neighing; Jesuit priests, native converts, missionaries and diplomats talking and working. The French Catholic sisters sitting disconsolately on the stone steps of the pavilion, some weeping, others gravely endeavoring to cheer up the native Christian converts, who had been rescued from the burning cathedrals. Hurry, hurry everywhere, and every heart filled

with two emotions, relief, because of the number gathered together for better protection and defense, and fear of mmediate and impending danger.—Mrs. J. Inglis.

The British Legation in Peking contains between five and six acres. There were about twelve houses, beside the one occupied by the British minister, and in these and every other available place the people found refuge. —Edna G. Terry, M. D.

Within the Legation lines were representatives of seventeen nations and the ministers of eleven of the powers. There were secretaries of Legations, interpreters of Legations, gentlemen of the Imperial customs service (inincluding Inspector General Sir Robert Hart), the president of the Imperial University, the president of the Imperial College, professors from both institutions, bankers, merchants, travelers, visitors, hotel-keepers and missionaries—between four and five hundred in all.*— Mrs. F. D. Gamewell.

Houses were assigned to the large Imperial Chinese Customs Staff, at the head of which was Sir Robert

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*The nationalities represented here (British Legation) are American, Austrian, Belgian, Boer, British, Chinese, Danish, Dutch, French, Finn, German, Italian, Japanese, Norwegian, Portuguese, Russian, Spanish and Swedish. This does not include such as Irish, Scotch, Canadian, Australian, etc., nor a goodly number of Eurasians. They are divided thus: men, 245; women, 149; children, 79; total, 473, not including the marines, of whom there were 409, of the following nationalities: Austrian, 35; French, 45; German, 50; British, 82; Italian, 31; Japanese, 29; Russian, 84; American, 53. The Chinese here number about 700 to 800 Protestants and 2,000 Catholics.— Mrs. E. K. Lowry.



MISS BESSIE MELOY.



ROOM IN CORNER HOUSE WITH MISS D. M. DOW.



Hart, and to the Russian, French and United States Legations. All other refugees and a large number of marines were lodged in the student quarters, the bowling alley, the theatre, the two great tile-roofed pavilions directly in front of Sir Claude Macdonald's house, or in the great hallways of his handsome Oriental home, which was once the palace of a royal Chinese prince.—Mrs. C. Goodrich.

The English missionaries, a few American missionaries and all other civilians were put up in the various houses wherein the members of the British legation had their homes.—Mrs. F. D. Gamewell.

As we came into the British Legation compound, the American missionaries were assigned to the Legation chapel. During the weeks which followed, that chapel served as bed room, work room, dining room and nursery all combined. Only about forty could sleep in the chapel, and the rest had to be provided for elsewhere. Eight or nine ladies slept that night up stairs on the floor of a small room in a building which was a target for the enemy. The house was fired upon repeatedly during the night, and it was necessary for us to find a safer place.

After sleeping for two weeks on the floor of the chapel in the Methodist compound, some of us were not quite sure that we wanted to "dwell in the house of the Lord forever." It was therefore a radical change when we were assigned to the ball room of the Legation. This was a large, beautiful room, quiet and retired, and we were as comfortable as we could be with our limited possessions. It would seem that the church and the

world were both represented in the British Legation, when we remembered that two families occupied the billiard room, the night nurses slept in the smoking room, and the British marines were quartered in the Legation theater.—Miss E. G. Terry, M. D.

It was not long until a fair degree of order was brought about. Some sort of accommodations were given to all, and the best was made of very uncomfortable quarters; all realized that personal convenience was a very small affair compared to security of lives. Before nightfall in that memorable day, every foreigner in Peking, with the exception of Father Favier and his band of helpers and forty-five French and Italian soldiers, was gathered either into the British legation itself or within the line of barricade held by the marines.—Mrs. I. Inglis.

It was with something of a sense of relief that we found ourselves within those Legation walls that afternoon. We had been scattered before. Now the forces were to be concentrated, and the representatives of the different nations assembled there were to make one common cause. We were in a situation which has no parallel in all history. There was no chance to surrender, and none to retreat. The enemy closed in about us, and the struggle began.—Miss E. G. Terry, M. D.

Well, we reached here Wednesday afternoon, with the purpose expressed by the ministers to stay and fight it out. Word was received that night from the Chinese Foreign Office expressing their deep feeling for the foreigners, saying the utmost protection would be afforded.

As it was impracticable for us to leave the city, we should receive protection here, and they hoped we would feel no alarm and that our soldiers would preserve the peace. Acting, as we suppose, on this avowal, Prof. James went out of the compound just before dark, unarmed. He had been with the native Christians trying to help them get settled in their new quarters, and we think he may have gone out to do more for them. A British soldier on guard saw all that followed. Prof. James walked as far as the bridge to the north, and there a few soldiers rode up. Some three hundred had passed a few minutes before and these were the stragglers. One soldier raised his gun to fire, but Prof. James threw up his hands to show he was unarmed. The soldier lowered his gun and Prof. James started to run. He was again covered with the rifle, and this time the soldier dismounted, laid his hand on Prof. James' shoulder and led him away. Our men had strict orders not to fire the first shot, and so they had to obey, and a brave man must lose his life, perhaps after severe torture. We know not the end, but cannot but think he was killed in some way. Prof. James has shown a very helpful spirit through all. He predicted serious trouble and promised to stand by the missionaries and the Chinese to the end, and did as much to gain protection for the native Christians as any of the missionaries. He was very busy all the time collecting reliable news, assisting Dr. Morrison. The latter has been really the only correspondent whose words have had weight in England. He has been vary careful to tell only well authenticated facts. Ten minutes after Prof.

James was led away, firing commenced, the first shots from the Chinese soldiers. This firing has kept up almost without intermission, but without apparent aim or purpose except to frighten us. The Chinese do not dare show their heads, but point their guns up in the air and bang away. We soon got used to this.—Mrs. Ewing.

In the evening we sat down to a picnic supper in the chapel. Then where were we all to sleep? Some gentlemen went out of doors, a few ladies were given rooms, and the rest of us, men, women and children, slept in the church. We did not dare disrobe lest we should have to flee for our lives. The night was warm, the babies were cross, and the rest is better imagined than told.—Miss E. E. Leonard, M. D.

June 21. Such times I never expected to see, but if we only get out of it, it will have been worth living through, and God doesn't send experiences, even such awful ones as these, without a purpose.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

The day after we came in here, the custom-houses were fired and the Austrian Legation abandoned. The Boxers, flourishing knives, approached the Legation, and the machine guns were turned on them, killing and wounding sixty. This drove them away for the time. —Miss N. N. Russell.

It is a relief for us ladies to find that there is a work not only for the gentlemen but for us, right in our own lines of work, too—with our needles. On this day we commence to make sand bags. They tell us the troops

are not far off—that they can be seen from the wall! Who knows? We have had a piece of work trying to find a place to do cooking in—seventy to provide for, and no sign of a place to make a fire. At first we thought we could have the use of a little kitchen right across the road from us. But when we tried to take possession, the Chinese cooks told us that four or five families were using that already. Then we tried to get hold of some stoves and set them in the court or by the side of the road. But the cooks would perhaps object if it should rain. And when we proposed building some kind of covered range, the authorities in the Legation objected. It would not be right by the public to have anything too unsightly in the public boulevard. Must we then eat our food raw? But finally one of the escort, I think it was, gave up to our use his kitchen, down by the gate house. A very small place it proved to be, and very far away; still it was a kitchen, and had a range in it, and we were happy.

In the last three hours more has been done to fortify the place and systematize things than in all the time before. Mr. Gamewell has been placed at the head of work on fortifications, and Mr. Tewksbury and Mr. Hobart and three others (Mr. T. head) on making committees for work on defenses, etc. The smoke of our home for the last two weeks—Hsiao Shun Hu T'ung—has been rising the last half day, the last Protestant mission. Now there is none in the city.—A. H.

June 22—The ladies in one of the more exposed houses (the two-story house in the stable court) had more than once to gather up bedding and their child-

ren and hurry out of the house, through the blinding smoke, and where the bullets were flying, until at last the building was so riddled with shells it was abandoned altogether.—Miss Janet McKillican.

I keep on writing day after day, though there is no way of sending letters. We are quite cut off from the outside world; no communication by rail or telegraph, nor for many days by a messenger. Today I have sewed steadily on sand bags for fortification, from breakfast till supper time, only stopping a few minutes for dinner. There have been several excitements during the day. All the morning firing was heavy and incessant, bullets falling all about us, so it was not safe for us to step outside the chapel. A little later German, French and Japanese troops came marching in, and word spread that all the other Legations had been abandoned and the troops were concentrating here. That was sad word for us, as it left the building where all our Chinese are gathered wholly unprotected. But it seemed to me that after the Lord had answered so many prayers for them, making it possible to keep them with us and bring them to a place of safety, he would not forsake them now. Only a little later a large number of troops were marched out again, and we learned that they were sent purposely to protect these buildings. The English minister says those buildings will be protected to the very end, because it protects this Legation on this side. So our dear people are in the safest place possible—thanks to God's loving care. Yesterday and today we have not been allowed to go over to the other court, and I am a little home-

sick for our dear people, but it is good to know that they are safe.—Miss M. E. Andrews.

During the first few days of the siege, repeated attempts were made by the Chinese to burn our buildings within the Legation, even setting fire to their own buildings near our wall to accomplish their end. For a while we were in greater danger from fires than from bullets. The general alarms were given from the bell tower in the center of the British legation and meant danger either from fire or from attack.

How well I remember the fire of June 22, in which we all worked for our lives. That afternoon, amid the crack of rifles, we heard the rapid ringing of the alarm bell which called all the women and children to the little chapel and sent the men to their post of duty. Our hearts beat fast as we asked one another, "What is it this time?" We were not long in suspense; for soon all too plainly we saw the black smoke and angry flames roll upward so near us we could hear the crackle and see the burning cinders falling around us. It seemed as if no human power could save the buildings in the Legation. All planning for supper, sewing of sandbags and other work was at once suspended and all who could help ran to the scene of action. What a strange wild scene that was! Men and women, forgetting the whizzing bullets, formed a double line and passed water buckets to a small fire extinguisher that was turned upon the flames. People of many nationalities and many creeds worked shoulder to shoulder that day. What mattered such small things as a difference of language or theology now?

Buckets were few, so basins, pitchers, cooking utensils, everything that would hold water, from a quart cup to a child's bath tub, were used. Blankets and quilts were soaked and spread over the roofs nearest the fire to keep them from catching. We had to use our precious drinking water for all this, but the fire must be put out at all cost. As soon as the flames were under control, or rather when the fire had burned itself out so our buildings were out of danger, the men set to working burning and clearing away the Chinese buildings near the wall on the outside, so that the same thing could not happen again in the same place. This was dangerous work for the men, for the Chinese hidden in the buildings around fired on them constantly. It was found that in their attempt to burn our buildings they had used many cases of kerosene to kindle the flame. We lifted our grateful hearts that night to the One who had delivered us from so great a peril, and we mourned the loss of a brave English marine. After the excitment was over, they measured the water in the well and found there was three feet of water left, but in the morning there was five feet and it continued thus all through the siege. The kind Father supplied this need as He did so many others through that long hot summer.—Miss Lizzie E. Martin.

The cowards hope by starting their "holy fire" outside it will not cease till the foreigner is burned.—Miss E. E. Leonard, M. D.

This all showed that we must be prepared for such

emergencies. Much time and water had been lost by not having proper utensils.

Warned by the experience, we had our Chinese carpenters fix handles on empty kerosene cans which would hold three or four gallons and could be easily passed from one to another without the spilling of the precious water.—Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich.

Spite of the double line that day, men on the one side to pass up all this array of utensils full of water, and women and children on the other to hand back the same to be refilled, it seemed as if it would be impossible to save the house in danger. So some were detailed to pull all the furniture out and pile it on the tennis court. So now every one was employed working as for dear life. And still the flames gained upon us, for the wind was blowing from that direction. Could nothing more be done? Yes, something more potent than anything else. At this time there were a few women in the chapel who could not help in the fire. They could not leave their babies. But they could pray! And soon the wind changed, and blew the flames back on our enemies. The day was saved! So then the men carried back the furniture into the house, while we women gathered up the books that were scattered about and piled them on the veranda. The danger was over for that time, and it was praying that had done the work.

June 23. China is at war against the nations of the world! Think of it! Slowly but surely she is committing suicide.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

None of us will ever forget the burning of the Hanlin Library* on June 23. This famous building stood adjoining ours on the north. It was held so sacred that no foreigner had ever set foot inside, and herein was stored the great encyclopedia of which there were only two copies in the world. It had in it 366,992,000 characters against the 30,800,000 words of Encyclopedia Brittanica. This was their treasure house of literature and had been left unmolested by our men because they did not wish to bring down on our heads more wrath than was necessary from the Chinese, yet so anxious were the enemy to burn us out that, choosing a time when there was a strong north wind,† they themselves set this place on fire, and the smoke came down upon us till we could hardly breathe. Suddenly the wind changed and the smoke lifted—but "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side when men rose up against us, then had they swallowed us up quick when their wrath was kindled against us." Psa. 124:2, 3. The men worked all that day and all through that night guarding the flames and clearing out the buildings nearest us. We felt sorry for the men as they came in hungry and dirty and oh, so tired. It has been said on good authority that the burning of this library was as great a loss to the eastern world as the

*It is the college from which the most learned men of this country take their highest degrees. There are in all China but three or four hundred of these scholars.—Mrs H. S. Galt.

†The morning of the day when the hall of the scholars was set on fire, one of the captains said, "If they fire that building today, with this strong wind blowing in our direction, there is no hope for us."—Miss N. N. Russell.

burning of the Alexandrian library was to the western world so long ago.

There were many fires not in the immediate vicinity of the British Legation. The Dutch Legation was completely destroyed by fire. The buildings on the west side of the American Legation (which was still held as an outpost) were burned to its very wall, where the flames seemed to die away of themselves. Parts of other Legations were burned.

Though surrounded by fire and sword, we knew that God was our "strength" and "deliverer," and that He who guides the universe, and He who notes even the sparrow's fall, was watching over us. "God was our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."—Lizzie E. Martin.

Its library contained books of incalculable value, books which the Chinese were and might be proud of—records of their empire from the earliest ages. That even fanaticism could go to such lengths as that, to destroy anything so precious, seems impossible. The books had been thrown out in a heap; a few of the most precious were gathered up by order of the English minister and brought over here. An immense pit was dug, and the rest of the books and papers tumbled in and covered over by our people to save adding fuel to the flames. Evidently kerosene had been put on the trees to spread the flames, and the fire started with the intention of setting fire to the rooms of the English minister, as the wind was blowing in that direction; but at God's command, and in answer to prayer, it suddenly veered and blew the flames away from us; but for that

we should all have been burned out.—Miss M. E. Andrews.

Our philosopher, in describing this event, got off an epigram not original with himself—"K'eng ju, fen shu." Which little rhyme being intrepreted, means "*Entrap the* scholars *in a* pit *and* burn *their* books." This comes down from the time when old Ch'in Shih Huang, the builder of the great wall of China, that he might make good his coveted title to being the first emperor of China, destroyed, or attempted to, all records of past history. To do this, it was necessary not only to burn up all existing books, but to bury alive all the scholars whose memory could reproduce these books. In this case, however, the words of the epigram had to change partners—"Fen ju, k'eng shu." This, with the liberal use of supplied words (italics) allowable in translating the classic style, would read, "*If you try to* burn *the* scholars, *the result will be that your* books *will be put in a* pit."

Last night was a most fearful one, almost constant firing. The gentlemen came into the chapel and told us to keep down low on the floor to escape the spent bullets.—Miss J. G. Evans.

Early this morning, our student who has the consumption, Li Chin Fang, went and got a letter for Tientsin which Sir Robert Hart had written, sewed it into the lining of his shoe, and started off without letting any of his friends know it, fearing that we would prevent his going. It means almost certain death for him, for, even if he escapes the Boxers and

soldiers, he cannot stand the fatigue and exposure of such a journey. He cares nothing for the reward; it is a giving up of his life to try to save the thousands here in the city whose lives depend on relief.—Miss Luella Miner.

Today I saw Mrs. Conger, our minister's wife, out filling sandbags. A Greek priest was working with her, using a porcelain kettle.—Miss J. G. Evans.

June 24. Of all the strange days of the siege, none could compare for me with the first Sabbath. It seemed unreal, both at the time, and in the memory of it afterwards, like a dream, or a piece let into my life from some one's else.

Soon after breakfast word came that the Boxers had broken into the Su Wang Fu where our Christians were, and that a place must be made for our girls elsewhere, near the Russian Legation. Thinking they were coming immediately, I rushed off without my hat, as the sun was not shining brightly then. On arriving at the place where the girls were to be met, and finding they had not yet been brought over, I spent the time going into the deserted houses along the lane, to see which seemed most hopeful as a safe shelter. Hearing firing from the wall, it seemed safer on the side of the lane nearer the English Legation. So I went into place after place, examining each, and getting my eye incidentally on many ropes and shovels and awnings, which afterwards came in conveniently in countermining and for sand bags, though at the time my thoughts were on another matter, namely, what was the best place for my

twenty-five to thirty girls, a temporary home "when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall." There really did not seem to be any best place. They were stores, mainly, made with movable shutters in front, so that when removed the buyer in passing may stand on the lane and make his purchases from the counter. A door at the side admits to a narrow entry leading to reception rooms where more distinguished customers may sit and sip tea and smoke, while making purchases. This narrow entry opens at the back into the tiny court around which are the rooms of the family, or for the apprentices, all quite small, of course. This was the general plan of all the shops on the lane. But what a picture of desolation they all were! They had evidently been deserted in hot haste, for all the means of living, as well as the stock of the store, were left behind. But everything was tumbled around in wildest confusion, probably the work of looters. What seemed almost sadder than the wreck and ruin of the stock was the evidence of the deserted home; and most pathetic of all, the living creatures of the home, deserted in the flight, things barking or mewing as one opened the door. Almost too hoarse or too faint they were sometimes to bark or mew any more, but a faint voice of appeal or protest might be heard from behind some pile of rubbish. It was a sad comment on a religion more careful to avoid taking life than to prevent suffering. The thought, too, would arise: "Are our lives less valuable than those of dogs and cats, that they are willing to kill *us*?" But there was no time then to provide for the

release from suffering of these poor beasties; the question was, where these precious human lives might be saved.

Finally a hat store was picked out as having several rooms in the rear, and also as furnishing something in the way of food. For now, in this strange day of living other people's lives, it was not Fox's Book of Martyrs, as it had been when I first started out to find a place of safety for my poor, hunted girls. The thought that they would come over in a hungry condition was uppermost. We were to be Robinson Crusoes and find a living out of what could be discovered. Then, having picked out my desert island, the next thing to do was to bring its inhabitants to it. And even then, as I went out of the shop, the whole host of Christians was being marshalled across the canal. As the school girls were all together, it was an easy thing to separate out my particular flock. It was a strange, sad meeting, after the days of separation, but there was no time then for more than the nod of greeting that meant, "So you are still alive, thank God!"

It was just about the time when usually they were marshalled into church; but what a difference! Up the lane, almost filled with the debris of broken boxes and furniture from the looted shops, they picked their way as quickly as possible, so as to get out of the way of the soldiers who were passing back and forth, for an attack was on just around the corner. The zipping bullets overhead, too, made one hasten one's steps to get behind walls. Once get behind them,

however, and the next thing was to think of the more peaceful means of preserving life—how to get breakfast. Robinson Crusoe must be resumed again, or was it the house-mother in "The Swiss Family Robinson"? But whether Robinson Crusoe himself or Mrs. Robinson, neither could have found much use in the heaps of mandarin hats in which the girls entering the shop must wade knee deep, hats shaped like a cup inverted in a deep saucer, the saucer being formed of a wide band of fur, while the cup, all gorgeous with gold and scarlet, was surmounted by a mandarin's button. The girls looked as if they were trampling the crowns of the world under foot as they moved about in these, trying to make a place for themselves. They were left with instructions not to wantonly destroy. Others found a place in the family rooms at the back, rooms strewed with cast-off clothing. But, as the girls were hungry, the first thing was to seek the kitchen. Range, kettles, coal-balls, water, flour, all were there. The next thing was to start the fire. And the next was to step across the little court to the hat shop again, and make a little modification in the precept just laid down—not to destroy—to explain the morals of the term "contraband of war," and get them to hunt up small wooden boxes among the rubbish, and split them for kindling. While the school woman was making a spark with her flint and steel, and the girls were stirring up the flour and water for their pancakes, a sound was heard above all the cracking of rifles—the tolling of the bell in the English Legation—the signal of attack; and in almost direct

connection with this the quick ringing of the same bell—fire[1] Then we noticed what we had not thought of before, how close the rifle fire was to us, and the great columns of smoke that were rising nearer still. I must leave the role of Mrs. Swiss Robinson to the old school matron, and go on sentry duty. No; just one return to Robinson Crusoe before I took my post. I must have a hat to screen me from sun and fire. Those heavy winter hats were impossible; but the bottom of a bird-cage, a flat, round piece of bamboo lattice work, furnished a frame over which was hung a piece of wet white cloth, and the whole was tied into place by a bit of hair-string, for hair-string was a part of the stock-in-trade of the shop. After being thus accoutered I first went to the door opening on the alley, a door which after we had all got in I had carefully bolted, only opening it once to put on our door-plate, that is, to write an inscription on the white border around the gate-gods pasted on the gate. There was not room for much, but I managed to crowd in the words, "Congregational Girls' School, America"—a rather incongruous label, surely, to the black-faced deity below. This label was so that we could be found in case of danger.

Now, opening this same door a crack, I saw a sight that made me shut it quickly—a wounded soldier, a Russian, I should judge, being borne past. And now that tolling bell assumed a new significance. Could it be that perhaps the Chinese had made a breach in the walls of the English Legation, and perhaps even now my dear friends over there might have that same

death agony on their faces? Should I ever see them again? As I went into an adjoining court at the back to investigate the fire, it seemed as if my own past life was as unreal and free from all connection with the present as that of any imaginary person might be. No, all these had vanished like a dream, too, and one felt only that one was in the hands of God, and thus safe, whatever man might do. This was no desert island now; it was the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and how true it was that His rod and His staff they comforted me. But though willing to die myself, my thirty defenseless lambs must not fall into the hands of those wolves, if human watchfulness could prevent it. The flames were drawing nearer. It was fiercely hot. The smoke dimmed the sun and almost stifled us. The roaring of the flames grew louder. It seemed only a question of time how soon they would leap into our court. It would not do to wait till then. The passage down to the outer door was very low and narrow, not a place for sudden escape. So when the danger from fire behind seemed greater than that of bullets down the lane, I went and told the girls to gather up whatever there was to eat around the place. A hurried division was made of the cakes already baked, and, taking the unbaked batter in the kneading trough, like the Israelites in their journey on Passover night, we marched out again, down the alley, to join the other Christians in their already crowded courts. I had to acknowledge that like Lot of old, while trying to pick out the best place, I had unwittingly picked out the very worst, the place that rained fire and

brimstone. How strange it seemed to see other foreign faces among the natives, when I had thought that perhaps we should never see them again! And stranger still, to have one of my colleagues come over by and by and say: "I will stay with the girls now. You go to the English Legation to your dinner." Dinner It was like the waking from a dream! Somehow this return to reality seemed the most unreal of all. It was like the turning of the head on the pillow, and all those horrible things that seemed so real have vanished and behold, it was a dream. And yet even after "coming to" there was another strange thing after all, and that was to walk the whole length of the British Legation with one's head in a shrouded bird-cage!

After dinner I went back. By that time the enemy had been driven out of Prince Su's palace, and that place was really considered safer, so the Christians were being mustered back. A hole had been made in the wall between two courts, and they were going down that way to cross the canal, instead of going along the canal first, exposed to bullets. These two courts were not the same height, and one must step over heaps of broken brick, bend one's head to get through the hole, and then go down an inclined plane of loose brick-bats into a room that seemed quite dark as one entered from the brightness outside. What wonder that those poor women, some of them having children in their arms, others having little feet, needed help? So two or three of us stationed ourselves at the stumbling places and helped them down. Never in a single day, perhaps, did any of us take so many people by the hand—over a thousand

women and children. We let the men shift for themselves, in accord with rules of Chinese etiquette; not because Chinamen are averse to getting women to use strength for them, but because it would be impossible to help them without touching their hands. But as the old sage Mencius, on being questioned, made an exception of the hypothetical case of a man whose sister-in-law had fallen into a well, saying it would be more of a sin to let her drown than to touch her hand in pulling her out, so we made an exception of the case of a pious Æneas, who had his old father (or was it a mother) on his back. They said the parent was lame (or blind, I forget which) and that he had rescued him (or her) in this way from the burning of their homes. We could easily tell which were the Catholics, at least in many cases, by their training, after being helped down, to drop us a courtesy and say "Merci." So we saw how our Catholic friends got around the difficulty of there being no word in Chinese that exactly corresponds with our "Thank you" for a service rendered.

Well, we stood there and passed them down till the procession ceased filing through the hole.

Query: After the President of the United States has had a reception, does he sigh for a wash-bowl? But then, come to think of it, those whom he shakes hands with have had chances at wash-bowls, as these poor Chinese refugees had not.—A. H.

In removing things from a building near the fire that day, preparatory to tearing down the building, 200 cases of kerosene were discovered. What if they had



MISS JANE G. EVANS.





caught fire! They were promptly removed to the middle of the tennis court, and a hill of earth covered over them. So now we have an oil-hill to match the Imperial "Coal Hill" north of the palace.

June 25—About midnight they attacked us from two directions, and tried to start a fire in a third, but in the midst of it all we were saved. So far the Lord has delivered us. Surely He does intend to bring us out and thereby glorify His name. It is a privilege to go through it. We are especially favored of the Almighty, else why does He save us? And even if He wants us to die for Him here, it is also a privilege to have partaken of His own suffering, and lay down our small lives to glorify Him. There is no way we can look at it but what it is right, and His own doing.

This morning I was sitting within three or four feet of a lady when a bullet came through the window glass directly back of her shoulder, and passed within a few inches of her cheek.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

It is perfectly remarkable how so many shots can miss the mark. Horse flesh was used as food for the first time today. All foolish notions were laid aside and the food eaten.—Miss E. E. Leonard, M. D.

About 5 p. m. a white flag was seen on the bridge above us. We dared not trust them, but with a glass could read that by Imperial edict the troops were ordered not to fire on the foreign ministers. They also wish us to come to the bridge to treat. After all their treachery it is strange they should try this dodge. Extra precautions are being taken tonight.—Miss J. G. Evans.

Mr. Tewksbury and some of the British students talk with Chinese soldiers in the Han Lin College during the time of truce. They say they have killed all the Boxers and will now fire on us no more. Meanwhile, with Chinese treachery, other soldiers creep up to build an entrenchment very near us on the west, but the British fire upon them and force a discontinuance. Major Conger remarked that in any civilized country it would be possible for us to surrender and so save our lives, but to surrender here meant certain death; there was nothing to do but to try to hold out.—Mrs. Ed. Lowry.

June 26—Oh, such a night as we had! About 12 it seemed as though the powers of darkness were against us—it seemed as though the end were near. Abbie and I crept close together down on the floor, hoping to meet death together. How we all prayed! It was all we could do. The gentlemen who had guns and pistols could help. It was a fearful experience. We dared not have a light to attract the enemy; but in the darkness on the floor we waited for what at one time seemed would be the end. How the bullets whistled past the open windows!

I had my first sight tonight of what a battle field is like. I went over to the north wall while there was a cessation of firing, and the guard let us come up and look through the loop holes. I never realized so clearly before how war looked—desolation—seven dead bodies (Boxers and soldiers) and several dead horses—nothing seen alive but one dog—everything so still—no one to be seen—homes deserted—it was fearful. These bodies lying unburied in the month of June, will not pestilence

come next? We know very little what condition the city is in, but know our guns have done some execution.—Miss J. G. Evans.

A rather quiet day. American marines hold their position on the city wall against great odds. Twenty Americans against 1,500 Chinese.—Miss E. E. Leonard, M. D.

LIFE IN THE CHAPEL.

Our quarters proved cramped enough. We ate at first sitting on our bedding or on the altar steps, although eventually we secured some tables and chairs. Just outside, noisy sewing-machines were busy all day long making sand-bags, and within, the five babies, tortured by heat-rash, mosquitoes and the thousands of flies, cried almost constantly.

Yet we felt ashamed to complain of our discomfort as often as we looked across at the pavilion just east of us. It had a fine tile roof with a brick floor, but no sides. Here we could see French and Italian priests, usually in Chinese dress, and the Greek priests with their long black robes and hair flowing on their shoulders. In the center of the pavilion French, Italians and Belgians, men, women and children, ate, drank and slept. Often at night bullets dropped among them, and the rain poured in and drenched them, but they never murmured or complained. Just behind them was a pavilion closed on only two sides, and this was where members of the press, the bank, and others lived; while outside, about the edges, Chinese servants—men and women—slept at night.—Mrs. C. Goodrich.

Beds of all kinds and descriptions have been made up on floors or benches, with mosquito netting made of all conceivable material. The beautiful little English chapel has been nearly ruined, turned into one grand living room. I could think of nothing but the immigrants landing at Castle Garden as I looked about from time to time. Men, women and children lying in all kinds of places on the floor, nearly all dressed, gave us indeed a title to be called "refugees." Many had no pillows, or sheets, mattresses, or even a blanket. It was a time when he who had shared with the one who had not. If one had two waists or handkerchiefs, one went to his neighbor who had none, so in spite of lacking many things which we had thought positively necessary, we yet made ourselves comfortable. But with the dirt and confusion caused by seventy people, the flies, mosquitoes, heat and dampness incident on the warm weather, and increased by all our unsanitary conditions, surrounded by thousands of Chinese, many of them in our own compound, it is only a miracle that there was not more sickness, and that we survived at all. Almost every one has become pale and thin, and we are a worn and draggled-out looking set.—Mrs. Tewksbury.

The distribution of the different families and individuals who occupied the chapel at night is something not to be forgotten. On the left hand of the front entrance a Presbyterian Doctor of Divinity had his bed on the floor. Then came the "Methodist bed." At right angles to this a Presbyterian pastor and wife slept on the floor, the bed being rolled up in the day time. Next an American Board mother and two children had

a bed made by two chapel seats put together. Within the altar rail on one side was another American Board mother with two children, and on the other side a Presbyterian mother and two children. The pulpit was pushed back and served as our china closet, being piled up with our supply of dishes. Another family of mother and three children camped at night somewhere near the middle of the chapel floor, and near them, two more chapel seats served as a bed for a Methodist brother. There was a deep bay window on the right hand side of the chapel. Two families of three members each lived on either side of the baptismal font, which was in the window, and the font itself was decorated with books, bottles, and toilet articles of various kinds. There were two or three whose resting (?) place at night could not be accounted for, as their beds were invisible during the day. In the farther end of the room near the door a baby slept on a little couch in the corner, while his mother slept on the floor. One night the mother got up to attend to the baby, but becoming confused in the darkness she found herself patting the head of a gray-haired man and singing a lullaby to him.—Miss E. G. Terry, M. D.

We have two settees placed together under a large west window just in front of the pulpit. I have three chairs at one end, where Ellen sleeps, and Marion and I lie on the single mattress with our heads at opposite ends. We generally have to untangle our feet several times during the night. As we eat in the same place, seated on our bed, and have to get through in time for

the next table to use the dishes, I can't be late, even though that means breakfasting with untidy hair. To such a pass have we come that we wonder whether we will ever recover from the demoralization or not. Gentlemen and ladies all have to sleep in this room without even curtain partitions. Most do not undress at all, except to pull off their shoes. The gentlemen must all be ready to go on duty in case of sudden attack.

The flies are something terrible in numbers. The room literally swarms with them, and all possible means cannot keep them out of our food. Because of feeding on so many carcasses they drop dead all around, and it is a marvel that this does not cause disease among us. They wake us all at the first streak of dawn; and it is amusing to hear the sudden buzzing that starts up in the night when the cannon commences to boom.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

On the platform at the rear of the church was the altar, which was kept piled with dishes. By this altar in one corner I spread bedding for myself and two little boys. On the first day of the siege a few of our men with their guns, my husband among them, went back to the Methodist compound and secured some bedding, stores and clothing. There was danger in this, but stores were a necessity, and his return was a relief to my mind. So I had more clothing and bedding than some, but only one good sheet, and I used to think how good nice pillows and sheets would seem. I had great reason to be thankful, but it was in that corner that some of the most trying hours were passed. Often the

night attacks would not cease till the small hours of the morning. Then when all was quiet and there would be an opportunity to sleep, the flies would begin waking the children and making them so cross that they disturbed the poor people who had been kept awake. This seemed to me the most trying hour of the day, and I often longed for some quiet place where I could take the children alone. After a time the eldest child went up in the loft to sleep with his father. Then an old lace curtain was found which, when mended and put with other different pieces of thin material, served to keep off the flies. But it was an imperfect protection from mosquitoes and fleas, for at night little Ernest would complain of bites. Then would follow frantic but unsuccessful efforts to find the bitten places, that he might be soothed and hushed. This to me was more trying than the racket of firearms, although there were a few times when thoughts would come of how it would be if the enemy should actually get in. I well remember the tolling of the bell, which meant that the attack was more serious, and was the signal for our men to go to the bell tower with their guns and await orders. It sounded very mournful in those circumstances. I remember, too, Mr. Tewksbury's calm, steady voice assuring us that the attack was over and all was well. As the summer advanced the nights were hot, and there being no window near my corner, my bed was raised from the floor. Then a pole or rod was needed to keep my lace curtain fly-net in position, so the Chinaman who was helping me brought a Chinese spear. But I could not think of having that at the head of my bed—it was

too suggestive—and something less warlike was found.—Mrs. F. M. Chapin.

"The Methodist Bed."

We had packed our goods on the fourth of June, hoping to leave Peking the fifth for the station just assigned us, namely Tsun Hua, one hundred miles east of Peking, but the railroad being destroyed, we had been shut in for days, and now my husband hurriedly broke open the box and pulled out his country mattress. We had already helped ourselves to some of Brother King's bedding, on which we had slept for a week on the church floor. When the summons came to us, we, with our dear boy Lin Ming Chuan and his wife, Mei Jui, and two servants, joined the strange procession going down Filial Piety alley across "Ha Ta" great street, west on Legation street, or "Chiao Min Hsiang," on, on to our United States legation, a great company of us, numbering about 700.

You may be able to imagine how that sad, strange company looked as we marched on foot through heat and dust to the United States Legation, but you can never know how we felt; words cannot express it.

Arriving at the British Legation, we seventy missionaries were given the little British chapel, 25x45, to shelter us from shot and shell, sun and rain, to be our only home for nine weeks. Well, on entering the church we began to look around for some vacant spot on which to rest. I dropped into the first corner to the left on entering, and that became the Methodist Corner, and there was the "Methodist Bed."

That bed was of wonderful make, two church benches turned together, and short boards of all thicknesses placed from one to the other to make it wide enough for daughter Esther and myself, while husband slept on the floor in the corner. Now this Methodist bed, as I said before, was a wonderful bed. The benches and boards, to be sure, were not very even, but nevertheless better than the floor on account of fleas, mice, lizards, etc. It was the only Methodist encampment in the church, as the other Methodist sisters slept in Lady MacDonald's ball room, while the brethren slept in the back hall of the same house.

The space under these benches (otherwise called the Methodist bed), served as cupboard or storeroom, and it was wonderful what could be stored away there, soap, cord for tying sand bags, parts of a telephone, a gun, the key of City Gate, stationery, shoes, overshoes, umbrellas, valises, bundles of clothing, books, souvenirs, etc., and under the mattress many things could be found. As all things were used in common, we had to put away carefully the few treasures we had been able to save, and the Methodist bed proved to be very useful in this capacity. Dr. Emma Martin and her sister Lizzie would come in with that wonderful black bag belonging to the Doctor, and say, "May I put this under your mattress for safe keeping?" Mrs. Gamewell's umbrella and journal sought refuge here, and Mrs. Jewell, Dr. Gloss and Miss Gilman often tucked little bundles under and Miss Terrell had a magic bag which often hung on the corner of the bench (the foot of my bed). Mrs. Conger's shears, which we borrowed to cut out sand bags,

were also hidden away here for safe keeping; also the revolvers and cartridges belonging to Messrs. Davis, Walker and King; they helped to make my pillow higher, you see. Mr. Hobart had to use much paper in making meal tickets for the native Christians, and as the Bell Tower was headquarters, the paper was hidden away under my mattress so we would know where to find it when needed. We did not fear losing our money, for we had none, but we had a few precious things we had saved. On the top of my bed could be seen a few Bibles and one or two hymn books rescued from the hands of the Boxers.

Our dear brothers had saved a few garments, and the dear brave school girls vied with each other in doing good and helping wherever they could. They washed and mended socks, underwear and the summer clothes of the men who were working to save them from a horrible death, and even made shoes for those of us who were out. So, as occasion demanded, the brethren, Messrs. Davis, King, Hobart and Verity, would come and lift up the corners of the mattress and find their well worn mended garments tucked away there for safe keeping. Now you can see that I had a wonderful bed.

Being near the door, the bed was a convenient waiting place, until time to serve the "Horse and Mule" meat and rice, and often coming in I would find three or four of the dear sisters lying or sitting on the bed, and they would give me a cordial invitation to sit on my bed when there was not even a small corner vacant. Many will remember it as the cozy corner. The weary, anxious and sick brethren would come into the church





GERTRUDE GILMAN.



CHARLOTTE M. JEWELL.



MISS ANNA D. GLOSS, M. D.

longing for a place where they might rest just for a few minutes, because their sleeping place was the back hall of Lady MacDonald's home, where servants and others were constantly passing; besides that the torment of flies, fleas and mosquitoes made rest almost impossible, either by day or night. Sometimes on account of fierce firing of the enemy no one could sleep, not even the babies. During the daytime, in the short intervals of less firing, the brethren would slip in and drop down on the Methodist bed and pull down the mosquito net, or perhaps Esther would stand by with a fan in hand to guard them from the attack of flies (of which we had millions). Thus they would get a little sleep and rest.

The Methodist corner was a noisy one, not on account of shouting Methodists, but because of the buzzing of two sewing machines running full speed making sand bags, as well as the confusion of so many coming and going all the time. Then there were nine meals a day to be served in the chapel. Oh, you cannot imagine the awful confusion and noise! Sometimes the five little sick babies were all crying at once.

But I cannot describe to you, dear readers, the days that I was too sick to leave the church or this bed. By day and by night I would say, "Oh! how long can I endure this and keep my right mind?" I was so thankful to Dr. Anna Gloss for a pillow, Miss Terrell for a mosquito net, Mrs. Inglis for another pillow, that I might be more comfortable. I had given Mr. King's sheet to make sand bags. That bed as you see was made up of borrowed things; I only owned the cotton mattress.

Only God knows of the cries and tears, the innumerable prayers that went up from that Methodist bed to the Throne of Grace for help in our time of need. Oh! When the fierce firing would waken us, so that even the little ones could not sleep, my brave little daughter Esther would touch me, thinking perhaps I was asleep, and say, "Mamma, are you praying?" "Yes, darling," I would reply. "Mamma, Jesus has kept us too long to let us be killed now," and so we would fold our arms around each other, and again and again give ourselves into the keeping of Him "who never slumbers nor sleeps" and who had promised to "keep that which we had committed unto Him against that day," who had promised to help "in every time of need." I cannot tell you of the agonizing prayer sent up from that bed during the awful eight weeks of siege in the British Legation, neither can I tell you of the heart full of thankfulness, too full for utterance, of the glory in my soul for such a wonderful Saviour, who finally delivered us.—Mrs. F. M. Walker.

Housecleaning.

We Congregationalists have charge of cleaning the chapel every third day, and the Presbyterians and Methodists attend to it the other days. We also have the care of the bathroom and the court around the chapel. There are so many more of us that of course it is fair for us to do more of the cleaning. There are four Chinese to do the hard work, but with all the picking up and rearranging it makes the ladies very busy, too. We beat the cushions and do the wiping of tables. Most

of the carpet has been taken up and put in the loft, but the church cushions have to be used as table seats for the children, and fill up the depressions in the settees so that our beds will be even. These cushions must be beaten, all the settees and everyone's baggage moved, and the floor all swept and mopped each day. There is not much chance for quiet.

Breakfast lasts from 6 to 9, followed by prayers, then an hour for the cleaning, and dinner from half-past eleven to half-past two. Supper begins at 4 and keeps up until 7, and then people begin to retire. We are not allowed lights in the evening, except a candle for a short time, as the enemy could easily locate us; and as we must rise so early, we try to get to bed early.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

Bathroom.

The bathroom, the only room where all these ladies could dress, was a curiosity of ingenuity. It was a little room once used for witnessing marriage contracts, now put to such uses. It was wonderful how many little conveniences could be extemporized or gathered for public use from some unknown quarter.

Here, for instance, were kept the dustpan and other implements used by the cleaning committee, and on the wall hung a notice sternly warning ladies not to borrow that dustpan and forget to return it, on penalty of being docked their next allowance of pony. But all the other appointments of the room were appliances of the toilet.

A sheet over piles of flat-topped trunks constituted

the toilet table and wash-stand. On the former were numerous bowls, soap, kerosene, tins of water, etc. On the latter, mirrors, pins, hairpins, etc., "just like folks," as the children say. A sheet was hung across the middle, behind which one could take a sponge bath, and even a bag on the door for soiled clothing was not lacking. In fact, all that was needed was to multiply its accommodations several times over. But since we could not multiply the numerator, we divided the denominator, and went in in sections.

The Church Porch.

Would we had a Herbert to sing it! For in this porch we not only waited our chance to dress or to eat, but here many a quiet half hour was spent in the first sweetness of the morning, before the duties of the day could begin. This period between the weariness of the night and the weariness of the day seemed all made of rest. Half the people in the chapel were asleep, and better still, the enemy had gone to sleep. As some one aptly quoted, "Silence, like a poultice, came to heal the wounds of sound." But still better than this negative rest, was the positive rest and refreshment provided. Many articles of necessity are lying on the ledges inside the lattice of the porch, a hammer, a box of needles, a bottle of copying ink, a fountain pen filler, etc., provided for the use of those who have lost their all. But on such occasions the precious thing is the Bible lying there. In lifting it, it falls open by habit to the book of Psalms, of course. Well, so be it. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

"THE AXE IS LAID AT THE ROOT OF THE TREE."

We had been in the siege less than two full days when a fire was started just outside of the Legation to the west.

No one will ever forget that fire and the fire brigade composed of men, women and children who passed the water from the well up to those fighting the flames. The next day, Saturday, near noon, the bell in the bell tower again rang out an alarm of fire, which proved to be the burning of the famous Han Lin Library, directly north of us, some of the large halls being close to Sir Claude MacDonald's establishment.

Nothing so proved to us the dire madness of the Chinese as this willingness to sacrifice, for the sake of destroying the foreigners, this library containing copies of all China's most modern and ancient classics, and the annals of their national life.

With what blank dismay everyone turned his face toward those raging fires! The wind was high, blowing the flames right toward us, while Chinese soldiers in the third row of buildings were keeping up a steady rifle fire, hoping thus to prevent our putting out the fire.

No time during the siege do I remember seeing our men carry such white, hopeless faces as during the hours of that fire. They would not talk, they would not look us in the eye, but their jaws were all set with that dogged determination to fight—fight to the last. It seemed so hopeless as they passed up buckets of water or tore down buildings, for the flames gained upon them in spite of every effort.

Because of the rifle fire we ladies were not allowed to help pass back to the well (for refilling) the empty buckets, bath tubs, pitchers, basins, etc., as the day before. Whenever anyone came from the fire and we asked how matters were going, there was only a shake of the head, while with downcast eyes the man passed on. We women could do nothing. Nothing? Yes, we could pray. It was only silent prayer, however, for the feeling was too intense to make it seem wise to speak out loud our prayers. The general work must go on—the children must be diverted, and the sand bags we had just begun to make must be sewed. I glanced across to the open pavilion, not thirty feet away, where about twenty Chinese women preparing for the Catholic sisterhood had their only home that long summer. They were all on their knees with their faces in the direction of the fire. Rosaries were in their hands and their lips were moving. Suddenly "the wind that bloweth where it listeth" (did it that day?) changed, and the great broad sheets of flame coming nearer and nearer turned to the northwest.

The British marines made a breach in the wall, driving the Chinese soldiers from their position. The great fires went on burning, but no longer seriously menaced us. An attempt was made to rescue some of the priceless books—notably the many cases containing Yung Le Ta Tien, a cyclopedia of Chinese literature, hoping for the day when the madness of China should have passed by. About 4 o'clock another fire broke out. The indefatigable Miss Smith, of the London Mission, seized my arm, saying: "Come, many of our missionaries are

engaged on the fortifications elsewhere, and cannot leave. Let us go to the fire. Perhaps we can act as interpreters between the Chinese Christians and those who would direct them, and thus help to put out the fire." We passed back of the British minister's servant quarters, through the breach in the wall, into the very court of the Han Lin. There a great tree, thought to be about one hundred and fifty years old, was on fire, a huge branch hanging over the only building save one not being devoured by flames. Within this building were several large stone tablets upon which were carved the famous sayings of a sage, and countless stereotyped blocks. These blocks were of teak, every character being exquisitely carved, and represented what was now left of China's library.

One could see at a glance that if this hall caught fire nothing would save Sir Claude's buildings, so it was determined to cut down the tree, and at the same time throw these priceless blocks upon the flames in the adjoining court. We could only view them now as inflammable material to be gotten rid of. It was here we ladies found ourselves useful in directing the bringing of ropes to drag the tree in its fall from the building rather than toward it. An axe, too, must be brought for the cutting. And then happened what to me seemed one of the most impressive and prophetic sights of all the siege, every day crowded though it was with thrilling and varied experiences.

The roar of the flames burning the treasures China has always valued highest was sounding in our ears—the heat of the flames making a furnace of that hot

June day, now drawing to its close, and there as the axe was laid at the root of this long-lived tree, were representatives of the three great Christian religions taking turns at the axe.

How it happened no one knows, but there was the Russian priest in his long black robe, the representative of the Greek church, mother church of us all; the French priest in his Chinese garment, the representative of the Roman Catholic church; the American missionary, representative of Protestantism and the New World.

As I stood there it seemed as if in the falling of that tree I watched the downfall of Confucianism, not the downfall of any truth Confucius ever uttered, not the downfall of any valued principle inwrought into the life of the Chinese people, but the downfall of a tree whose roots went down deep in the life of the nation, but whose branches were shutting out light and health.

Did the Greek, Catholic and Protestant churches ever work together so well? Will they ever work together again? Have they not each some part to do in China?

While I heard "the raging of the heathen" in the roar of the flames at the north, the cracking of the rifles at the east, the shrapnel fire at the west, I heard as in a dream the Hallelujah chorus, too, and I saw China, mad China, at last the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ.—Sarah B. (Mrs. Chauncey) Goodrich.

OUR WORKERS.

Just at the very first there was talk among some of preparing an inscription on brass or stone, to be buried and left as a memorial, with the thought that when the troops came up to search for us, and did not find us, they might possibly think to dig among the ruins for some such record. But that plan was never carried into execution. There was always a ray of hope, and it always shone upon something that could yet be done in this struggle for life—and struggle for the life of others. There was no time for the records of finished lives. The thing was to provide for the defense. In the organization for this and other work, came in the wonderful place in the history which was played by the semi-siege.

Some who have heard us describe the semi-siege, with its wonderful fortifications, its perfect organization of committees, its practice in self-control and in control of the Chinese, have said, "Why use up so much time talking of the semi-siege? Why not strike at once for the things that bear directly on your preservation?" If man, not God, had been planning the siege there would have been no semi-siege, and consequently no fortification, no organization, no practice, and hence—no preservation. When we went into the siege the only attempt at fortification was a little barricade at each end of Legation street, but the Legations themselves were quite undefended. Those from the Legations who came to see our church fortress might perhaps have entertained the same feelings with regard to the necessity of it that Noah's neighbors might have done with

regard to his cranky style of architecture—but no one could deny that it was well done.

So when we got into the siege, and found that no provision had been made for anything of the kind, it was natural that they should recall these perfect arrangements. It was but natural that inquiry should be made for Mr. Gamewell, the engineer of the chapel fort, and all other committees were asked to serve as heads of international committees. At that time, when our preservation depended on instant action, had we been cumbered with deference to international comity, there would have been no international committees. There would have been the slowness to recognize the gravity of the situation and the unwillingness to trust the Chinese converts that prevailed before the outbreak, the same hesitation that characterized the sending up of the marines and the relieving armies, the bombarding of the palace and the expedition to Paotingfu. Perhaps the Empress might have been counting on this very dilatoriness when she delayed her flight. Those at work on the mines so nearly completed at the time of our relief might also have been counting on the same. But this is anticipating. Let us return to the accounts of specific work.

The first day or two of the siege everything was in more or less confusion. But very soon order was brought about, and committees appointed to look after various departments of the work.—Miss E. G. Terry, M. D.

COMMITTEE ON FORTIFICATIONS.

We had been but one day in this siege when Sir Claude MacDonald placed Mr. F. D. Gamewell, of the American Methodist Mission, in charge of the fortifications of the British compound. It was not happy chance that conferred this honor upon Mr. Gamewell. He had already proved himself to be the man for the place by the skillful manner in which he had fortified the Methodist mission. So through the long weeks of siege Mr. Gamewell and his assistants worked day and night. Nothing lulled Mr. Gamewell into false security. During truce, the defenses were pushed and weak points strengthened. The strange silence of guns or of firing for a day awakened suspicion in his mind, and they worked harder preparing for sudden attacks which always came. Mr. Killie, of the Presbyterian Mission, was his first assistant, and worked with unceasing vigor, night and day, day and night, tired out in body, cheerful in spirit, an inspiration to all. This brave Christian gentleman lost over thirty pounds of flesh, was ill enough often to go to bed, but never gave up. After the siege was lifted, he came down suddenly with typhoid fever, but fought his way back to health with the same persistency and courage that had marked his siege career.

There never was a day nor an hour when some of the fortifying crew were not at work. On August 14, when the allied troops came in the south gate, Mr. Gamewell and his men were at the north end, working in the trenches and on the walls. Colonel Scott Moncreith,

of the Royal Engineers, pronounced the fortification "marvelous." "But," he said to Mr. Gamewell, "you must remember that never in the history of the world has such a volume of prayer ascended to God as went up for you from every known quarter of the world."—Mrs. J. Inglis.

Every Legation and all other premises had their own outside walls, shutting them in from the street. Walls were built across the streets which lay between the premises, and holes were made through walls that partitioned the different premises, so that streets and premises became practically one enclosure.—Mrs. F. D. Gamewell.

At the beginning of the siege the Legations were wholly unfortified except for the substantial, high brick walls which surround every Chinese compound. It was these walls alone which prevented a general massacre during those first days. Night and day the work of fortification went on under the supervision of Mr. Gamewell of the Methodist Mission, who little realized until this emergency came why he had received the technical training to which, perhaps, our preservation was due. Barricade within barricade of sand bags or brick has risen; windows and verandas in exposed positions have been walled up with sand bags; trenches, tunnels for crossing exposed streets, mines and counter mines have made this Legation a strong fortress, and the five other Legations which were held were also strengthened to some extent in the same way. It was the coming here of our Christians which made this Herculean task possible. Our native pastors have exchanged the Bible for the sword, and the shoulders of

teachers and students unaccustomed to labor have been weighed down by heavy bricks or sand bags. In saving our Chinese, we saved ourselves, for no other workmen were available after the siege began. We formed a little world by ourselves.—Miss Luella Miner.

Those in charge of the Christians who work on the defenses have a system of labels and numbers to keep all right. They find much difficulty in keeping the Catholics, and much prefer Protestants.—Miss J. G. Evans.

APPOINTMENT OF OTHER COMMITTEES.

At the same time that Mr. Gamewell was appointed to the work on defenses, various committees were formed for the greater comfort and convenience of those gathered in the Legations. We had our laundry, committees on native convert labor and food supplies, commissary department, Mr. Fenn and his mill, whereby we had bread to eat; our butchers, hospitals, reports and announcements, and many others, not the least of which were the brave men on the fire committee.—Mrs. J. Inglis.

Three doctors took charge of sanitary affairs, and drew up rules and regulations. All these precautions were of great value in preserving the general health.

There was a committee on water supply. It was the duty of this committee to measure the wells within the Legation and see that there was no waste of water, lest a water famine ensue. Another committee enlisted

the unarmed civilians for service in various departments.

Still another committee made a list of all able-bodied Chinese within the lines and classified them for work with the various committees.—Mrs. F. D. Gamewell.

The registrar of Chinese labor set himself to discover the particular gifts of the Chinese among us, and soon watch-mending and poor cobbling were advertised on the bulletin board. If Chinese were designated to some special service, a label was sewed on the garment as a sign that the wearer was not to be drafted for barricade work. For instance, the scavengers, whose work must on no account be interfered with, were adorned with a gaily embroidered "hands off" label. All these labels were tacked on to the victims by the needles of the ladies at the door of the chapel, the men standing like sheep waiting a shearing.

We must examine the work of some of these committees more in detail. The habitat of most of these committees was the tennis court. The mention of the tennis court sometimes leads people to think that we played tennis. That tennis court was put to a variety of uses at different stages of the siege. It was a place where we dumped ourselves at first till properly sorted; it was used as a bazaar for (I was going to say selling, but who had any money?) disposing in equitable ways of various necessities—a booth for agate ware, one for Chinese clothes and trunks, one for tinned stores and later eggs, one for cigars (for the English and continentals, not patronized by our American missionaries.

One corner was penned off and used by the hens for their valuable function. This corner, too, offered something not too martial to lead the babies to. Here on the edge a fringe of seats gave room for ladies to sit down after supper when it was too dark in the chapel. But tennis, oh, never! So imagine most of these committees (except fortifications, laundry, etc.) as either established at the bell tower or on the tennis court.

CONFISCATED GOODS.

It is wonderful how God has provided for our wants. When the people living around near here ran away, they left their things in their homes, and it comes within the rules of war that we can take possession of the necessities of life. Indeed some said, "Take what you need; if you don't, the Boxers will get it." There were homes deserted where furniture and clothing, bedding, etc. were found, things much needed by those who had lost almost everything. Of course some one (Dr. Ament) was appointed to receive such things and deal out to needy ones. Every one who came in here lost more or less.—Miss J. G. Evans.

FOOD SUPPLY.

The work of gathering in food, begun as soon as we arrived in the Legation, was continued in a more systematic manner afterwards by committees appointed for the purpose. Tents were established for the distribution of these rations, and various other committees were necessary in the preparation of food.

A deserted mill was found, and back of the room

containing the huge mill stones were found six mules that, in the days of his prosperity, had been used by the miller to turn the stones. A missionary was installed miller and another missionary started a bakery in the British Legation, and the miller and the baker kept the missionaries in the church and some others supplied with bread. To be sure it was brown and coarse and sometimes sour, but it sustained life. Another missionary superintended the meat market, wherein were slaughtered some eighty horses and the flesh distributed among the different messes.—Mrs. F. D. Gamewell.

The proprietor of the French hotel was a man of wonderful resources. He was the first to begin baking bread in large quantities to supply a great need. When the shelling became too severe to continue in the kitchen he moved into the dining room, and when the dining room became dangerous he moved his bakery into the drawing room.—Miss E. G. Terry, M. D.

LAUNDRY.

It was difficult to get washing done till one enterprising gentleman started a laundry. Lady MacDonald gave the use of her laundry for the general good. Still, persons with very limited wardrobes did not like to trust their scanty supply of clothing to the enterprise till an English gentleman was put in charge. Then order began to reign.—Miss E. G. Terry, M. D.

The superintendent, Mr. Bredon, who was Sir Robert Hart's first secretary, could be seen at 5 o'clock any afternoon sitting on the ironing table and taking ac-

count of clothes received and clothes delivered. To speak quite frankly, the laundry work was not very good, but little attempt at ironing being made, as the force was insufficient and unskilled. Chosen to his position as Mr. Bredon was for his ability to use fluently many tongues, he often joked about his promotion from being Sir Robert Hart's first secretary to taking in his washing.—Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich.

Some of the Chinese college students are detailed for laundry work, but they are green hands. I am thankful to get my clothes through soap and water, although I cannot be sure they will be much cleaner when they come back than when they are sent. There is only starch enough for collars, and nothing else seems to be ironed.—Mrs. Ewing.

WORK FOR WOMEN.

Indeed, there was no one who did not engage in some unselfish service. Women who had been trained nurses acted with our women doctors and the Catholic sisters as nurses for the wounded and dying at our international hospital; others took charge of the cooking and serving of meals, doing their utmost to make palatable for the sick of many nationalities the often unsuitable and inadequate supply of food.—Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich.

The hard work everyone had to do was a good thing for health and spirits. Some days every man, woman and child who could do anything was at work. The principal work of the women was making sand-bags,

The Chinese women and children required some looking after, the care of the sick and wounded in the hospital and the washing of our clothes, most of which had to be done in our wash-bowls with cold hard water and very little soap. All these duties and many more took up all our time and strength, and of course we prayed while we worked.—Miss McKillican.

MAKING SAND-BAGS.

When sand-bags were suggested, the English marines objected to fighting behind sand-bags as "not manly," but after one of their number was shot, they soon learned their use.—Miss J. G. Evans.

These bags were made 17 by 34 inches in size, filled with the common earth found in the yard, and piled up to make barricades.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

When we had made the first lot of sand-bags according to the size given us by Mr. Gamewell, and were working away on more, a soldier came along and said: "I don't like to risk my life behind such little bags as that. You will have to make them much bigger." And so we acted on his advice. After this next lot was made and dispatched, a marine came along with an aggrieved look, saying: "Those bags are terribly big. It breaks our backs to take them up to the roofs of the houses. And it breaks the bags, too." What should we do? While in this dilemma, wishing we had not lost the original measurement and longing for Mr. Gamewell, he appeared around the corner on his wheel. (That wheel, by the way, seemed a magic wheel. One never

could speak of wishing to ask Mr. Gamewell some necessary question but that we saw that wheel bearing right down upon us. It was wonderful.) When he heard our dilemma he took pen and paper, wrote a few words, pinned them up in the vestibule of the chapel, saying, "No matter who tells you to make them different, make them just according to these measurements," and then, with a polite "good morning," he instantly vanished.—A. H.

After the first fire, the work was begun of tearing down or burning buildings near us, in order that they might not afford shelter to Boxers or troops sent to destroy us. It was the goods found in these temples, houses and shops which gave us material for most of our sand-bags.—Mrs. C. Goodrich.

From the foreign shops we brought in bolts of dry goods to be used for sand-bags. We later found several cloth and tailor shops belonging to the Chinese. The owners had fled, and we promptly used this also for sand-bags; damask, silks, satins, brocades, bed linen, Mrs. Conger's and Lady MacDonald's beautiful portieres, all were made into bags. It would have been saddening to cut up all these exquisite silks and linens, had we not so fully appreciated our danger. As it was, we cut and slashed the fine fabrics, often with smiles and jocular remarks, exceedingly thankful that we had material for the bags.—Mrs. J. Inglis.

It is remarkable how "God helps him who helps himself." We would think we had given up everything, and then, just as the need would come from some quar-

ter for more bags, some men would appear laden with stuff; it might be rolls of damask worth a kingdom from some newly discovered shop, or it might be the yellow satin garments left by the priests when they fled from some temple, or, at one time, the heavy army blankets donated by our American boys. They "did not need them in this weather," they said. And well we knew that either relief or death must come before winter, so they also went under the shears.—A. H.

There were three sewing machines in the chapel where the missionaries were quartered. Two of these were hand machines, and few then were there, old or young, who did not take turns running the wheel; one minute an old gray-haired man, the next a child of 8 or 10, for all were ready and willing to work.—Mrs. Inglis.

Sometimes when the need was most urgent, division of labor was carried to a fine point. One lady would measure off the stuff, another would cut, another fold, another feed into the machine, which, of course, was run by another, while another would cut the thread between the bags and lay them in piles. And so we worked all day. We used good whole stuff on the machines, sending the old garments, army blankets, etc. over to the Chinese girls and women to be done by hand. We were obliged to save the good spool cotton for ourselves also, sending to them skein silk. The girls also twisted stout silk out of masses of silk waste. At first we feared the gaudy coloring of much of the stuff would attract the fire of the enemy. So we tried having the gay sand-bags dyed black in an inky mix-

ture of coal dust and water. But this proved far too laborious and was soon given up. As to the number of sand-bags made, it was variously estimated at forty to fifty thousand.—A. H.

When sand-bags are not in urgent demand, there is bedding for the hospital to be made, and trousers for the rest of our American marines.—Mrs. Ewing.

It was well that all could find employment to occupy mind and heart, and in a measure divert attention from the direful plight in which all were placed.—Mrs. Gamewell.

(The work of women on hospital work and food committee is described in other articles.)

SELF-APPOINTED TASKS.

The well-known adage, "What is somebody's business is nobody's business," was changed in the siege to read, "What is somebody's business is my business." It was this spirit that led one lady to arrange the glass and china on the altar every day, another to keep in order by daily care the box of spools and sewing silk for use on sand-bags, which would otherwise have become a hopelessly tangled net; while still a third took it upon herself to sweep down the attic stairs every day and to save all the scraps from the plates to give to the Chinese.

The gentlemen, of course, were not behind in using all their gifts in public service. Mr. Fenn was not only a miller, but also a printer, in both Chinese and foreign style. While watching "the wheels go 'round" he had

time to carve out each day the block for printing the dinner ticket card for the Chinese. And when the bringing in of single copies of the Peking Gazette tempted many to break the tenth commandment, he used up all the gelatine pads and paper he had in furnishing quite a number of English files of the same, the translation being made by another public benefactor.

One of the gentlemen who had heard some of the ladies sighing for rain water to wash the smoke and cinders from their hair, took untold pains to have a great stone water jar brought over from a deserted Chinese house and then, to secure its being filled with rain water, had personally superintended it during a shower, with the immediate effect of being wet to the skin himself, but the permanent result was a great jar of nice rain water, labeled, that it might be respected by others, "for the ladies in the chapel." What knight of middle ages could have done more?

This same spirit of chivalry sent Mr. Gamewell to the inner court of Sir Claude's, after the hardest night attacks, when the ear-splitting sounds seemed like the crack of doom. Standing outside the threshold, he would speak reassuring words there in the darkness to the missionary ladies within, telling them just what had been done, and it was never so bad as one had supposed it was. So those inside could compose themselves to sleep.

Even some of the children caught the contagion, one of them giving herself up to the care of her little sister and other small children.—A. H.

DONATION PARTIES.

Every one has worked just as hard as he or she could from morning until night and has been thankful there was something to occupy one's mind and fingers. Such a life as we are living—such a variety of lessons as we are having to learn—lessons in trust and faith, lessons of love and patience, as we are huddled together here in the chapel! It is good to live with such sweet, unselfish people.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

Only with such a society would a commune be possible. Those who had gone to the Legations instead of to the Methodist mission, and who consequently had not lost so much, sent over great bundles of clothing to us chapel refugees, and an English lady (a former missionary) furnished quilts and blankets till her own store was exhausted.—A. H.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The Story of Dinger.

When we left our home in Tungchou we carried our little dog with us. He was such a cunning little dog, with a soft, silky coat of long hair. He had a pug nose and a little white spot on his forehead, and because of the spot we called him Dinger, which means "spot." When we were ordered to leave the Methodist Mission we could only take what we could carry in our hands. I took Dinger in my arms, but mamma said I must carry a pillow and tins of milk and jam and leave Dinger there. I could not bear to have the Boxers take our nice little dog, so I begged mamma to let me take

Dinger too. Papa said I could try it. We marched two by two to the Legation, the soldiers guarding us. Dinger was restless and wanted to get down, but I held him tight.

He slept at our feet on the floor all summer. They said at the Legation if any dog was loose they would shoot it. I was so scared for fear that Dinger would be shot. I was afraid, too, that some day there would not be even a scrap of food for little Dinger, but that time never came.

I think he liked mule meat better than we did. I wanted to bring Dinger to America with us. Mamma wanted to also, but she thought we had better leave him to comfort our Chinese nurse, who had taken care of all of us since we were babies.—Dorothea Goodrich.

SECOND WEEK.

I. Journals.

II. Articles.

Food.

Misses Wyckoff and McCoy, Mrs. Fenn, Mrs. Killie and others.

Our Defenders.

Dr. Terry and others.

III. Children's Corner.

Carrington Goodrich.

June 27—The Boxers made a rush on the American boys on the wall, but were repulsed with 80 (Chinese) killed. They fled, leaving their banners behind them.

At 11:30 a fierce attack was made on the Legation.—Miss E. E. Leonard, M. D.

June 28—Today the enemy made a rush and broke into the Fu. The Chinese Christians, seeing them, and thinking that their end was come, stood together in a group and began singing the doxology, with which services are always closed in China; and what could be more fitting for the close of the life service?

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below."

And if God called them for further service here below they could praise Him for it.

"Praise Him above, ye heavenly host."

And if He should call them to join this heavenly host, they would go in the act of praising Him.

"Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

The Japanese, who were making the defense, knowing that this was an act of worship, waited in reverential silence till they had finished; then, knowing no better way of expressing their feelings, they clapped them. Then again turning to business they renewed the defense and drove the enemy out.—A. H.

June 29—Three weeks since we left Tungchou. What will the next three weeks have for us? The days are long and tiresome, for we get up very early in the morning. Usually one can't sleep after four on account of the flies, and if we have been kept awake in the night by the firing, as usually is the case, it is especially hard. Last evening just before supper, I was tired and almost discouraged with trying to bear any more. The noise of the afternoon attack, which had lasted so long, had been hard on everyone's nerves, but when the attack came just before supper and those fierce volleys of the cannon came against our wall, the Lord seemed to come to me with new strength. His voice seemed so plain as it said: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee," and it made me calm in the midst of all the terror without. He never does and never can let go of us, even if we for a little let go of His hand sometimes. I wish all my friends could know I am getting through this time in His strength.

This afternoon early I went over into Lady MacDonald's ball room to rest, and a number of our ladies

were there. They sleep there at night. It is quite a pretty place and has couches surrounding the wall. It is clean and free from the noise of children, the clatter of people's voices and the sewing machines which are used to make the sand-bags. But oh, how loud the bullets were! They cracked, cracked and crashed against the sides of the wall and the house. "I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

Some of the most severe fighting, it will be remembered, was in the palace grounds of Prince Su, where our native Christians were. Their place was defended by the Japanese. Today a Japanese officer came over to the Legation, saying the night before the Chinese had been trying to break through the wall. The Japanese had tried to pour hot water on them, but now they wanted something more effective. In his stilted English he asked for the use of the "fire extinguisher and some ammonia, or something to irritate the skin of the enemy."—Miss E. G. Terry, M. D.

Still cannonading. Dr. Lippett, United States marine surgeon, was wounded while standing in the door of Major Conger's house. The bullet entered his thigh, causing a compound fracture. An attack was made on the French Legation. A thunder storm and firing from Chinese began at 10 p. m. A horrible night. A bullet fired through the chapel window fell on Dr. Wherry's bed.—Miss E. E. Leonard, M. D.

Bomb-proofs.—For fear that the cannonading should greatly increase, bomb-proof shelters have been built

for final retreat. Large pits have been dug, roofed over and covered with several layers of sand-bags. From ten to twenty-five people are supposed to crowd into each of these, if necessary, but we all hope we shall not be driven into such suffocating holes.—Mrs. Ewing.

June 30—The attack last night was so severe that the bell rang for the volunteers to come and help. It was such a long, hard night. A bullet came through the window at my head, struck the opposite wall, glanced off it and fell on Dr. Wherry's bed without hurting anybody.

It is reported that all but one of the city gates are blocked up with earth, but we might as well be at the north pole as far as knowing anything that is going on in Peking is concerned. You may know more than we do.—Miss J. G. Evans.

This morning they threw ever so many explosive shells into the compound, but no harm was done. It is thought that perhaps they do not know how to use the gun which shoots them. A rumor was started this afternoon that they were beginning to use cash for ammunition, as some was found which might have been shot from a gun. We have rumors galore here, until sometimes one is tempted to believe they were started in fun. Just now, for a little time, there is no firing, and every one is speculating on the reason. Some believe they have gone to meet our nearing troops; others that they are planning an awful attack for to-night. We all think our soldiers will be here before many days, and all surely hope we may have them to celebrate the Fourth of July with us. It would cer-

tainly be a glorious Fourth if they should come. The English would join us in celebrating if the troops came. I guess it will be a queer day for us Americans here in the British Legation among the English.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

July 1, Sunday—We made arrangements for a service today in the chapel, but just before the time word came in that our American marines would have to leave their position on the city wall unless they could have several hundred sand-bags within two hours. The losing of this position means almost certain destruction to us, so you may be sure the needles flew on that Sunday and we made the necessary number.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

And the work of the men on the sand-bags that day was a dangerous task.

Our men went into a Chinese tailor's shop which our guns command, and took his stock, leaving a ticket by which he can get back the value when this is over. One of our Chinese was killed and six wounded in taking the sand-bags up. What a fearful Sabbath! One Japanese and two Italians killed and four wounded. God keep us this night. Mr. Smith and three others went over to keep the Christians at work all night building barricades with our men, bullets whistling around them. We are anxious for our men tonight.—Miss J. G. Evans.

I wish some short-hand reporter had been on hand to have caught the description of the events of July 2 as they were detailed by "Ladybird" some time thereafter. It is impossible now to reproduce it.

He was sitting in the chapel porch, and as usual the children were all over him, on his knees and shoulders and feet. By and by we grown-ups saw that he had a story to tell, and we, too, gathered around him. He first described how the Chinese on the wall had been bringing their barricade closer and closer to us on the west, until it was only four feet away, and the only hope of holding our position was to rush this barricade. It was a desperate chance, but the occasion was desperate. It was past midnight when Capt. Myers summoned his men, not only the 37 Americans under him there, but also 34 British and 9 Russians. "But before he led us forth to life or death," said "Ladybird," "he gathered us around him. 'Now, boys,' said he, pointing below to the English Legation, 'you know that down there are two hundred and more helpless women and children who must die if we cannot take that barricade. Are you willing to die for them, boys?' "Aye, aye, sir; we'll do our best,' said Turner, our best shot, and 'Aye, aye, sir,' said we, every last man of us. And so he led us out. It was a hard brush. Turner and one other American boy were killed, and four men wounded, even Capt. Myers himself was wounded by a Chinese spear just below the knee. But we got their barricade and seventeen rifles and 1,000 rounds of ammunition."

All honor to our brave defenders. God bless them!

(From a letter written home.)

July 3—I think very likely that you may have heard that we in Peking have all been slaughtered, and you may be mourning me as dead. But up to this point

the Lord has wonderfully preserved our lives. It seems like a daily miracle. Just now, not five minutes ago, as I was coming into the church, two bullets whistled close above my head, one of them striking the branch of a bush near me. A soldier standing close beside me looked terrified, ducked his head, and said in French: "It is not safe to pass here." As a usual thing the bullets and shells fly so far above our heads that we hear their whistling and singing quite unconcernedly. But several times they have come quite close to me, at one time passing right between Mrs. Reid and myself. I had just moved away from close at her side. We were spared any dispute as to which of us should claim the bullet by its lodging itself in a great pile of broken bottles beyond us. I seem to bear a charmed life, but I never needlessly expose myself. Everyone has the same tale to tell—truly God is our deliverance. For myself, I feel wholly trustful and peaceful—so calm and satisfied. I am sure everything is going to be for the glory of God, and His plans seem so wonderful to me in their unfolding that it seems as if I hardly knew how to pray. This was to have been my wedding day, but at this crisis, with no knowledge of any moment beyond the present, of whether my good man is alive or dead, or of any place outside the limits of the Legation and the compounds where our Christians are, how can we make our own little plans? We know that the lives of the foreigners and Chinese with us are being preserved day by day in a way that seems like a daily miracle, and in a way that no one would have thought of asking. The hellish rage of our enemies on every side

The Chinese servants were at first sent out to help in the foraging, but it was found they were not very good judges of what constituted contraband of war or forage. That first afternoon, when so much depended on getting as much food as possible within our lines, two or three large, handsome foreign clocks, with bell glasses, were brought in, and we one day saw an iron pail full of cash standing in the bathroom, evidently having been brought in by some one who thought cash was still circulating medium, ignorant of the fact that the pail was of more value without the cash in it than with it, as, if empty, it could be used as a fire bucket. —A. H.

Our bread is all baked by the hotel manager, and of course we do not have cake or pastry. Everything in the way of food material is carefully measured out and all left-overs kept for the next meal. A famous dish we have is siege pancakes. These are made out of remnants of cereal, rice and stale bread, with baking powder to raise them. At first we ate molasses on them, but now that is gone we use sugar. There are two or three cooks, and they prepare everything on a small Chinese range.

As to horse flesh, it was rather hard to muster courage for the first taste, but now that we have become accustomed to the diet, it is not easy to tell the difference between horse flesh and beef.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

Some horses which were turned into the street between our barricades have been shot, and consequently we have a new delicacy added to our bill of fare. We

call it "French roast beef." This morning it was prepared in the form of curry to eat with our rice. I started out this morning to eat my rice without anything to help it down; then I remembered how faint I got between meals yesterday and made an attempt at the "French beef." I managed to gulp down a few mouthfuls; then the lady who was sitting beside me began to get sea-sick, and it was too much for me. I ate the rest of my rice clear. My reason tells me that horse meat is cleaner than pork, but it must be confessed that the Anglo-Saxon stomach is prejudiced against that noble animal. We still have a good many stores on hand, but as we have no idea how much longer we must stand this siege nor how many foreign soldiers may come to be fed, we must be economical.—Miss L. Miner.

Drink.

The abundant water supply is also remarkable. There are eight wells in the compound, five of them containing good drinking water. In all Peking we never should have expected to find water safe to drink without first boiling, but one of these wells (the most centrally situated) has delicious water and most of us drink it clear and cold, just as it is drawn.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

Coffee, both real and cereal, tea and citric acid for lemonade furnished variety for drink.

Fuel.

At first, old buildings near us from which there was danger of fire were torn down and the wood used for



fuel. Later coal was found in great abundance, enough to last for months.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

Committee on Food.

We appointed three ladies, one from each mission, as a permanent committee, and they have had general care of all meals, giving out all the stores to the cook, and making out the bill of fare, etc. Ladies from the three missions have general oversight of the meals, one taking her turn a day about.—Mrs. E. G. Tewksbury.

The ladies appointed on the food committee were Miss Grace Wyckoff (A. B. C. F. M.), Miss Bessie McCoy (A. P. M.), and Miss Gertrude Gilman (M. E. M.). They have been requested to give an account of their labors.

In course of time it fell to my lot to be one of a committee of three, whose duty it should be to have in charge stores and provisions assigned to our "mess," prepare a menu for daily meals, with directions for serving; also general supervision of kitchen, table setting, dish washing, et cetera.

The details of those first few days are not as indelibly impressed on my mind as one might expect them to be, nevertheless I still see most vividly certain gentlemen hurrying in and out, emptying their loaded arms, to return with arms again filled with good things. There were plates and cups, knives and forks, spoons, odd serving dishes—all of which came in most conveniently as the days passed.

There were bottles of various kinds of essences, spices, candied fruits, citric, tartaric acid, pickles, olives, Wor-

cestershire sauce, tomato catsup, chocolate, cocoa, corn starch, arrowroot, pearl barley, tapioca, tinned fruits, tinned meats, porridge stuffs, biscuit and wafers, butter, milk, bags of coffee, sugar, beans, native corn meal and ground wheat.

It was an odd, incomplete assortment, such as one finds in a small foreign store in Peking, but it was a kind Providence which brought it to our hands at such a time. Were we then to live in luxury? Not exactly —no fresh vegetables, no potatoes, no fowl, no fresh meat, occasionally a little mutton, intended for invalids. Mule meat was good enough for those who liked it, and the old brown Chinese rice, though inferior to good chicken feed, helped out as a staple of diet. After grinding was begun, and a bakery started, there was plenty of bread, which proved to be the staff of life, though at first it was very coarse, and went down pretty hard. Part of the time it was very good and a very great boon.

The supplies in hand were *excellent* in quality, and answered just the purpose one might expect at such a time. They whetted our appetites and kept us thankful for small favors, though tantalizing us just enough to make us wish for more, even at times to almost envying someone for taking a bit more than his or her share.

The confusion and discomfort of our first meals was very great; for there were no tables. The gentlemen were forlorn enough, for their skirtless knees are ill-adapted to hold even a plate; the ladies and children sat

around on the platform, and made the best of our primitive style of living.

Time is a panacea for all ills, and little by little we adjusted ourselves to existing circumstances, and life was not only bearable, but had in it much that was pleasant, in spite of constant anxiety. I shall leave the details of improvements made day by day, as also other facts connected with the special duties of our Committee to the other two ladies, who, during those long-communed days of mingled hope and fear, came to be such warm friends of mine. What might have been a heavy burden, was made more than light, by the considerateness of all, and by the perfect love and harmony between the members of the committee.—Grace Wyckoff.

As I look back upon those days spent in the vestry of the British Legation Chapel, it is with repulsion—those very narrow quarters, the heat, the confusion and the flies cannot easily be forgotten. The vestry turned into a store-room was not more than five by ten feet in its dimensions. There the provisions from the three foreign stores on Legation street were brought and heaped on the floor. The committee of three scarcely found room for themselves as they sorted and arranged the various tins and bags of food. It was a question, how long the stock was to last the seventy-one consumers. The duty of the committee was to plan the meals in the most economical way, and post up on the screen a menu for the benefit of ladies assisting in the serving. A sample might be given as follows—the soup, steak and stew all of pony meat, of course:

Menu—June 28, 1900.

BREAKFAST

Porridge of ground wheat

Steak

Wheat bread and butter.

DINNER

Soup

Stew with brown flour dumplings

Crackers and jam

SUPPER

Brown rice pancakes and syrup

Bread, no butter.

We had to vary the bill of fare with boiled beans, rice puddings, and anything we could make without eggs, butter or lard. At the beginning of the siege the question of water supply confronted us as well as that of food. The second day we had been in the Legations, one of the servants came in and said: "What shall we do for water? They have locked the well." My heart sank, for I feared the reason of a locked well was scarcity of water. On asking one of the members of the general committee what was to be done, he explained that there was plenty of water to be had in the many other wells on the premises, and that the large well had been locked up only to save its supply as a near well, and to send people to farther ones first. Hard cold water was used for laundry purposes as our heating facilities were limited. The chapel food committee succeeded in keeping a supply of cold boiled water in bottles for those who feared to drink from the wells. These bottles of water were cooled all that long summer

by putting in stone jars filled with cold water from the wells. The inconvenience of lack of hot water was felt by everyone. All worked for the general comfort in spite of such inconveniences, however, and as time went on, things were more and more systematized—the heat at meal times was relieved by using punkas made out of old theater screens, the altar was changed into a very convenient side-board, and Chinese tables took the place of the prayer book racks. The tables were found in deserted Chinese houses, near the legations, as also were benches. Two small entry rooms were turned into dressing rooms, one for the gentlemen and one for the ladies. It was also the duty of the chapel committee to attend to cleaning and keeping in order the whole chapel, which was no easy task when the servants would disappear—gone to do barricade work, or some other duty. But of all the discomforts of that dreadful summer, one of the worst was the plague of *flies*. They swarmed into everything, especially in the store-room. As we entered the first thing in the morning, a great buzzing met our ear. One of the members of our committee said one morning: "We must pray about these flies." We prayed for grace to bear them, and all that brought dread into our hearts, those summer days in Peking—and it was given. We live to thank the loving, merciful Lord for our deliverance.—Bessie C. McCoy.

Housekeepers.

Two of our ladies act as housekeepers each day, making the tea and coffee on oil stoves, cutting and spread-

ing bread, preparing dishes of butter, sugar and milk —and serving the rest when all is ready. Two others assist the housekeepers in serving and they are all kept busy, I can assure you. They wash the dishes, bring the food from the kitchen, which is on the opposite side of the next court, draw water, etc.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

We jokingly say we shall all know how to keep hotel when we get through here, and can do that if we can't be missionaries any more. We all try to make the best of living here; and with such nice unselfish people it isn't as hard as it might be.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

Waiting on Table.

The turn to be housekeeper came around every six days, and the couple who acted as housekeepers one day served as waiters the next. We who waited on table soon learned that the motto of our restaurant was: "If there is anything which you wish, if you don't see it, *don't* ask for it." So we learned to turn a deaf ear to appeals for mustard, pickles, jelly, etc.—anything, in fact, which had not appeared on the bill of fare pinned on the vestry door.—A. H.

The waiters eat after all the rest are through, and I like that, for we know how much there is left, and can have a second help without fear of robbing others. I ate all I wanted to on those days that I served as waiter. I generally do get enough, but have such a greedy feeling all the time. Many of the ladies cannot eat the coarse food, brown rice and coarse graham bread. We have a number of delicacies obtained from

the foreign stores, such as sardines, canned fruit, etc., but these have to be dealt out sparingly. One Sunday, [illegible] consisted of one large macaroon, or two small ones, two nuts and two candies for each person. These had to be all divided into dishes beforehand, for it would never have been made equal if passed around in quantity.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

Early Morning Coffee.

By Mrs. Charles A. Killie.

You suggest my writing about my experiences with the "Early Morning Coffee." It seems to me that everyone in the world knows all about the morning coffee in the British Legation during the siege of Peking, but perhaps not. Yes, many were the mornings when I arose from my bed of three planks laid across two empty wooden boxes, in order to make early morning coffee for some of the gentlemen whose work called them out at a very early hour; and then later for our party of thirty or more missionaries in our "mess" in the Legation Chapel. My husband and I slept, or tried to sleep, between showers of shot and shell, on a corner of Secretary Cockburn's veranda. This was exposed on three sides, with only lattice-work to turn the bullets. Bullets repeatedly came into this, our "bedroom." It was interesting one night when we heard a bullet strike the pillow on which Mr. Killie was resting his tired head. He picked it up, but found it so hot that he dropped it very quickly. When the attacks were very heavy, the bell in the bell-tower would be rung, and Mr. Killie would be called out with the others with

their guns. At such times I would take refuge in the house with Mrs. Cockburn, until the storm passed by. It was not safe on this veranda, of course, but we could sleep and be quiet between attacks, and that was more than we could do while we were in the chapel with more than forty other people, fifteen of them children, some of whom were crying all the night long. My husband was one of those who worked early and late, and must therefore have some rest at night. Hence we took these "Apartments to let" kindly offered us on the veranda. (The house was filled to overflowing.) Now see how far away from my subject of early morning coffee I have wandered. As I have said, Mr. Killie and several other gentlemen arose every morning with the earliest twittering of the birds; each one going to his post of duty, getting the squads of Chinese out to work, building fortifications, digging trenches, filling sand bags, grinding flour, or a hundred and one other kinds of work that these gentlemen were in charge of. Our breakfast was served in the messes at 6:30, 7:30 and 8:30 o'clock, respectively (a different company at each hour). Now these poor gentlemen who got out at four o'clock, would get very faint before breakfast, so I got up and had hot coffee and a slice of bread ready for them at six o'clock. Of course I did it for my husband at first, then as the others came around I did it for them, and gladly, and these gentlemen have already risen up and called me blessed, without waiting for me to die. A large supply of green coffee was found in the principal foreign store of Peking, which was brought into the British Legation, where it was roasted as needed

on the tennis court, its aroma filling the air all about there. We had plenty to give to everyone once per day all during the siege, and it was good, too. Of course, there soon came a time when it had to be served black, as our milk ran out, but even then it was good and very refreshing to us all. After the milk got so low that it could be used only for children and the sick, I "looted" some for these early cups for these weary, faint, hardworking gentlemen who needed it just as much as the sick, and indeed I thought they belonged to that class—and I am not sorry that I did it—wish that I had given them more. One dear good Methodist brother was so modest and humble. He never asked for anything, but when I knew that he needed a hot cup of coffee, I would fix it up with cream and sugar, and toast a slice of bread, and take it to him out by the bell-tower, where he worked by the hour assigning Chinese to their difficult stations of labor. I would say, "Mr. H——, will you not have this cup of coffee?" and would hold it close to his nose so that he could get a good whiff. He would straighten up with big round eyes and would say, "K'e pu shih ma?" "By all means," or "O, won't I though?"

No one but myself and the Chinese who helped me with the fire and water, will ever know the difficulties we passed through with every day in trying to get hot water to make coffee for our "mess" every morning during the siege, for, as I have said, I made this as well as the early morning coffee. Many a time when the water was just at the boiling point and ready for use, if we even turned our heads away from that water pot, some

conscienceless Chinese servant would come and pour out the water into his kettle to drink, or into his pan to wash his dirty face with; and this in the hot summer time, too, mind you. We would turn back just in time to see the pan sitting there steaming away, or to see him disappearing around the corner or across the yard with his kettle or greasy vessel steaming hot, while *our* kettle stood empty and cold. One lady was so exasperated one morning to find her coffee water steaming away in the Chinaman's wash-pan that she lifted up the toe of her boot and turned it over on the ground. Some criticised her and said that a missionary ought not to do such things, but I say that missionaries have some rights which people ought to respect, even during a siege.—Mrs. C. A. Killie.

Luxuries.

How many siege memories gathered about the all-important topic of food—some of them queer mixtures of the serious and laughable. Who can forget Miss McCoy's famous pudding of black rice, raisins, and spices, and some of the other attempts to give us a varied diet? But while lack of milk and eggs for pudding was something to get fun out of, it became a serious matter where young children and sick people were concerned. At one time, I recall, when my baby could take no food at all, I felt that I must have the white of an egg to put in the water she drank. I pointed out to her father that one enterprising father had come in with an egg in his pocket; and that if it were possible to loot one, we should thankfully use the

only means that Providence allowed us of securing one. He did not much relish my suggestion, but when he returned again the egg was in his pocket. "This is a diluted egg," he said, "the looted egg of a looted hen."

Another such prized luxury was white bread, a small amount of which could be had for the sick. Many a trip I made across the tennis court to Miss Douw's room, often amid flying bullets, for a slice for Martha. Henry used to stand by with longing eyes while I fed the toast to his little sister, waiting for the bits of crust which he knew she could not eat. We learned new values for things in those days. How carefully the yolk of that egg was saved for another child, not too sick to eat it. At times when I had mixed a little condensed milk for my baby and she was unable to take it, I would start out, cup in hand, to find some other child who needed it just then, that the precious food might not be wasted. There are several mothers who will not forget how more than once Mr. Norris secured a chicken and Mrs. Brazier made it into broth, which was most unselfishly divided into equal portions, that each sick child might have a share of it. What a blessing a cup of cocoa can be to those who, in the early morning after a weary night of nursing, became objects of Mrs. Smith's solicitude and were invited into her little "lean to" outside the chapel for refreshment. No one called anything her own in those days, but held it in trust for those who needed it most. —Miss C. H. Fenn.

Meal-Times.

The chapel was our general place of resort, where the whole company of American missionaries lived as one harmonious family. Denominational lines grew very thin, but for the sake of convenience, the American Board breakfast was served at half past six in the morning, the Presbyterian at half past seven, and the Methodist at half past eight. It is a question whether the Methodists were more self-sacrificing than the others, or whether they wanted the extra nap. After the breakfast was cleared away, the chapel put in order and we had prayers, it was almost time for the American Board friends to eat again.

One day a native teacher said to her friends, "I have been wondering what the foreigners have to eat these days. I know the kind of food they are accustomed to, but to-day when the bell rang for dinner I was in the chapel. As they came in, everyone seemed so cheerful and happy, I thought they must be coming to a feast. They sat down to the table, and after the blessing was asked, they passed the food. The bread was black, oh, very black; and each one took just a little bit. Yet no one complained. Then they passed the food in very small dishes, and each took a very small amount. Still they were happy." We trust the cheerfulness with which we took our privations may have been an object lesson to our Chinese friends. It must be remembered, however, that the amount of rice served in an ordinary vegetable dish for a whole table full, would just about have made a Chinaman a good square meal. Still, if we sometimes felt the coarse Graham

bread and the brown rice were not sufficiently nourishing, "we were not complaining," as one of our number remarked, "but simply stating a fact." Someone else very truly said, "A little of it would go a long way."—Miss E. G. Terry, M. D.

Asking the Blessing.

There is one scene in the chapel life that I would wish to preserve, and yet never wished that someone had been there with a kodak, since it would have seemed irreverent to take a snap-shot of such a scene, for it belongs to the realm of religious art. But to describe the scene to a painter, one would wish for the art of Miss Carey in her "Order for a picture." And, though one could well use some of the Dutch genre artists to paint in the homely details of the picture, we must have one of the old masters in religious art to paint in the heads, someone with the strength of Michael Angelo, and tenderness of Carlo Dolci.

Now to begin with the material parts of the picture. The chapel interior of course serves as background for the picture. We will allow the Dutch painter to do that. Now begin at the top, Mynherr, and put in the illuminated texts on the cornice. They are doubly illuminated now by the flies, but that will not show in the picture. (They say the Italian painters, who had just finished those texts, made their escape from Peking so late that they might have been killed by the Boxers on their way to the coast.) Now high, on either side of the apse, paint a wall-bracket holding a group of dejected looking candles, so bent that their wicks point to

the earth; the last relic of high churchism, and overcome with abject shame at their unecclesiastical surroundings—the altar full within with the baggage of dissenters, and without piled with what is left of their cups and plates after the spreading of the table. The organ and window-sills are spread with dessert, each saucer holding one slice of pine-apple. And, oh, if the painter could only paint in the smell of that pine-apple! And how glad we used to be when pine-apple day came around, just to sit with our sand-bags in the chapel and enjoy that delicious fragrance, for it was not every odor that came to our noses, that was as luxurious as that. The perfume of pine-apple will always bring up that scene.

We shall leave it to the painter to decide whether he will paint one long row of tables for the adults with low tables at the side around which are gathered the little folks seated on kneeling-stools, or whether he would prefer a later stage where two rows of tables gave seating room for children too. Other details of furniture he can get from the descriptions of others. The table must be spread with an odd assemblage of crockery and agate ware.

And, Mynherr, you may paint the costumes of the guests at this strange banquet. You will notice that some of the gentlemen show quite an expanse of shirt-bosom, in fact, it looks as if the vests were *all* cut away, and perhaps the coat, too. And some of the ladies do not have high collars, but it is not because their costumes are décolletté. A handkerchief folded crosswise usually takes the place of the collar at the neck

of the shirt-waist. And you will notice that whether masculine shirt or feminine shirt-waist, the same style of laundry prevails, that peculiar crepe-like effect called "rough-dry." As for the worn-out shoes, of course only those at the end of the table will show.

Well, now you may let the other painter come to the easel, and put in the faces. The housekeeper for the day, standing on the platform at the head of the table, surrounded by her kettles of soup, etc., is the only one with her face towards us—a kind of guardian angel. She has just clapped her hands to command attention, and called on someone to "say grace." The two rows of heads which we see in perspective, of course, are seen in profile, all bowed now, and the eyes closed. Perhaps you will object that this does not give you enough field for expression. But this is not so. I have sometimes come in when the meal of the other table was in progress, and accidentally found myself near the end of the table before I knew the blessing was in progress. And I have never looked at these rows of bowed heads without a lump rising in my throat. It is not so much because these faces, now become so dear to me, are sharpened in outline, and worn with fatigue from the labors of the day, and the harrowing experience of the past weeks. It is not only the look of that heroism which comes of being willing to do or suffer whatever be "God's sweet will." But it is the look now superimposed on that —the reverential gratitude with which this daily manna is received from God's hand as if He indeed fed them with bread from Heaven. It is this that seems to turn this humble meal into a sacrament. Could you put all

this into your picture? No, it is hopeless for you ever to try to paint that look unless you yourself had tasted the same spiritual food, and drunk from the same spiritual rock, and known for yourself all the daily miracles implied in this "We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food."

OUR DEFENDERS.

Personnel.

Our soldiers were a veritable Gideon's band. At the beginning we had 407 foreign marines, counting all nationalities, and they had to defend not only the British Legation but all the other Legations, besides the palace where the Chinese Christians were. Of course the civilians, 100 or so, assisted, but what could 500 men do against 8,000.—Miss Grace Newton.

This devoted little band, reinforced by volunteer guards from the Customs and Legation students, held the defenses throughout the siege of eight horrible weeks; siege that for treachery and demoniacal plots and plans on the part of the enemy for the extermination of helpless and unarmed men, women and children is without parallel in history. Too much praise cannot be given to the brave men who fought and died for us on those stifling days of June, July and August, holding what in ordinary warfare would seem an impossible position. They nevertheless cheered all who beheld them going to their dangerous posts with a courage and hearty good-will inspiring to see. Clinging with desperation to any advantage they had, fighting to the

death for each foot of ground they were forced to measure in retreat, dying as bravely as Leonidas, crying their comrades on in death. Such were the American and other brave boys who held the siege in Peking. In the rush attendant upon the relief of the beseiged, it seemed that our defenders were for the moment forgotten, but not so. God in heaven has taken account of their young lives so heroically given for others, for "greater love hath no man than this," and few there are who lived through the siege who will not cherish the memory of those noble men, while life grants remembrance to them.—Mrs. J. Inglis.

Ground to Be Held.

We cover territory about 60 acres in extent, of which the civilians occupy the least exposed compound.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

Though the people moved out of other Legations into the British, soldiers and civilians held the different places with few exceptions. The Austrian Legation was burned to the ground and had to be abandoned. The Belgian and Dutch were burned and abandoned. About one-half the French was taken possession of by the Chinese, but they were kept out of the other half. The Japanese, German, Spanish, American, Russian and British, though frightfully damaged, have never been occupied by the Chinese.—Miss Grace Newton.

The line held by the foreign troops takes in all the Legations except the three that were burned, an irregu-

lar line of perhaps one-fourth of a mile east and west. —Dr. Terry.

Position Held by Americans.

The Chinese fled from a lot of houses between the English and Russian Legations. This gave us a chance to make a hole through the south wall of the English Legation into these places, and so to the back of the Russian Legation, then passing through that and crossing Legation street, we were at the American Legation, and from there we have held the city wall,—a section of it. It was of the utmost importance to do this, or the Chinese could mount their cannon and throw shell over into our midst. Some of the hardest fighting done by our marines has been done there, and seven have lost their lives. At times it seems as if they could not hold it. Our missionaries and civilians have been with them much of the time, building barricades and fighting, and marines of other nationalities have helped, but the responsibility has largely come upon the Americans and nobly are they standing to their work. —Miss J. G. Evans.

No pen can ever do justice to the trials endured and the heroic stand made by our men on the city wall. Some of them had seen service in Cuba and in the Philippines, where, when the battle was over, they could retire and rest. But here the battle was continuous, night and day for a good many days. The peril of their situation led some of them to say, "If there is a God, where is He? We need Him now." One of the marines said to some of the ladies one day, "There are lots of

fellows up there now on the wall saying their prayers, who have not prayed much before." Someone was talking one day with a rough, ignorant fellow who seemed to have almost no idea of religion. Finally, he said, "Well, I don't know much about church, but there is one thing sure, and that is, I am willing to die for you." One young man, a college graduate, had made himself very popular with the children. They called him "Our Friend." One Sunday afternoon he was slightly wounded, but narrowly escaped more serious injury. When he learned that the children had specially remembered him in their little prayer meeting that afternoon, he said, "Tell the children their prayers saved me." —Miss E. G. Terry, M. D.

We had reason to be proud, not only of the post held by our gallant captain on the wall, but also of the stand he took in the matter of temperance. Soon after coming into the English Legation, the captain one day stopped one of the missionary ladies and asked her, "Can you speak Chinese?" On receiving an affirmative answer, he asked her help as interpreter. "Now," he said, pointing to a Chinaman carrying a huge flask, "ask him what he has got there." "Wine," was the answer. "It is good for men in war-time." "No," said the gallant captain, "it is bad enough in time of peace, but fifty times worse in time of war;" and the good captain saw that the wine was used as a libation before he went away. (By the way, more than once some one or other of the missionary ladies passing to and fro to help the Chinese were constrained to lay

the dust on the alley with little rills of samshu, which the Chinese had been bringing out of deserted shops.)

The Japanese.

Men of almost every nation showed their nobility. The Japanese, who so bravely defended our native Christians and were so appreciative of the efforts of the Christians to assist them, laid upon us a debt of gratitude that can only be repaid by admiration.—Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich.

The hearts of all the besieged warmed to these little men of great valor, as tales of their doing and daring were told here and there through the cosmopolitan company within the lines.—Mrs. F. D. Gamewell.

Much might be said of the bravery of the plucky little Japs. Though often reinforced by other troops, they lost their position little by little, but they always had another barricade ready to fall behind when they had to retreat, and they succeeded in holding the key to our situation on the east.—Miss Lizzie E. Martin.

The Japanese have so far lost the most men. How they have fought! The plucky, daring little fellows. I never admired them until now. I have been helping in the hospital, and it has been wonderful to see the grit and cheeriness they have. Twenty-five Japanese marines came up when the trouble commenced, and now only three remain who have not been killed or wounded. The Russian and Italian troops have not shown up as well as we expected. The Germans lost their position on the wall back of their Legation, and have not been

able to regain it. The French Legation, French Hospital, and German Legation have suffered terribly from fire, shot and shell.—Miss N. N. Russell.

A Triple Alliance.

As on the south our boys held the wall, and on the east the little Japs guarded the remnant of the Chinese church, so on the north and west England stood against the fire and sword of Boxer and soldier. And as these three nations were most valiant in siege, so afterwards in the rescue they were the foremost in storming the gates. It was all prophetic of the China of the future. For it was not only the refugee Christians who were thus guarded—the three nations were guarding the new nation that is to rise, the nation whose God is the Lord. If these three nations, the two island kingdoms that stand as wings on the right and left of the Eastern continent, and the great Western continent republic, can safeguard the interests of the land till the praying patriots of China have become strong enough and well-educated enough to rule the land, then the coming of the better day will be like the gradual coming of the dawn. If not, it will come with earthquake and cataclysm. But it is coming!

The Foe to Be Encountered.

They call this struggle the Boxer uprising. Had it been only that, then even though the Empress Dowager were really as powerless as she would have the world to think, it would have been an easy thing to defend ourselves against the Boxers—in fact, there

would have been no necessity to leave the Methodist fort. These notes by Mrs. Gamewell will prove the contrary.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of June 20, just twenty-four hours after the ministers had been ordered to leave Peking, the Chinese government troops opened fire upon the Legations.

Chinese troops, under direction of the Empress Dowager and her councilors waged war on the Legations, meaning to wear out, starve, shoot, burn or blow to pieces the representatives of the great powers of the earth, and nearly a thousand of their people. Rockets seen ascending from the palace signaled "Fire," and every time a storm of bullets raged immediately. When the government—alarmed as it afterwards transpired by the developments at Tientsin—wished to communicate with the Legations, they ordered firing to cease, and it did cease. When the government failed to get the hoped-for end, and ordered firing to begin again, firing did begin again.

In one edict, the Empress uses the phrase, "Let the princes and the generals in command of the soldiers cooperate with the princes and generals in command of the Boxers"—in command by government appointment, of course. In another edict the Empress offers rewards to "her loyal people" the Boxers.—Mrs. F. D. Gamewell.

From June 20 to July 17 we had daily and nightly attacks. Sometimes they lasted for three and four hours, and at other times only a half hour; sometimes on all sides, and again only on one side. The night attacks came between midnight and 2 a. m. Major Con-

ger said some of them, for furious firing, exceeded anything he experienced in the Civil War. One night we had a terrible thunder shower, and all the time we had a furious general attack. The soldiers on the wall said it seemed as though all hell had broken loose.—Miss N. N. Russell.

What It Cost.

Of the 400 brave marines who day and night through rain and burning sun had borne the brunt of the defense, every one of whom had gained the lasting gratitude of the missionaries and Chinese Christians and a host of others besides, 60 were killed and 140 wounded. Everybody was tired, and hope will sometimes waver when the body is tired. However, courage and faith never flinched during all those dreadful two months. —Mrs. F. D. Gamewell.

During the later days of the siege, the poor wounded ones began to make their appearance, and we would see them lying on long chairs in front of the hospital, or wandering feebly around in that neighborhood, men on crutches, or with arms in slings—men with heads bound up, or who looked as if their noses were pasted on with strips of paper. How our heart thrilled at sight of them! But alas, not all the wounded thus recovered. —A. H.

The saddest times were when the report would come, "A German officer has been injured," "a Russian soldier killed," "an American marine shot through the head," "one of the volunteers mortally wounded." The little plot of ground in the British Legation set apart as a

cemetery filled up rapidly, and two bodies were often put in one grave. In one case, three men from three different countries, placed in one grave, were all equal in the dust at last.—Miss E. G. Terry, M. D.

The first Sunday evening of the siege, two of the British marines came over and requested a little service of song. A company gathered outside the chapel under the trees in the darkness. A bright light was not allowed, as it would draw the fire of the enemy. One of the men stood where the light from the single lantern, falling on his face, revealed the expression of joy as he sang,

"Then I shall see Him face to face,
And sing the story, saved by grace."

That song was prophetic. Before the summer was over, that young man had gone to be with his Lord.—Miss E. G. Terry, M. D.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

When we were in the siege of Peking, we lived in the chapel with ever so many other people. We slept on the floor, and sat on our beds when we ate our meals, which weren't very nice. Who would like pony steak and moldy rice? Some people ate the horse meat, but papa and I couldn't.

Sometimes, when the shooting was hot and the bullets were flying everywhere, the men would tell us to go into the chapel, but when we got there, the ladies, who were sweeping in a great hurry, so as to work on sand bags, would say, "Can't you children run out doors?" So

we would run back and forth. We would get tired, and then we would go into the bomb-proof trenches and play.

Once I was struck by a bullet on the ear, but it was spent. It was so hot I could hardly hold it in my hand. When I showed it to mamma, she hugged me close.—Carrington Goodrich.

Oberlin, Ohio, January 7, 1903.

(Carrington was five in the siege.)

THIRD WEEK.

I. Journals.

II. Articles.

Our Wounded and Their Attendants

Drs. Gloss and Leonard, Miss McKillican and others.

Devotional Exercises.

Mrs. Fenn, the Misses Wyckoff, Rutherford and Brown.

III. Children's Corner. Gardner Tewksbury.

July 4—What a queer Fourth of July we passed! We hoped very much that the troops would arrive by that day, and Sir Claude promised to celebrate with us Americans if our hopes were realized, but again we were disappointed. Rumors have come that the first party had to go back for re-enforcements, and that the larger force has not yet started. That means at least another ten days of suspense. We all wore badges in honor of the day, a red, white and blue bow made out of heavy Chinese silk cord. Mrs. Squiers invited all the American children to a little treat. We received souvenirs in the shape of cancelled meal tickets, which the Chinese had used. In order to be just and not let the lazy ones get out of all the work, each man is given a meal ticket after his day's work, and if he has no ticket to show, he receives no allowance of food. The foreign gentlemen have each

ten to twenty Chinese in charge, who work on fortifications, and they have to keep a sharp lookout to see that none of them run off.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

We had more material brought in to-day, so I have given much of the day to making sand-bags. A great deal of firing has been going on all day, and we learn that one of the girls over at Su Wang Fu was struck by a fragment of shell, making a bad wound in her knee. Just now Major Conger, our Minister, brought over for us to see a copy of the Declaration of Independence, which had been hanging in his study. He took it down to read to-day, and found that a bullet had been fired through it and lay on the mantle behind it.—Miss M. E. Andrews.

July 4. Yes, and we are here yet. (Next day.) I didn't feel in the mood for writing yesterday, therefore, those few words about our Fourth. Wasn't this a strange place to celebrate the birthday of our country, here at the British Legation? We draped our beautiful Stars and Stripes up in front of the altar before dinner, and had an extra good supper in the evening, added some baked canned oysters to our rice and bread and butter. We had a most terrible night the night before. While I was lying there awake, listening to the roar of the cannon, and the crash of the rifle shots, I could not help recalling the times on the night before the Fourth, when a few firecrackers sent off by a crowd of youngsters annoyed me very much; but I really am getting so used to the racket, that I can sleep through it all, not only because used to it, but in need

of the sleep. So many times as I lie awake these words come to me, "God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved," and it helps me to lie still and be at rest. These words also, "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength," mean so much to me now. I can often go to sleep with these words in my mind, and take the rest I need to keep me well, knowing God in Heaven never sleeps.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

July 5—Sounds of artillery in the distance! Troops? False alarm.—Miss E. E. Leonard, M. D.

A large gun inside the Imperial city turned on us during the day. The ammunition used in it proved to be old-fashioned, solid shot, such as was used before I was born—rough, and could easily burst the guns. The Italian gun was turned on it, and soon all the men left it and we have not heard it again. Three balls were found, two large as eggs, one much larger.—Miss J. G. Evans.

Our life here is indeed queer, and interesting in the extreme. I don't believe we shall ever find a more cosmopolitan spot of its size in all the world.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

July 6—Cannon balls came from the north, solid balls. —Miss E. E. Leonard, M. D.

The reason of this was afterwards found to be the gun-platform erected behind the Imperial wall.

July 7—Mr. Fenn was on the city wall to-day when the Chinese fired on our barricade. A brick struck his head,

but he was not severely hurt. Our missionaries are wonderfully preserved; only Mr. Reid has been wounded, and he not severely.—Miss J. G. Evans.

There is a bit of fear in some minds that the relieving army have gotten up a fight among themselves. Of course there is sure to be some disagreement before the settlement and division of China comes to a close, but one would think they would postpone it until they relieve us. We don't much care which nation comes in first at present. Welcome even Russia!—Mrs. H. S. [illegible]

The Italians are trying with their one-pounder to destroy a mule wench of the enemy, over in the Imperial city, but they have only some twenty-five rounds for this gun. There is fear the ammunition may not hold out. When the marines came up, after getting their guns landed on the wall, they were not allowed to take all the ammunition they wanted to bring, so, while there are [illegible] guns they cannot be used. This siege, and what it brings to do with, is bringing out all the [illegible] of the soldiers. The English soldiers are [illegible] ammunition to fit the Italian gun.*—Miss J. [illegible]

The Russians had ammunition, but their gun was left [illegible] the second contingent of soldiers, who never [illegible]. In their desperation, our soldiers (not the Russians) decided to make a gun out of an old iron pump they found. Of course, everyone was very much inter-

* This was done by melting and recasting the Britannia candlesticks and incense pots taken from temples.

ested in the work of transforming the pump into a cannon. Captain H——, of the British marines, who was one of the most experienced officers in the place, was then lying in the hospital badly wounded. He was sure it would not work, and some one would be hurt in the first attempt.—Miss J. C. McKillican.

One of our Chinese carpenters discovered an old, rusty cannon lying in a foundry, to which he with others had gone in search of bellows and anvil. "Let us take this," he said. "That heavy old thing? That's no good," they answered. "Come brothers, lend a hand," he still pleaded; and at last, persuaded by his earnestness, they carried "the heavy thing" to the Legation.—Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich.

This proved to be an old cannon that had been used in the war in '60 with the French and English. Great was the rejoicing on the part of all. We felt it a special providence in our behalf. They got the cannon over here, found in the Italian Legation an old gun-carriage, and mounted it on that. Then the next question was what could be used in it. The Russians then let it be known that their machine-gun had been left at Tientsin and that they had a lot of shell. They tried the shell and it was just what they wanted. Then the question was, who would venture to fire her off, thirty years and more unused. Mitchell, the American gunner, said, "I will," and great was the excitement over the first shell. Mitchell said afterward he gave up his life in thought, for he expected an explosion. Instead, the first shell went crashing through three walls and tore

a great hole in the barricade at the Imperial city. With glasses the captain could see the Chinese running in all directions. Great was their astonishment, for they knew we had no cannon. This one had been named the "International" (called Betsy by the marines for short). —Miss N. N. Russell.

So here was the longed-for cannon at last, an English cannon, tied to an Italian gun-carriage with Chinese rope, using Russian shells refilled with German powder (for those same shells were not improved by being stored down a well to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy) and then fired by an American gunner, using a Japanese fuse. A French "sight" on the gun would have properly finished its equipment and the list of contributing nations, but it was not forthcoming. Perhaps it was they who furnished the great anti-kicking beam which proved necessary to restrain its enthusiasm after each shot.—A. H.

Do you wonder we named it "International"? We are all proud of it, but we Americans are prouder still of Mr. Mitchell, our American gunner, who seems not to know what defeat means in anything he wants to do. I didn't believe one of the continental marines could or would have made a success of it. We were all, ladies as well as others, interested in its first trial, fearing it might burst, or at least kill the gunner. It was a rough looking thing, tied to the carriage with such ropes as they could get.—Miss J. G. Evans.

It is now in going-off order. The Japanese come along and say, "Do you hear our gun?" We all claim it, you

see, for we are so glad to have it. We call it a success even if it did knock down our own barricade one time it was fired. You may know from this that big guns are very scarce with us. We have but one cannon, an Italian one-pounder. They keep it lively, moving from one part of the compound to another, and I suppose the enemy thinks we have about six of that kind. The machine, or Gatling gun, cannot be used except in open battle, and of that we have had none at all. They hide and shoot at us. If we only could get one of their cannon, we could put it to good use, for we know how to manipulate good guns, which is more than the enemy can say.—Mrs. Galt.

It worked very well and caused consternation among the Chinese. Here we had been all this time under siege and never fired a big gun until now. How many more, and how large might we have?

July 8, Sunday—This has been a busy day, but not in the same way as the last two Sabbaths have been. No bag making to-day; indeed, no material. I was on as housekeeper to-day, so was busy at meal times. After breakfast I sat down to prepare for a meeting with the girls; then we had our own English service, a precious prayer meeting. Then came the preparation for dinner, and the serving and clearing away afterwards for our party of thirty-three; and then I went over to Miss Douw's for a quiet dinner with their little party of four. It did seem good to sit down once more at an orderly, well-appointed table. We, with our great crowd and the rush to get through, have to make way for the other parties

whose meals follow ours, and can do nothing in a home-like way. We sit on the chapel seats or on the platform or on the floor, as we can, and often with our plates in our laps. The confusion and rush and disorder are rather trying, and the food is not always appetizing, but still we get on very well, and thus far know nothing of real hardship. To-day we have been obliged to shut down on butter, condensed milk, and, indeed, all canned goods. It is a little absurd, but the only thing I especially miss, I mean about meals, is a napkin, for we have no table linen; how could refugees have such luxuries?—Miss M. E. Andrews.

We had a Bible reading this afternoon on the ninety-first Psalm. How true and real every verse is to us now! Later, there was a quiet song, out in front of the chapel. This has seemed more like a real Sunday than for several weeks past, and has been indeed a rest to my heart. The ladies do not have to sew, but most of the gentlemen are as busy as usual. We had a short service this morning, at which a number from the Customs service and from our Legation were present. Last night a stray shell struck one corner of the chapel, taking off one of the little ornaments from the roof. These midnight attacks, though generally short, are much worse than in the day-time. To be awakened out of a sound sleep by a storm of shot and shell is something terrible. Several times the big bell has been tolled as the signal of a general attack. This, added to the cannonading of the enemy and the return fire from our men, makes even me shudder. In the day-time there is so much confusion that one does not always distinguish sounds, but

when all else is quiet, these sudden onslaughts are appalling. It seems as though we must surely be overcome, and when a lull comes in the storm, I dream of a Boxer's sword poised over my neck. That first night of fierce firing I could not help asking myself if I was willing to die. I did not feel afraid to die, but I would rather live longer. I feared most that Mr. Ewing might be killed, and that I should be left alone with the children. I tried to be willing for whatever God thought best, but prayed that we might not be taken from our dear ones at home in such a terrible manner. Now even these night attacks have lost much of their terrors. Of course I awaken, but often fall asleep again before the firing ceases.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

By and by we grew accustomed to the awful sounds; but what depressed everyone most was the falling off of our guards. Before three weeks of siege there were sixty in the hospital, and fifty killed or dead from wounds. Scarcely a day that they were not carried past us, dead, dying or wounded—and never any word of relief. All relinquished the hope of Admiral Seymour and Captain McCalla.—Mrs. J. Inglis.

The Fu is on fire, and it is thought if we lose it, we over here cannot hold out forty-eight hours. God help us! Man cannot. We fired a shell over into the Imperial city to-day. They seemed surprised, thinking no doubt, we had none; but they can be made by soldiers. The enemy rose up to see what it was, and our men shot many.—Miss J. G. Evans.

To-day I was commissioned to go and do some profes-

sional looting (foraging) for the hospital. The place where our girls were quartered was the home of a wealthy family who had left without time to remove their vast stores of clothing. The house seemed furnished with clocks and clothing, with an occasional cheval glass to reduplicate it all. The clocks we had stored in the long sideboard that we were obliged to clear off to make a sleeping place for the girls; some too in the beautiful brass-bound teak-wood ice-chest that stood in the middle of the room. It was meant to receive ice, but no food. Holes in the cover were to impart coolness to the room. (Why aren't we as civilized as that? We have stoves in the winter in our parlors, but not ice-boxes in the summer.) The clothing was stored in great wardrobes reaching to the ceiling—these and piles of trunks, of handsome dark wood, also reaching to the ceiling, lined the walls, while two or three immense camphor-wood chests stood under the windows. All these were securely locked. But now, at command from headquarters, I, teacher in a Christian school, was to lead my flock in burglary. After a little lecture on the subject to them, I set to work with a good conscience, picking and breaking locks and going through everything.

How glad I was that there was no bric-a-brac lover on hand that day! I should not have been able to restrain the hunt to simply fans, cotton or linen garments, and piece goods suitable for hospital use or sand-bags. Oh, the furs! And, oh, oh, the embroidered silk and satin garments! Everything was most neatly and systematically arranged. In the trunk next the ceiling

were the men's summer garments, next women's summer garments, next men's lined garments for Spring and Fall, then women's lined garments—then men's wadded garments, then women's wadded garments. These are for winter, of course. (Here again, one asks oneself the question, are we semi-civilized that we do not think it improper to pack men's clothing with women's?) The camphor-wood trunks were for furs, of course; but those we did not need to disturb, as by this time we knew things were so classified that we should find neither linen nor cotton there. Furs are at a discount at a siege time in July.—A. H.

July 9—Mr. Ewing has been all the morning, from seven until noon, superintending the building of a ten-foot wall beside the house of the British minister. In fact, he did a good share of the brick-laying himself. The bricks had first to be torn up from the walks and from the flooring of the pavilions. Sir Claude's house is very much exposed, and has received a good many shots. Last night about 100 Christians were brought over on this side and lodged in courts near the American Legation. These courts have been seized since we came into siege, and the residents sent away. Here our Christians are very comfortable, having small courts and houses by themselves. Each family is given its supply of food raw, and so can cook it to suit themselves. More families have come to-day, also all the school-girls. There were fierce fires all day yesterday, next the Chinese quarters across the canal, and it was thought best to remove the people before any imminent danger. The

Japanese are rather glad to have the place.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

July 10—The Russians at the Legation got drunk and let the Chinese dig in under the compound wall last night. In the night also the marines came near deserting the barricades on the city wall. The Russians were going to desert when one of our marines, Fisher, knocked one down with a gun and then pointed it at the rest and threatened to fire if they did.

Marine Hall has gone back to duty, though still lame from his wound. He is a great favorite with our missionary children, who call him "Ladybug" for some reason.—Miss J. G. Evans.

We have plenty to eat yet, though the luxuries, milk and butter, are very low. Every other day we have one meal of mutton, but this can't last. There was a limited number of sheep when we began. Horse meat we have in abundance, and it is very nice indeed. I eat it right along now, since I have gained control of my imagination. Shall I tell you what we had for dinner to-day? Horse meat with dumplings and gravy and rice; all the bread, both white and whole-wheat, that we wanted, and to end up with, we each had a dish of canned cherries, four big cherries apiece. If anyone had not had enough, he could have some rice with syrup. Wasn't that a good dinner? If we had been told when we came here four weeks ago, that we should yet be here, with only a spark of hope of release at this time, I fear it would have been hard not to give up in dispair, and it is surely well that we cannot see

four weeks into the future. It is hard not to be discouraged as it is, and I wonder why it is that this should come our first summer in China. But when the Lord knows, it is all right.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

OUR WOUNDED AND THEIR ATTENDANTS.

They used to say that the blind beggars of Peking could find their way from street to street by their nose, each alley and lane having an odor of its own. I have my doubts about that, but one thing I can say from experience—that in going around the grand boulevard in the dark one could thus locate the hospital; an odor of carbolic acid and other disinfectants from the sheets hung out to dry proclaiming the place.

Whatever might be lacking of what is considered necessary in surgical wards, it was a great mercy that two great essentials were on hand, antiseptics and (pardon the juxtaposition) trained women as nurses, doctors most of them.

It would have been no easy task for a sensitive woman to serve as hospital nurse among wounded men, even with the best physical condition for herself. But to undergo all this with the added handicap of poor food and broken rest, what wonder that sometimes when in the morning they would seek their hard beds on the floor, they would be overcome with fatigue. One of these poor tired sisters was once overheard saying, "When I drop on my mattress I am too tired to pray. I just think my friends at home are praying for me, and I know that God will hear them,

and that He knows all about it, and then I just go to sleep."

The accounts of some of these nurses are given below.

The refugees from the various Legations and missions had scarcely gathered at the English Legation when the wounding of several of our defenders made the opening of a hospital an immediate necessity.

A one-story house of six rooms was vacated and hasty provision was made for the wounded. The physicians from the English and German Legations, both of whom were military surgeons, were appointed to the hospital. A trained nurse from an English mission and the sick-berth steward from the English gunboat were put in charge. Stewards from other gunboats assisted, also an American trained nurse and some volunteers from among the ladies.

The third day, as relief did not come, and the wounded were brought in in increasing numbers, a call had to be made for more trained help for the wards. There were among the besieged about six medical missionaries from the different women's hospitals. They, at this time, offered their services as nurses and continued to work in that capacity throughout the siege. Other help was offered as occasion demanded, two French Sisters, ladies from the various Legations and missions taking their turn as nurses. An English clergyman and a gentleman from the Customs, whose wounds unfitted them for guard duty helped in the hospital as honorable stewards, giving most tender care to the sufferers.

The diet kitchen was given into the charge of Miss

Abbie Chapin, with several American ladies to assist her. This was one of the most fortunate appointments. Though the best of stores were always furnished for the hospital, it was still the daily wonder of all who knew anything about it, to see what palatable meals were served out of the insufficient supplies that were on hand. American housekeeping was at a premium. Fancy a diet kitchen without eggs, butter or milk, with no fresh vegetables or fruit. Mutton was occasionally served to the sick, but most of the time horse meat had to be used. The bread was coarse, but the rice sent to the hospital was good. A small stock of canned fruit and vegetables, arrowroot, macaroni, crackers and bottled candy, with tea and coffee, was the supply from which this wonder-working committee served palatable and varied meals to fifty patients, more or less.

There was a continual call on the bulletin board for donations of mattresses, pillows, linen and hospital supplies. These were furnished largely by the ladies of the Legations, who had not lost their household goods. Some of them went without mattresses and mosquito nets that the patients might be supplied.

The hospital was at no time a cheerful place. The veranda was walled up with sand-bags to the top of the windows and all the exposed windows were closed in the same way to within a foot of the top.

One room was given up to the officers and civilians, and cots were furnished for these unless the number of officers was in excess of the number of cots, when they also slept on the floor as did most of the men. The beds were so crowded on the floor that only a nar-

row passage was left between them. This, with the sea of mosquito nets over head, and the necessity of stooping almost to the floor, gave one a dizzy feeling when waiting upon the patients. The difficulty of ventilating rooms so shut in and so crowded can be imagined. The only consolation was that the air outside was so hot and so vile that it could not be much worse inside.

There were many difficulties in the way of a well-ordered hospital. The supply of everything was short, even after everyone had been self-denying in their generosity. The patients were all wounded men, the supply of absorbent dressings was very small; of rubber protectives there were almost none. When the mattresses and pillows became blood soaked, there was nothing to do but wash them off as well as possible, and use them again, as there were no others to take their place. The supply of proper sheets and pillow cases being inadequate, they were made up hastily out of any material that could be spared from the sand-bags. Coarse, thin Chinese cotton covered one patient while his neighbor looked down on an expanse of slippery shining damask. As one patient remarked, "In this hospital it is every man his own table-cloth." Two dinner napkins made a cover for a feather pillow. A beautiful embroidered linen pillow case did duty on a pillow made of the straw bottle-covers.

However dark and dull the rooms might be, there was no lack of color or variety in the dress of the patients. Shirts were made of muslin, silk, damask, or gorgeously printed Chinese cottons. A large order of sewing for the hospital was so frequently sent to Mrs. Conger and

filled with such dispatch by herself and the ladies of her household, that she came to be known as the Fairy God-Mother. In many a time of need, the best way was to "go and tell Mrs. Conger."

The want of medical supplies was not so easily managed. Abundance of medical stores were destroyed at the different mission hospitals. But the besieged had only the small stock kept in the Legations for the use of foreigners and a few things that had been for sale at the foreign store, destroyed during the siege.

At first the most approved surgical dressings were to be had, then bags of peat and finally, bags of sawdust served as dressings. At first bandages were used with a lavish hand, but before the close of the siege they had to be washed and do duty more than once. The small stock of the drugs most useful became pitifully small. The last bottle of chloroform was opened. No one can be fully impressed with the perishable nature of the hypodermic needle until he is obliged to use it many times every day with the knowledge that the last needle that can be procured from anywhere is in his hand.

The confusion of tongues was an embarrassment to say the least. One needed to know most of the languages of Europe, besides Chinese, Japanese and one of India's dialects to be equal to every emergency. When possible, men of one nationality were put in the same room that they might be company for each other, but even then several languages were spoken in every room. Often the sign language was the only one that could be understood.

With the exception of the faithful old Chinese cook,

the servants when wanted were usually conspicious by their absence. The most evanescent of all were the men sent to pull the one punka, that rendered the officers' ward more endurable. One night, after having herself pulled the punka for an hour rather than have the patients suffer, the nurse had to go to the American minister's house at midnight, call him up and ask him to go to the corridor where the committee on Chinese labor slept, wake up the committee and ask them to send another man to pull the punka for the rest of the night.

The nights were at first a terror filled with visions of the wounded sufferers that would be added to our charge. But when morning came and no new patients were reported we could sleep and let the bullets sing on, since they were not hurting our people. Night at the hospital was a dreary time, notwithstanding the pot of strong coffee kindly sent every evening by Mrs. Squiers to cheer the long hours for the nurses. No lights were allowed, for fear of attracting the attention of the enemy. The attendants worked by the light of small lanterns which were so covered with dark cloth that only a ray of light shone forth. When not in use these even were placed on the floor with their faces against the wall. Notwithstanding the smothering protection of sand-bags and darkness, a bullet occasionally came whistling through the front door down the length of the hall over the beds of the patients lying on the hall floor.

The men were brave, patient, uncomplaining, but rarely hopeful. Other people might talk and plan for the coming of the troops; not so the hospital. The wounded lamented, being deprived of their guns, spoke

more often of the fear of falling unarmed into the hands of the Chinese, who seemed like demons to them, and the officers were burdened with anxious foreboding.

Before the end of the siege a room had to be taken in another house for medical cases. The fevers that prostrated so many after relief came had already begun their ravages among the soldiers.

The plague of flies made all miserable and added new difficulties to the care of the sick. When we complained, the surgeon quietly remarked: "They always follow an army." That put a new aspect on affairs. In a military hospital one might not complain of anything that belonged to the army.

The daily adjusting between the civil and military went on with remarkably little friction. The steward, who was an independent factor on his gunboat, learned to work with women of varied degrees of training and of many nationalities. They in turn came to know what he considered his work and what was an indignity. Doctors worked under the authority of nurses. The wives of diplomats cared most tenderly for men who in their suffering were sometimes difficult to please. All hearts were controlled by one desire, to give every possible help and comfort to the brave men who were giving their lives in the defense of men, women and children unknown to them. All rejoiced together when the wounds were slight or when the desperately ill began to recover. All hearts ached with sympathy for the weary sufferers who wore out the siege week after week on beds of pain.

When the bodies of the dead were lowered to their

resting place all united with the Chinese Christian student who dug the graves, both in his tears and in his words, when he wept and said: "I can endure any other suffering or pain but that these brave men should be killed by my people." Miss A. D. Gloss, M. D.

The International Hospital was not a regularly equipped institution with all the modern appliances and conveniences. It was the Chancery Building of the British Legation, with office furniture and books removed from one room after another till they were heaped in almost hopeless confusion in a very limited space and every available inch of space was given over to sick and wounded humanity. We overflowed into an adjoining Secretarial home which was serving as temporary abode for several families and a varying number of British marines who occupied the upper floor and had look-out stations on the upper veranda. A second overflow for convalescents was established in Sir Claude McDonald's private library. (This was personally superintended by Lady MacDonald.)

The surgeons in charge of the Hospital were Dr. Pool of the British Legation and Dr. Velde of the German Legation. The number of trained nurses in the city was very limited. One of these, Miss Lambert of the S. P. G. Mission and nurse to the British Legation, was placed in charge. As need arose, other trained nurses, women physicians and other women were added to the force till soon a goodly corps was occupied with the care of the sick and wounded.

Mattresses, pillows, sheets, pillow cases, towels and

mosquito nets were freely donated by Legation ladies, and where missionary ladies were possessed of such articles they cheerfully contributed their little store. Nothing we had was too good for our brave men wounded in our defense. Very few bedsteads graced our rooms, but the floor made a good substitute here in the hospital as well as in every house in the Legations. Bed linen and clothing was made of varying materials, bleached and unbleached muslin, linen, even to the finest damask, and pongee silk. Windows were robbed of lace curtains to make up deficiencies in the supply of mosquito nets. When we ran short on feather and down pillows, cotton and straw ones were substituted. Surgical dressings were rapidly exhausted and must be supplied from material on hand. As materials for sand-bags were brought in from districts where fire had been started by the enemy with the unvarying result that the territory was captured by the foreigner, hospital helpers eagerly scanned them and chose from the heap that which would be of service to the wounded. Our ministers' wives were most untiring in their efforts to supply our needs, and never did we appeal to them in vain.

We went into siege in the British Legation on June 20, and on June 22 regular night service was begun in the hospital. The service here was in many ways unique. Nurses limited in linguistic attainments were serving English, American, German, French, Austrian, Italian, Japanese, Russian, Dutch, Indian and for a time Chinese men. Later we became so crowded that a separate and special work was done for the Chinese.

With most remarkable facility did patient and nurse communicate ideas, and it was surprisingly easy to serve men of whose tongue one understood not a word. In those days a word or two of English spoke volumes, and there was much that was original in the sign language which one instictively used. Care was taken to place men of the same tongue near together, so that some of the many hours might be whiled away in pleasant conversation and that sympathies might be exchanged.

In the International we knew no luxuries and no modern conveniences. Soon our surgical dressings were exhausted, and ordinary Chinese cotton, muslin, linen, silk and sawdust were sterilized and used. Our supply of thermometers gradually dwindled till it became quite a chore to take temperatures with the remaining few. Hypodermic needles became so blunted that one hesitated to use them. Antiseptics were used with great care and economy. An inexhaustible supply of coal, an unfailing supply of water and a most faithful and devoted Chinese cook warranted a free use of boiled water. But when by night the "rains descended and the floods came" we sometimes found it necessary to construct a temporary bridge to maintain connections with our source of supply, which was separated a little from the main building.

No electric light or gas plant supplied our illumination, and even such old fashioned things as the kerosene lamp and tallow candles were under the ban. To illuminate our buildings meant to furnish target points for the enemy's guns, and so we preferred darkness to light.

It was rather weird to walk about those overfilled wards, to the music of shot and shell, in the narrow way left between the pallets on the floor. The windows and veranda walls were heaped high with sand bags and even on moonlight nights, which we hailed with joy, only a limited portion of light could enter. A lamp burning low, placed in a corner and surrounded by a screen, was kept in the surgery ready for instant use when the wounded men were brought in. Small lanterns blinded on three sides were kept face to the wall like naughty children, in obscure corners, and brought out when a light was found to be indispensable. And what vexing things these lanterns were! How, placed in their little corners, they did not shine as they should, but seemed to become asphyxiated, and smoked and went out! What a search we had for them some nights, and how anxious we were lest they should absolutely refuse to work. Candles and matches were kept at hand for a sudden emergency, and often were called to duty.

One of the first nights on duty, a nurse had charge of German and Russian patients in one room, in another of a German and an Italian. The latter were mortally wounded men, and really needed constant attention to keep them quiet and supply their demand for water. Great strong, brave men, with magnificent physiques, wounded to death! An Italian orderly was left on duty with his Italian brother, but a reclining steamer chair proved too tempting to the over-weary man, and in spite of his best efforts, sleep would descend upon him. The nurse's knowledge of Italian was nil till she caught the term for water, and her once slight knowledge of

German had been largely lost in the acquisition of Chinese. The enemy kept up a very heavy firing that night, and it was with great difficulty that the two rooms could be cared for, as a call could scarcely be heard from one to the other. Shortly after midnight, a sudden change came over the Italian, and the orderly was quickly roused, in the hope that he might take a last message and speak a word in a familiar tongue. Like a shot he was out of the room and the nurse was alone with the two fast dying men, and unable to speak intelligibly with either. Just as the Italian passed away the orderly arrived breathless, with an Italian priest and a friend whom he had hastened to call when he saw the end so near. A short service was held, and at the close the friend looked up at the nurse and asked "Finish?" and was answered, "Yes, finish," and the dead was borne from the room to be wrapped in the flag of his country for burial. Before the morning dawned the brave German lay wrapped in the German flag beside his Italian brother. Days of siege were days when differences of creed and nation were forgotten and we truly felt that God had made of one blood all the nations of the earth. The brotherhood of man was shining upon us, and genuine sorrow filled our hearts as brave men fell about us.

One of our American marines fell on the wall, and as the grave was being prepared in the Russian Legation one of the Russian marines was assisting. When an American offered to take his place the Russian refused, saying, "I with him on the wall. He my brother," and continued at the task till it was completed, and assisted in placing "his brother" to rest.

One night in the midst of the roar of Chinese guns a number of mules in the compound broke loose and stampeded to the Hospital area, and it seemed sometimes that they would walk in the very doors in spite of efforts to keep them away. In the midst of their careering about they came upon a cart a short distance in front of the Hospital. Now this cart had been preempted as a roost by a few very precious chickens which some thoughtful and far-sighted member of the Russian Legation had brought into siege with him. If the cackling of hens had had a like happy effect upon the situation in Peking that the cackling of geese had upon Rome, relief might have come that night. But the noise and confusion served but to disturb weary and wounded men. These same chickens deserve no small amount of praise; for the precious eggs they gave us were instrumental in saving the lives of some of our sick. How very wonderfully we were provided for! More and more do we marvel at it, as we look back on those trying days, and thank Him Who had us in His care.

Little can one who has never borne arms realize what it means to a man on duty to be wounded, borne from his post and shut up in a hospital. What must it have meant to the brave men who defended the British Legation in the summer of 1900! Too well they knew how few in number our force was, and they knew too something of the strength of the enemy. For well they knew the long hours of duty that had been theirs, and yet of necessity was it so and they shrank not from it. To be wounded and off duty, to leave other men to a most

overwhelming task, to lay aside gun and belt when not a man could be spared, to lie quietly and patiently in bed during the awful fusillades of the enemy when it seemed that at any moment they might burst upon us, this indeed was hard. It was difficult sometimes to keep the men from rushing forth to the assistance of their comrades. Again and again the nurses stopped wounded men as they were about to go forth to the fight, and persuaded them that all would be well without their assistance. During the incessant firing of the last night of the siege, the American gunner who had had so much to do with the construction and firing of our International Gun, or "the Betsy," was brought in with a shattered elbow. How hard it was for him to yield his place in the firing line! He would go back! he must go back! The hospital was a very cage to him. How our sympathy went out to him! To be wounded in the very sight of victory! It was not for a night or two that this brave gunner left his gun, but for life. A Chinese bullet in a right elbow, and a man unfitted for service! How sad the records of 1900!

Our Japanese ward was a very interesting one, and one in which the sign language was very popular. The men always seemed cheery and happy, at least smiling no matter how bad their pain. One morning as the nurse stepped to the door, the first call after daylight, she was horrified to see a man who had received very serious head and face injuries, sitting up, smiling at her with what remained of his face, which was divested of all bandages. With a gesture she demanded "where are your bandages?" and the man, smiling, pointed to a

little heap at the side of his pallet and indicated that they had been too tightly drawn to suit him, and so he had calmly removed them. Much to his amusement and that of his fellows, he was borne off to the surgery to have fresh dressings applied. One of the men who had a very painful injury, and who had learned the value of "medicine in the arm," fearing lest his moans might prove unavailing with the night nurse, and being unable to plead save in an unknown tongue, had a friend who had a very slight knowledge of English prepare him a note. This note was prepared by day, and presented about eleven o'clock at night and set forth that the patient had "a very bad pain" and would the nurse please give him "some medicine in his arm."

One night after a fearful fusillade a brave man called the nurse to his bedside, and in the delirium of typhoid confided to her that he had heard the heavy firing and had gotten into the middle of his bed. He thought that would be as safe a place as any he could find. The nurse was grateful to the enemy's guns for driving him there, for he had long lain perilously near the edge.

One night to the hurried and anxious call of "nurse, nurse," the nurses went in in the dark to learn what was wanted. "Nurse, there is a chap that comes and sits on my bed and I am afraid he'll steal my Bible. Won't you please put it under my pillow?" This from a fearfully wounded man, one of the few septic cases, and the nurse instantly thought, "Poor fellow, his mind wanders, he is not long for this world." She replied, "Oh, don't be uneasy, no one will steal your Bible." "But, nurse, won't you put it under my pillow?" Se-

cretly vowing she would if she could find it in the dark she endeavored to quiet his fears as she silently searched for the little book. "But, nurse, it's a very little thing I ask of you," and the Bible was found and slipped under the pillow, the patient urged to rest and sleep. By and by the nurse was in again and the man with the head wound who should have been lying on the pallet just by the door was gone! She glanced about the room and discovered, still in the dark, that he had chosen a bed across the room, fortunately an unoccupied one, and had thrown himself across it. This then was the "chap" who was sitting on the people's beds and whom it was feared might steal Bibles, and the man who had called out for protection was not so delirious after all. The firing was so heavy that night that it was impossible to hear footsteps unless in the room, so an orderly was brought and placed on special duty to guard not Bibles but the beds of the wounded.

After the siege had been in progress some weeks, a "punka" was arranged in one of the wards where there was special need for it. To keep that moving all night was sometimes a task. Two or three Chinese would be detailed for duty. Perhaps the man on second watch would fail to appear, or may have been appointed to more tasks than one that night. Nurses must not only keep awake themselves, but must keep punka men awake. The man was stationed a little distance off the veranda outside the wall of sand bags, inside when occasion demanded. Many were the sleepy pulls that rope had. When the second man failed to put in an appearance, the nurse sometimes went in search of him, vainly

hoping that he might be sleeping in some of the Chinese carts near by. In the dark she peered into these carts, and now came upon the chicken roost, much to her dismay and the alarm of the chickens. Sometimes the punka man prudently left his post while the nurse was occupied in the rear of the hospital. Then the nurse might pull the punka rope, care for three wards and a surgery, and make occasional trips to the convalescent ward in a dwelling near by. She tried to do her duty by them all, but was more or less embarrassed by the situation.

Those days and nights are days and nights never to be forgotten. Nights full of strange experiences, under peculiar circumstances. Bravely our defenders fought for us and nobly they suffered. Ever will our hearts be full of gratitude to those who strove and suffered for us the summer of 1900.—Miss E. E. Leonard, M. D.

I shall never forget one Sunday after the fighting began. I was in the hospital, and wounded were being carried in, while the smoke and ashes nearly blinded us. The bullets flew everywhere, knocking down plaster and bits of tile. A shell struck the ground near the hospital, where horses were tied under the trees, and killed one. I had seen pictures of wounded men and dying horses, but you realize more what a dreadful thing war is when you see the reality. As we went about among the patients that day, it seemed as though the end must be near, but we were so busy we gave little thought to personal danger. Indeed all through those two months we were kept wonderfully free from fear. I had had a feeling of fear and dread quite often when I was alone in

the country, never sure what minute something might happen, and it was a great comfort and relief when I got to the Legation with the others, where if we were killed we would be likely to be killed outright, and not fall into the hands of ruffians.

One of our great trials was that we were not allowed to have a light at night. The enemy was very near, some of them up in trees, and a light made a target for those sharpshooters. Can you imagine how inconvenient it was in the hospital to be in almost total darkness? We had lanterns with black cloth wrapped around and a little hole left to shed a few rays of light. The wounded had to have their beds on the floor—most of them, at least,—and the greater number could not speak English. In the daytime they made their wants known by signs and all kinds of pantomime, and we could easily have some idea of what they wanted. But by night we often had to go to a room in total darkness, and carefully grope our way among the beds on the floor, trying to be careful not to stumble over broken limbs and battered heads, doing what we could for these poor suffering men—most of them mere boys. Very often the noise of the big and little guns was so loud we could not hear even those who spoke English and we had to shout into each other's ears when we tried to speak.

Doors and windows had to be protected with brick walls and sand bags, and the lack of air in the hospital is trying. I felt so sorry for the patients I often wished the sand bags away, thinking it better to run the risk of balls and shells; but when a bullet struck a bag beside

me, I was glad there was something to ward it off. We did not have sand, only earth, and some of our soldiers were killed by bullets that must have passed through the bags.—Miss Janet McKillican.

This soldiers' hospital was a new departure for us all. We realized the cruelty of war more clearly than we could had we not worked there and seen great, strong, perfectly healthy men dying, day after day. We had soldiers of eight nations there.—Miss Maud Mackey, M. D.

In addition to the ladies who served as nurses, a number more helped in serving the meals. The difficulties attendant on cooking for the wounded certainly required just such a superintendent as was found for it. To make appetizing meals from such limited materials, to suit the appetites of men who had nothing to do but to lie and dream of what a nice meal mother could get up for them if they were home, certainly was no easy task. Furthermore, remember that these men came from all nationalities. If they were simply Americans or English, it might be easy to manage. But when they are Russian and Mongolian (that is to say Japanese) and Prussian, to say nothing of Italians and Frenchmen, how is one to know how to arrange the bill of fare so as to tempt every palate? And add to this the fact that these meals must be prepared in a tiny kitchen over a range in one corner, no larger than a camping-out wash stand. But the food was cooked, and nicely, too; the limited means to do with being so varied by appetizing ways of cooking that the menu did not seem so simple after all. For instance, there were among the

kitchen stores several bottles labeled "Ten Thousand," bright colored comfits smaller than the smallest homeopathic pills. This was served up as trimmings to many a dish, and the varied forms in which it would appear caused it to be hailed as an old friend in a new dress every time it made its appearance. The food was all made ready in a sewing room at the back, and then as the ladies issued with their trays to the different wards, and as each lady, ducking under the mosquito net strings, bent lower still to give to the boys on the floor their dessert, one could hear a laugh and an exclamation going up from all the wards—the laugh much the same from all wards—the exclamation, however, being different, from the "Ach, lieber Freund, Zehn Tausend" of the German to the—but I would not know how to spell it even if I remembered what it sounded like in Japanese or Russian. Those dear little Japanese were very jolly and easy to please anyway. Everybody liked to wait on them.

DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES.

Public Services.

I have often wished that some one who attended morning prayers in the chapel would write a new commentary on the Psalms in the light of our siege experiences. As I now recall it, seldom was any scripture except the Psalms read at those gatherings, and how wonderfully they seemed to fit our circumstances and needs. The 91st Psalm was a special revelation to the besieged; the 94th spoke the natural and instinctive language of our own hearts. We came to understand and appreciate the

Imprecatory Psalms even, as had been impossible for us before. Two hymns became particularly familiar to us at those meetings and will always be fuller of meaning for it. "The Son of God goes forth to War" and "Peace, perfect Peace." Full of comfort were those morning devotions—full of interruptions though they were—the fretting of little children, the clatter of dishes, the hum of the sewing machines making endless sand-bags, and the constant coming and going. Those who must, worked; those who could, sang and prayed; but we all worshipped and were helped. Very unconventional it certainly was, as we sat around on boxes, or tables, on rolls of bedding, most of the mothers on their mattresses on the floor tending the little ones, the small boys and girls usually ranged on the altar steps. We tried to fix up the room for the Sunday service, but it was not possible to do much. Beds and dishes were always in evidence; clothing hung around the front and over the reading desk; sponges and wash cloths hung in the windows to sun, and various devices for mosquito netting, ranging from cheese cloth to lace curtains, hung at intervals—a protection, if you happened to have one, from the swarms of flies that descended upon us at the first dawn of light. But who believes that the place was desecrated by all these things? We felt no incongruity between the unsightly array of dishes on the altar and the beautiful paintings of Our Lord which looked down on it from above. But rather the verse came into our minds, "The sparrow hath found an house, and the

swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altar, O Lord of Hosts."—Mrs. Courtenay H. Fenn.

Little Prayer Circles in the Darkness.

"My God is any hour so sweet,
As that which calls me to thy feet—
The hour of prayer."

Such was, and will always be, the feeling of a few who spent two months in the English Chapel in the siege of Peking. It seemed to be the necessity of the hour, and the consciousness of the presence of Him who alone is "our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble," which drew us thus near to each other and to Him. It was a little space, this meeting spot, between two church seats, on the floor, but half a dozen of us could sit there easily, and speak of any heart burden and lay it upon God in prayer. It was sweet to pour out our hearts and know that one who was above all knew all about us and our needs.

Weary with the day's noise and confusion and work of so many kinds, we were to go into nights which had in them, we knew not what, except terror and fear. Night was made hideous by those dreadful attacks, and the thought of possible rushes by the enemy, retreats into bomb-proof cellars, or an attempt to escape, or it might be massacre, all these could but make one shrink from the hours of darkness. The often lighted heavens, lurid with the fire all around, caused fear and trembling, the heavy firing of cannon made us anxious for our men on the wall, the handful defending us so bravely. How could one of them be spared? How dreadful to think

of them being picked off duty in a moment's notice, and called to their account! Among the native Christians little ones were dying, and we feared lest disease spread and epidemic prevail in their quarters. Some of our own members were weak and weary, and babies were drooping, so that it seemed as if they must succumb, as a few did, to the unfavorable and trying circumstances; hospital cases with severe wounds or fevers caused those who so faithfully gave themselves to that work many anxious hours, and for the physicians and nurses and assistants, as well as for those who had charge of the culinary department, we could but seek help from above for each and all. There were a few critical days or nights when to take a gun, to make a rush on the enemy, or to take a fortified position, was the one important thing. The zig-zag path leading to our position on the wall had to be made by night, often when heavy firing was on, and not only native Christians risked their lives in this work, but some foreigners also had to be with them overseeing their work; hence we prayed, if God will, morning might still find our numbers unbroken, and families still one on earth, even in those strange conditions. Again the thought of the hundreds of terrified Christians, scattered, fleeing, suffering, we knew not what, and the ever-returning question how it all was to end, when we could take up the work again, these and many other things pressed upon us daily, and so it was that the evening hour found us thus drawing near to the Throne of Grace, finding "grace to help in time of need." Did our loved ones seem very far from us? Well it was, perhaps, that we did not then know

of the intense anxiety and suspense at home; even then we could sing in our hearts:

"Peace, perfect peace with loved ones far away,
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they."

—E. G. Wyckoff.

Songs in the Night.

Many a prayer meeting was held in our room, and precious indeed is its memory. In times of bombardment, when the shells were falling in our midst, again and again we went before the Lord in prayer and asked Him to direct their fall and protect us. He was our refuge in every time of trouble, and we learned to lean harder on Him.

The night before relief came to us, we had a most violent attack from the enemy's guns. We sat together in our room in silence, for the noise of guns was so great we could not be heard in conversation. One of our number proposed our kneeling in silent prayer, which we did, and after a time arose and sang "Jesus Lover of My Soul," our voices rising above the noise of guns.

How real our God made Himself to us those days! From Him alone came the perfect rest from all fear, and the calm resignation to His will, come what would; and from the depths of our heart we can say, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,

though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." Psalm 46:1, 2, 3.—Hattie E. Rutherford.

One of the many scripture texts which I always associate with the Peking siege is found in Psalm 145:7: "They shall abundandly utter the memory of Thy great goodness and shall sing of Thy righteousness."

None but the Lord Himself can ever fully understand how our lives have been enriched and strengthened by the trials we passed through during those weeks of peril, how He made His word to be more precious to us than ever before, and how we were drawn to Him in prayer and supplication, not forgetting the thanksgiving, as He tells us in Phil. 4.6: "In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."

Those who have passed through a similar experience can understand how blessed it is to be able to say, at all times, "Behold, God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid." (Isa. 12:2.)

When wakened in the night by the terrific sound of firing, with the enemy so near it would seem as though they were ready to rush in upon us at any moment—then to lie still upon our bed and look up, how comforting to know: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee." (Isa. 26:3.)

Yes, "The word of the Lord is tried; He is a buckler to all them that trust in Him." Praise His holy name!

We have been rejoiced to hear the testimony of those who were with us during that time: "The word of the Lord and prayer mean more to us than ever before."

Through all eternity we shall praise and adore Him for the trials which He used in bringing such rich blessing to our souls.

Near the beginning of the siege a dear servant of God came in one day, and Miss Douw invited him to read and pray with us. He turned to the 140th Psalm. As he read the 7th verse I was greatly impressed by the words, "Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle." This came to mind very often afterwards, and now as I think of the many narrow escapes while balls and bullets were falling all around us, surely we must praise the Lord that His word was literally fulfilled before our eyes. I recall one day when Miss Rutherford came in and told us a piece of shell had just struck her hat as she was passing through the court, also Mr. Fenn's narrow escape when his hat was struck by a brick-bat upon the wall.

Well may we unite in praising the Lord when we remember, "Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle."

A friend I met in New York after my return home said to me, "One great desire of my heart for you during that time was that you might be kept quiet from fear of evil."

I said to her: "Your prayer was answered. Your desire was fulfilled."

No doubt there are many who would tell us the same if we could see them.

Now as the dear children of God who were praying for us, and we who were so marvelously delivered, all re-



MISS AMY E. BROWN.



ISS M. E. ANDREWS.



MISS HATTIE RUTHERFORD.

a cloth on top, just outside the chapel doors, but every morning I went out and saw the wind had blown it down.

Mrs. Arthur Smith built a little tent for herself, right near ours, and slept there every night. One morning a big cannon ball was found on the top of her tent, but it had not done any harm.

One day we were standing in the door of the church, and we saw a light through the trees, and for some reason or other it became larger and we saw it was a fire on one of the walls of our compound. After the fire was over, our soldiers made a fort there, and they put a big gun up there and named it Fort Cockburn.

After two months we heard a big gun, and then we thought perhaps the troops might be coming. When we were eating, we heard a big noise and we looked and saw a whole lot of American soldiers coming in. We took some of our soup and gave it to them, because they were very tired and hungry, marching all that way. After they were rested, they fought the Chinese soldiers, and made them all run away.

I was not glad to get out of the siege, but my papa, mamma and everybody else were happy.—Malcolm Gardner Tewksbury, 10 years of age.

Peking, July 18, 1900.

My Dear Grandpa:—

Do you know our houses are burned at the Hills and at Tung-cho too, and we have a better home up in heaven, and the Boxers cannot burn that house because God is taking care of heaven. All our things are burn-

joice together, may we truly magnify the Lord, and exalt His holy name.

"Our help is in the name of the Lord."—Amy E. Brown.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

We started in the night from Tungcho and left a dish of strawberries on the table, and the lights burning too. I wanted to take my little dog with me, but my mamma wouldn't let me. We arrived in Peking in the morning about 7 o'clock, at the M. E. Mission, Hsiao Shun Hu Tung. We stayed there twelve days and then went to the English Legation. We stopped on our way at the U. S. Legation, where Mrs. Squiers kindly invited us all to lunch at her house. That very afternoon they began firing on us.

From the very beginning to the end of the siege we ate horse and mule meat. I sometimes went to see the horses killed. Once I went part way from the chapel to the wall which our soldiers were firing from, and a bullet fell about twelve feet from me, and a man who was on the porch of a house near by said something like: "You better look out or else you will be killed."

I was not afraid, but just at night, and I wanted to go out in the daytime, but my mamma would not let me, except where the gentlemen said it was safe.

I wish I were in it now. Two bullets went into the chapel, but they did not hurt anybody. One hit my mamma on the hip, but it did not hurt her. They were both in the night.

I tried to build a little house out of four sticks, with

FOURTH WEEK.

I. Journals.

II. Articles.

The Corner House. Compiled from Miss Douw.

Our Legation Friends.

III. Children's Corner. Ralph and Ernest Chapin.

July 11—To-day the thermometer stands at ninety-nine and a half in the shade. The siege goes on. Rumors of troops are numerous, but bring no real courage to anyone. Only every day which passes must bring us nearer the end, some end; we can't get around that anyway. For two nights our serenades have been a little less loud and long. We simply wonder why. The Japs are holding on in a wonderful way. They had very few men at first, and so many of them have been killed and wounded that they have at last accepted an offer of aid from the English. They hold not only their own Legation, but the place which joins them, in which are part of the Chinese Christians.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

July 12—This morning a supposed Boxer was captured near the French Legation, wearing a small red bag tied around his neck like other Boxers, but on the bag were the English words, "Button, button, who wants a button?" Evidently he had obtained his bag by looting foreign premises. He claimed to know absolutely nothing of the approach of foreign troops.

We can hurrah again for America. This afternoon they took the International (which the marines call "Puffing Betsy," our name being much too high toned for them) up to our northern fortification, where the Chinese have built up another barricade, behind which they were preparing to mount a Krupp gun. There were not many in the party. There was a big black artillery flag mounted on the Chinese barricade, an important one belonging to two camps. Three men started out to capture this banner. The English marine, who was in front, was knocked down with a brick-bat, but Mitchell, our famous gunner, made a dash for the banner, grabbed one end while a Chinese soldier seized the other, and they played see-saw with it over the barricade for a few seconds; then the third member of the party shot the Chinese soldier, and they were back again behind our barricade with their prize in much less time than it takes to tell it, the Chinese being so astonished at the performance that they forgot to fire until it was too late. —Miss Luella Miner.

Our men took some hooks and hooked down all but two of the sand bags the Chinese had put on top of the wall at the Carriage Park.—Miss J. G. Evans.

The French captured a Chinese flag this morning, and this evening an American marine came in with a big black flag captured. How we clapped him! A big battle followed; is going on yet, I guess. We wish it could have been cannon instead of flags they got.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

This, the 6th anniversary of our marriage, is being

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his mouth, was taken from him, and he was
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passed in a strange manner. We have a great deal to be thankful for, however.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

July 13—On the night of July 13, beginning about 6:30, we had for three hours a most terrific attack. Three mines were exploded in the French Legation, blowing up houses, killing and injuring foreigners as well as some of the enemy. A part of a shell came into our hospital and struck one of the beds, but did not injure the sick man. Several spent balls struck our porch. We rushed around in the most horrible din, making new beds, feeling around in the dark after things, because the windows had been filled with sand-bags. Flames burst out at the French Legation, also at the German Legation and the French hotel. The shot and shell of the Chinese cannon was not good, and did not fit their guns well, or we should long ago have been reduced. Our poor wounded men were so brave; helpless, and yet strong in spirit during those awful hours of attack. When it was found that cannon had been mounted and turned on us, the gentlemen went to work and with the help of the Chinese dug great pits and covered them over as a place for us to retreat, in case the buildings were battered down. That was before we found that they were not good marksmen, and their shells poor. How we prayed that we might not be reduced to that necessity, and we have not.—Miss N. N. Russell.

July 14—Just as I was writing last evening a furious attack began which lasted two hours or more,—the most furious and long continued we have ever had. In the midst of the general confusion a large number of Chinese, some two hundred, were discovered creeping

along close to the wall toward the American Legation. They were fired upon by our troops, and thirty or forty were killed. If we could realize the situation it would be a fearful thing to feel oneself in the focus of all this murderous hate and deviltry. As it is, we feel held in the hollow of the Lord's hand, and so safe. This afternoon one of our messengers, sent out some time ago to find the troops, returned with a letter purporting to come from Prince Ching and others,—the most audacious and absurd letter that ever was written. The writer utterly ignored the fact that government soldiers have been cannonading us night and day the past three and a half weeks, assumes that relations are friendly, and desires to maintain them so; hence wishes to protect us. They have devised the following plan: they request the foreign ministers, with their families and staff officers, to leave the Legations and come in detachments to the Tsung-li-yamen, the government sending trusty men to protect them, but on no account to allow a single armed soldier to accompany them; they to be kept for the present in the Tsung-li-yamen till arrangements are made for sending them home. They request an answer to-day. They say no other plan can be devised, and if the ministers refuse to accede to this request, even their "affection" can do nothing to help us. One wonders what their idea is in sending such a letter. They cannot be fools enough to expect us to accede to such a request. The messenger was a Catholic. He was seized just outside the city, his letter, written to the captain of the troops, which was hidden in his mouth, was taken from him, and he was beaten eighty blows; but his life was spared, that he

might bring us this letter and take back an answer.—Miss M. E. Andrews.

I think all our ministers need say in reply to these terms would be "German minister."—Miss J. G. Evans.

July 15, Sunday—To-day has been quiet and we have not had to make sand bags. Just as last week, there were devotional exercises at half past nine and a Bible reading at 3. There was also a Church of England service at Sir Claude's house. Beside these, there were separate services for the hospital patients, the sick Chinese, the school girls, and for other Chinese.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

While I was sitting at the door of the chapel today, a piece of an exploded shell struck my hand so hard as to make it ache for hours.—Miss J. G. Evans.

July 16—Last night was one of the hardest yet. We had two sharp attacks, one at nine and one at twelve o'clock, and in between times the poor sick babies in the church cried. Then the mosquitoes bit until the flies got ready for their attack. We all smile at the way the enemy's cannon roar and their rifles crash when they are so anxious for peace.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

This morning Rev. Arthur Smith led prayers and called our attention to the many special providences of our situation.

July 16 was one of the darkest days of the siege for many of us. We had been fired upon day and night constantly for four weeks. Many of the women had not been able to sleep through the long weary nights for the noise made by the boom of cannon and the zipping of bullets, and often when these large noises would die

away we would hear the Chinese bugles and the howling of the mob outside—which were weird unearthly sounds more trying to the nerves than the firing of guns. Many of the men dared not sleep because of the weakness of our position. The general alarm was sounded nearly every night during those first weeks (sometimes two or three times), which meant every man at his post to defend the women and children. Many of the English and American marines had not slept with their boots off for a month, and they were nearly worn out with constant watching and the lack of proper food and rest. Nearly every day we had seen one, two or three of our boys being carried to the hospital till that place was full to overflowing. When the women saw a wounded man being carried toward the hospital, they would look wildly about to see if their loved ones were in sight, well knowing that husband or father were on duty in perilous places, and almost holding their breath till they knew who had fallen. Provisions were running low, except for brown bread and horse meat (for which we never forgot to be thankful). These days the precious cans of condensed milk were saved for the little ones and no one had white rice except invalids.

I was on night duty at the hospital, and after a weary night of serving (which I was so glad to do) I watched the morning of July 16 dawn, wondering what this day had in store for us. It was dark, gloomy and sticky. A drizzling rain added to the general depression and to the foul odors which were bad enough in dry weather. The faces of the men as we moved in

and out among them with basins of water and towels were unusually hopeless. I tried to jolly them up by telling those with broken arms that they ought to be thankful it was not their legs, for when the troops came they could walk to Tientsin, and those with broken legs I told them they ought to be glad it wasn't their heads, but sometimes a man would wish he had been killed outright and I could not blame him, for it was so uncomfortable with scanty hospital furnishings, coarse diet, the swarms of flies and mosquitoes, making their environment anything but cheerful.

Some of us stood on the hospital veranda that morning and saw a squad of English marines, perhaps twenty, march out and soon disappear from our view as they crept out through a hole under the wall to cross the moat and re-enforce their comrades on the east where the firing was unusually heavy. In about an hour one of them was carried back, and we had no sooner put him on the table to dress his wound than they carried in another man, Captain Strouts, whose left thigh was shattered and bleeding profusely, and whose features were pinched and drawn with pain. I said to the one brought in first, "Are you badly hurt?" and he said, "No, no; see to him first." As the word passed from lip to lip that morning through the Legation, that Captain Strouts was fatally wounded, that Dr. Morrison was wounded—though not seriously, that an English marine had died of hemorrhage in the night, that Fisher, an American marine, had been shot on the wall that morning, an indescribable gloom settled down over all and we wondered how much longer we could

hold out at this rate. Two gallant captains—Myers and Halliday—were already in the hospital seriously wounded and it was now a question of who could take command. In discussing the hopelessness of the situation with one of the soldier boys that day and the dreadful loss of life, he said cheerfully, "Why, if all the men were killed and only the women and children saved, it would be all right—that's what we are here for."

The sun came out in the afternoon, and things seemed brighter, and then we remembered that some one else long ago, like ourselves was "troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed"; and also that "our light affiiction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." That evening just before sunset, there was a lull in the firing and many of the women, soldiers of all nationalities, ministers and their wives, followed Capt. Strouts' body to its last resting place in the little crowded cemetery in the corner of the British compound. The English burial service was read and as the body was being lowered wrapped in a blanket and the flag was removed—to be used for the next one—a shell went shrieking overhead so near us that we all involuntarily dodged. This was soon followed by another and another. We hurried back to the little chapel and a shell burst so near us that it cut some leaves from a tree overhead and some pieces of shrapnel fell at our feet. Suddenly the thrilling news passed around that Major Conger had received

a cablegram from Washington and we waited with wild impatience to hear what it was, as we had been shut up in the Legation for a month without any news from the outside world. Imagine our disappointment when a little later we found that all it contained was "Transmit message hourly." No news of when relief was coming, or if it was coming at all. No date, no nothing. There was much speculation as to what this message meant, and it took us some time to comprehend that it was sent only that we might have a chance of returning a message. Major Conger replied in cipher: "For one month we have been besieged in the British Legation under continuous shot and shell from Chinese troops. Quick relief only can prevent general massacre."* When forwarding his reply he asked that it be sent to the address from which the other had come. The next day the Yamen sent him an answer, saying his message had been forwarded, and explaining that the telegram sent to him had been contained in a telegram from Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister at Washington, and dated July 11. This message, on being received at Washington, was not given to the public at once, for they thought there was surely some mistake—perhaps poor Mr. Conger was losing his wits because of the unusual nervous strain to which he was subjected. Had not the Chinese minister assured them that all this late unpleasantness was caused by lawless bands of Boxers with which the government was vainly endeavoring to cope?

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*"There is only one chance in a thousand that they will forward it, but it is worth risking," Maj. Conger said. And they really did send it, as the world knows. Mrs. J. Inglis.

We found out long afterwards that the Chinese had suffered defeat at Tientsin on the 13th and 14th, and this accounted for the cessation of hostilities; although the sharpshooting continued daily, there were no more organized attacks or cannonading till the last few days of the siege.

It was one of these days that Mrs. Conger referred us to the passage of scripture in 2nd Cor. 1:8-11 which seemed to fit us so well: "For we would not, brethren, have you ignorant of our trouble which came to us in Asia, that we were pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that we despaired even of life. But we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead: Who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver: in whom we trust that He will yet deliver us."—Emma E. Martin, M. D.

Tuesday, July 17.—Another letter came also to Major Conger, in answer to his, inquiring in regard to the strange telegram of the day before. They say it comes from Washington, and was accompanied by another telegram not in cipher, from Wu, the Chinese minister in Washington. A copy of the telegram was sent. It says that the Secretary of State instructs him to telegraph that America will gladly help China; also to inquire after the welfare of Major Conger. I have no faith in the authenticity of the telegram. I do not believe such a message could be possibly sent by our government, after the telegrams we sent home a month ago telling of the burning of all our property, the

massacre of all our Christians, and our own danger.—Miss Andrews.

As if this wasn't excitement enough for one day, another Boxer was captured early in the morning; then a white flag appeared over the Chinese barricade by the French Legation, followed by a soldier who had lost an ear and who said he had come for medical treatment. The deserting soldier was quite communicative. He is a bugler, and one explanation given of the loss of his ear is that it was cut off by his colonel because he did not blow his bugle according to orders. He says the Boxers and soldiers are now at swords' points. Evidently each wanted a large proportion of loot and a small proportion of fight, and now that looting is on the wane for lack of victims, each prefers that the other should die for his country. Many soldiers want to desert, but the gates are guarded, so that they cannot go out in large companies, and if they go singly, they fall into the hands of the angry Boxers.—Miss L. Miner.

THE CORNER HOUSE.

How many memories are stirred at the mention of the "Corner House." Others, who knew it in its former state, might call it the "First Secretary's house," but to us who made our home there during that eventful summer, it was, and always will be, "the corner house."

It is a large two-story house at the southeast corner of the British Legation. When residence in the Alliance Mission in the west city was judged unsafe, Miss Brown and I went to the American Legation, but Miss

Gowans and Miss Rutherford, as British subjects, went to that house, where they were joined by Miss McKillican of the A. P. M., also a Canadian. When the American Legation also was pronounced unsafe, we who were there joined the party in the corner house, as did also Miss Newton of the A. P. M. So the six of us tried to plan how we could best make ourselves comfortable for the time we should be there. When we had already been there about two weeks, meeting Dr. Martin one day, he volunteered the remark, that he thought we could hold out ten days longer. Little we dreamed it would be eight weeks in all!

In this house twenty-six foreigners were quartered. There were four bed rooms down stairs. A bank director and his wife occupied one of these until it was needed as an annex to the hospital; when they moved into a smaller room in the same house. The family of Mr. Stonehouse (L. M. S.) lived in another of these large rooms, while a third, not so large, was occupied by the single ladies of the London Mission, with the exception of Miss Smith, who arranged a cot for herself in the entry, curtaining it off with Chinese gauze of so gorgeous a hue that it was called by some "the throne of the Queen of Sheba." Of our own room, I will speak later.

The second floor of this house, being too exposed for safety, the other lodgers, men without wives, had no other place open to them than the lower veranda. That was open, alas, too open! Here, on shutters, or in hammocks, these poor men sought repose, and a wash basin at the end of the veranda located the toilet room. As

the rooms occupied by the ladies opened out with glass doors upon this veranda, and as we could keep the shutters closed but on one side, much of the time, these fellow-lodgers might have made it very disagreeable for us. That they did not, was owing to the fact that they were *gentlemen;* and the ladies never think of them without gratitude for their delicate consideration.

The upper story of the house was not useless, though it could not be used for living purposes, being far too exposed. But it was used as barracks and watch tower and fort. The wide verandas at front and side of the house were bricked half the way up, and then barricaded with many colored sand-bags as high as the capitals of the columns, leaving the arch above for ventilation. The gaps between the sand-bags could admit the muzzle of a gun if sharpshooting should be necessary; and on the upper veranda our boys were always on the watch with their rifles. Some of the upper rooms served as granaries, great silken bags of wheat being carried up and stored there. After the siege was lifted, the roof of the house was used as a signal station—and an officer could be heard giving the message to the man who stood upright, and, flag in hand, wig-wagged the message to the officer on guard at the great city gate, the Chien Men.

But now let us go down stairs again, and we will let you know how we six lived in one room.

The first thing to plan for was a place to sleep. A trunk or two, made even by wraps, formed the beds of two, while two more were accommodated on a mattress

placed first on the floor, and afterwards, when the fleas proved too terrible a foe, spread upon the dining room table, which was nightly dragged in from the hall for this purpose. Afterwards, some boxes and trunks took the place of this table, which it was found inconvenient to move, and covered with shawls, served as a couch or table by day, and a bed by night. A spring mattress placed on four boxes formed the bed of the remaining couple (one of whom, however, afterwards made her bed on a row of chairs). It was for quite a while a mystery how the mosquitoes could pass the barricade made by the net expressly designed to prevent their sharp night attacks; but finally they were detected in mining operations—coming up through the springs—and this point also was defended.

The bath-room was a wash stand in a corner behind two screens. The ordinary amenities of life would not include an invitation to come to one's house at a certain hour, and enjoy the luxury of a sponge bath, but circumstances so alter cases that many of the ladies quartered in the chapel were most grateful to accept invitations, and the corner was occupied most of the time.

Now, one will ask, "How did you eat?" We had brought with us, in the first place, a low sewing table and two chairs. We ate at first in our own room, from this table, using, in addition to these chairs, a soap box and an artist's stool on which was placed a rattan foot-stool. Thus four could sit at table, while two waited to eat at second table, one of whom in the meantime served, this place being taken in turn by all the younger

members of the party. Some trunks which served as a bed by night did duty as sideboards by day. We afterwards changed our dining room, and took our meals when another party had finished, from the Queen's dining table in the hall. (Called "Queen's table" because it had the initials V. R. on it.)

At the time of our coming here we were all packed for our summer at Pei Tai Ho. So we had some stores, dishes and table linen (the latter not strong enough for sand-bags). The time when the chapel dwellers were sitting in disconsolate rows on the altar steps, plate in lap and glass and tea cup between feet, was the very time that our stores were most abundant, and many ladies were invited over, one by one. The attraction of the invitation did not consist in the many courses but the small homelike accessories of the meal, and the comparative stillness and comfort. On such occasions we often treated ourselves and them to plum pudding, made with citron and a few raisins. This in siege times was a great treat, but as time drew on, and our stores became diminished, we were obliged to discontinue these invitations.

The cooking was done in the kitchen of the house, in a back building, by our own servant, he taking his turn with the other cooks at the fire. Our family, like all others, were required to spare our servants two hours each day for work on fortifications, but this caused so much confusion that we gave the whole time of two men, retaining the right to control the time of the other one. (One of the two men was a Christian

mason, whom we took into service for the time being to save his life.)

As to our employments, we were busy, like all the other ladies, in the making of sand-bags. Even the Turkish rugs of the Legation were surrendered for this purpose, and at times we not only made sand-bags, but afterwards held them, while others with fire shovels filled them, and then they were tied and taken off. Later, when the need for these sand-bags was not so great, but the want in the hospital was greater, we made shirts, etc., for the wounded, or garments for the soldiers whose uniforms were giving out with hard use. Our room in the daytime always looked as if a Dorcas Society were being held which never broke up. The sewing machine which we had brought with us was scarcely ever allowed to rest.

Four of our number assisted in the hospital, and a medal from the Red Cross Society of Italy has since been received by the Superintendent of the Alliance Mission, in acknowledgment of this work.

One book published on the siege says there were no prayer meetings held during this time. The author of this book held the post of gate keeper, or guard at the large gate of the Legation. So how could he know of the daily meetings, held not only in the chapel, but in other places? We had daily prayers with the Chinese, attended not only by our servants, but by others employed in the house, occasionally twelve or more present. After a while English service was held on Sundays in the hall, for the benefit of the convalescents in the hospital room and other soldiers off duty and able

to attend. This was conducted by Mr. Stonehouse and others. A baby organ that we brought with us added to the interest of these meetings. And during times when fires would be kindled outside our lines, when there was nothing that we could do but pray, we would gather, the few of us in our room, and ask for help.

There were times, when the fires came nearer, when we had to help answer our prayers. At such times we not only helped in passing the buckets, but also were called to lend some. Of course, it was necessary to keep all stores, dishes, etc., in our own room. At times of fire, one and another would come in and ask for pitchers or pails or anything that would hold water, also for ropes. They were lent with fear and trembling lest they might not be returned; and after the fires were subdued, what a looking for those same articles there was! For what could we do without anything to hold water, to wash our faces or hands or clothes, or even to wash our dishes with!

The house was very much exposed, east, west and south, having no buildings between us and the enemy, while the height of the house made it a fair target for the bullets of the enemy. We often picked up flattened bullets under the walls of the house, and even on the piazza; and when we take into consideration the number of bullets which were picked up in the neighborhood, it is wonderful how any of us escaped. One of our ladies had several pieces of shell thrown on the rim of her hat, as she crossed the tennis court. The leaves or little twigs often fell from the trees outside as they were shot off by the Chinese. The back

of the house was peppered with bullets, a washbowl which had been used for washing garments being here shot through and rendered useless. A bullet passed through the transom in the hall, and shattered the glass. Three cannon shots passed through the house; one through the roof, just escaping a gentleman who but a moment before stood in its range; another shot into Mr. Stonehouse's room, as his wife lit a candle, to minister to a sick child, and a third through the room above. We used to pray that no ball would enter our room, and none ever did. During the night attacks, as we listened to the blare of Chinese trumpets, and the ominous boom of cannon so near us, it seemed impossible but that we must be shot in bed; truly it seemed as if they were shooting in every direction. Some of us took up our mattresses and walked over to the ball-room for a time, because Mr. Gamewell thought it was safer there than in our room.

We might speak of many discomforts, of that sticky varnish, those flies, those mosquitoes, those odors, those noises. Could anyone reproduce them? Or would he, if he could? Let us confine ourselves to the one sense of sight.

In the daytime, as we sat near the long windows opening on the veranda, we could see the children playing there; and it would have been amusing, if it were not pathetic, to see how martial their plays had become. They would tramp up and down the length of the veranda, shouting "Forward, march." There was a stick mounted on wheels which they drew about in imitation of a cannon, and a very good imitation it was. Some-

times they would repair to the tennis ground near by, and build forts, from which they really threw stones and hurt each other. One of the mothers once expostulated with one of the boys who had hurt another. "Why, mamma," said the youngster, "he called me a Boxer"—a perfectly valid excuse according to his view. These martial sports had to leave the veranda altogether later in the siege, as the Stonehouse baby became so ill. Instead of romping with the others, he was now carried up and down, as he grew weaker and weaker under the deprivations of the siege. Little we thought that the little fellow would ever live to get out and that his father, who was carrying him, would be called away first, picked off by a bullet when on a country trip some months later.

But from these long windows little can be seen, on account of the groups on the veranda, and the barricade between the pillars, formed partly by the trunks and boxes belonging to the inmates of the house. Suppose we join the group on the piazza and watch what there is to see from that point.

Let us bound our views as we used to bound states in the geography class, commencing with the north end of the veranda. At this side lies a vacant square, in front of the hospital. When we first went into the siege, a flock of 75 sheep was brought in and kept there, to be used for food. We broke off the small branches of the trees and fed to them by request, to keep them from breaking away.* On the opposite side of the

*A large flock of sheep were driven in and the ponies and mules were brought from the different legations and tied any-

sheepfold, on the north, was the house occupied by the Russians. They barricaded their veranda with trunks, etc., and their carts and mules occupied the open space in front, their chickens roosting in the trees, or on the top of carts, till all were eaten. One of the mules was killed by a shot from the enemy, and the others were then removed.

Passing now to the east, that is, the front of the house, we find the view bounded by the east wall of the Legation. Between the bomb-proof at the foot of this wall, and the front of the house, passes the great road of the Legation which leads to the small eastern gate, usually presided over by a Catholic priest. On the bushes near by and the piles of tree branches, one can often see part of our wash, viz., towels and handkerchiefs, put out to dry; or if the day should be rainy, our pails, etc., put out to catch the precious rain-water, which utensils, spite of our watching, were sometimes carried off.

To the south of us was a little court, separated from us by a few old carts and the piled-up branches of

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where under the trees. I could not imagine at first what they wanted with all those sheep and horses, when there was little enough room for the people; but I soon realized that we were getting ready for a siege, and these animals proved very useful afterwards.

For the first few days the sheep had to be fed with the branches of leaves that the bullets and shells brought down, and one day I had a good laugh as I looked out of the hospital and saw Miss Newton, Miss Rutherford and some one else going past, tugging at a huge limb that had been struck down by a shell. They had almost more than they could do to get it dragged along and lifted over the railing into the enclosure where the sheep were waiting for it. They went at it in such a matter-of-fact way as though that had always been their work.

trees. After we had been in some days, a hole was made in the south wall of this court, thus opening a passage from this Legation to the Chinese quarters, and beyond to the Russian Legation, also forming an inner and safer passage to the American Legation.

The west, being behind the house, is not in view from the veranda. So now, our ground is complete.

To tell of what could be seen from our veranda would be to give a brief epitome of the siege. The very first coming into the Legation was mainly through the large gate further north; but after the firing commenced, that was guarded, and later a redoubt built out, so that passing back and forth was mostly confined to either the small eastern gate, or the hole in the southern wall. It seemed like a continuous procession all day long—military and private citizens—ministers of Legation and ministers of the gospel—private soldiers and Chinese coolies—and often there was little distinction among them. But some figures among the throng attract our notice from the frequency with which they pass—Mr. Gamewell on his bicycle going to superintend the work on fortifications—also Dr. Ament, who one day had a bottle shot out of his hand while he remained unhurt. The bringing of grain and supplies from the foreign and Chinese stores is a most necessary work (albeit a dangerous one), and here we may note the constant passing of Mr. Chamot's* cart, protected by his American wife, gun in hand, taking bread and other provisions to those whom they fed.

*Keeper of the French Hotel, located now on one of the open pavilions.

We may know this cart by the Belgian flag covering one side of it. And there is a loaded cart coming in, driven by a slender boy of 15 or so, son of Mr. Squiers of the American Legation. Now, as we look, go men carrying out the wreck of buildings, torn down to prevent danger of fire, or too close quarters of the enemy. And again, here are a couple of coolies carrying a mule's head on a pole between them. This and other refuse is carried out the gate and dumped in the canal. Or we may see missionaries and others hacking down the trees in front of the house, lest they make a cover for sharp-shooters. Later we see digging of the bomb-proof in front, prepared for the women and children of the house in case the bullets come too thickly.

One of the depressing sights in the early part of the siege was the coming in of the soldiers from all the Legations, when the Austrian commander thought all was lost. Then from time to time we would see the wounded carried past on the way to the hospital. Then, all too often, the funerals of our brave defenders carried by their comrades in arms, preceded by Rev. Mr. Allen or Rev. Mr. Norris, reciting: "I am the resurrection and the life."* The burial was almost under our windows; often two, and twice three, in a grave. But finally came brighter days of hope, and at last we can see from our veranda the excitement as the relief party comes straggling in amid hurrahs of welcome!

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*It was remarkable how quickly, after this sad rite was over, the gold and purple and fine-twined linen of the priestly robe would be doffed, and the one return to his duties in the hospital and the other shoulder his shovel and go to direct and help on fortification work.

And lastly, there is the long line of carts which went out of the gate with the first British convoy, of which procession we were a part; and so ended the life in "The Corner House."—Compiled from letters and conversations of Miss D. M. Douw.

Our Legation Friends.

Mrs. Conger and Mrs. Squiers were lovely all through, and were ready everywhere with a helping hand.—Miss N. N. Russell.

One generous soul, a rich lady, the granddaughter of John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Herbert Squiers, the wife of the First Secretary of Legation, gave us many loads of beautiful stores, which saved the lives of delicate ladies and pining little children through the dreadful siege. —Mrs. A. H. Smith.

It was the ingenuity of adapting means to ends, as well as a generous spirit of self-sacrifice, that won for Mrs. Conger the title of "The Fairy God-mother," by which she was known in the hospital. And not only in supplying these needs, but in all other cases coming to her notice, nothing was too nice to sacrifice for the public good. If cloth for sand-bags failed, she brought forward her own supplies of dainty hemstitched table linen just brought from home, and the rolls of silk the Empress Dowager had presented her the year before. And it seemed an inspiration to meet her as she came out at the time of "Blindman's Holiday" to join the group of missionaries around the bell tower, giving us words of sympathy and cheer.

People of other nationalities were impressed with the democratic customs prevalent in our Legation (that is to say, the American quarter of the English Legation), and the relations existing between ourselves and our chief. Their envy was openly expressed at the time when the messenger came in with messages for the Legations. These messages were received by the other ministers with the reserve of diplomacy; but Maj. Conger's were deciphered by the code as rapidly as possible, copied out, and then each letter as finished taken out and read to the crowd assembled around the bell tower, a crowd by no means all American, but as eager for news as we. They were afterwards tacked up on the boards with other public notices.

We were fortunate in having so many fighting men among our chiefs of Legation. Maj. Conger had served in the Atlanta campaign, marching with Sherman to the sea. He worked on the defenses with his own hands, like the true American that he was. Mr. Squiers and Mr. Bainbridge were also military men.

But to return to the ladies. In the making of the sand-bags, they were in no wise behind the missionary ladies. In fact, being less hampered with cares for the means of life of a great crowd, perhaps they could devote more time to it than we. In three days the six ladies at the Legation made 1,500 sand-bags.

And in all other labors of love they were most abundant. Many a delicacy from the table of Mrs. Squiers went to sustain some drooping invalid. Mrs. Bainbridge, wife of the second secretary, had no extensive storeroom from which to draw, nor had she strength for

rk, being much of the time ill herself. But some of us saw beautiful revealings of a tender heart as we saw her sit for hours by the side of the poor little dying lamb of our flock, afterwards, when all was over, preparing the little body for its dainty casket.

And the kindness of the English minister and his wife, Sir Claude and Lady MacDonald, and the sister of the latter, Miss Armstrong, their repeated acts of courtesy and generosity, come up at every thought of our siege camp.—A. H.

Of the thoughtfulness of Lady MacDonald and her sister, Miss Armstrong, Mrs. Inglis makes grateful acknowledgment: "We never received so much kindness from any one. We were given cradle, carriage, mosquito netting, distilled and mineral water, daily, and Lady MacDonald even took her own little three-year-old Stella off from cow's milk to let our baby try it for a change. I shall never forget the morning that baby died, when Lady MacDonald came with tears in her eyes, and said: 'I know what it means to lose a child, for I lost two within four days.' How a common grief opens our hearts to that Christ-like sympathy that makes the whole world kin."

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The following is from Ralph Chapin in his own words:

"We had horse's meat to eat and old Chinese rice. It was coarse, brown rice. I used to eat salt on my bread because I knew salt was in butter, because I couldn't

have any butter. I wouldn't go to the siege of Peking again for a dollar, I wouldn't.

Ernest Chapin remarked one day: "Next time I go to the siege I'll——" going on to tell how he would fight the Boxers.

FIFTH WEE

I. Journals.

II. Articles.

The Husbands. Mrs. Chapin,
others.

The Children. Mrs. Ewing, Mrs.
ers.

III. Children's Corner. Ruth Ingram.

July 18. The messenger who returned fi
Ching and others" states that foreign troops
war, and that our soldiers on the wall are v
tionable—please remove them!!—Miss J. G. Ev

Thursday, July 19. The Chinese on the wa
out under a flag of truce and ask if they may
their dead from the wall. Our troops are only to
to have them do it. They wrap up twenty-two in
ting and let them down over the wall into the soutl
city, where an immense crowd is assembled to view
grewsome scene. The stench is very dreadful. Th
secretary of the Tsungli Yamen calls, but the only tal
is about the feasibility of starting a market for fresh
fruits and vegetables. A man comes to the Han Lin
barricade with seventy eggs tied about his waist in his
girdle, and only two of the lot are broken.—Mrs. E. K.
Lowry.

I have been over to the American Legation. The



RUTH INGRAM.



MISS ALICE TERRELL



destruction there of trees, houses, etc. is something to make one wonder how we have escaped. There is a strong barricade across Legation street, just above the Legation entrance; but the most wonderful barricade, I think, is the double one just by the bridge. I should think it would be almost impossible to take that. We went where we could see something of the work done on the wall, but cannot go up there now, as it is not considered safe for us. We came very near to the enemy's barricades. Their flags can be seen east and west. Then we went over into the court where the Christians are, and home by the bridge and moat. This was getting out a little, but not very safe.—Miss J. G. Evans.

Friday, July 20. We are wondering if the troops have really started today. We have had another quiet day and night. No special news to-day. Some amusing things, among others, a cart load of watermelons sent to the foreign ministers with a card purporting to be from the Emperor Kuang Hsu, saying he feared they might not be able to get them here, and wished to make a present of them. (It is true that we can get no fruit or vegetables of any kind. A few hucksters have ventured to come within our lines with things to sell, but we hear that their heads were taken off in consequence. However, a few eggs are smuggled in, so that the sick ones and the little children can have them.) Some copies of the Peking *Gazette* were brought in today containing various government edicts. They are posted upon the bell tower, but so many have been around them, reading and copying, that I have not yet

had opportunity to get within reading distance.—Miss Andrews.

Our men are hard at work superintending the countermining. No amount of description of a countermine gives one such an idea as to see the real thing—a trench 12 to 15 feet deep dug parallel to our outside walls, so that any mining under this wall would be discovered. Today our men found a wonderful thing while digging in a countermine in the Han Lin court—a large collection of ancient stone cannon balls, made ready to fire from a catapult. The tree under whose roots they were found must have been growing there five hundred years.—A. H.

July 21. There has been a sort of half truce since the letters from the palace, and some Chinese soldiers were induced to come near enough our lines for conversation. The result is an egg market, the soldiers bringing the eggs concealed on their bodies. Even with this precaution, we know that several have been killed by their officers for thus helping the enemy. But what a Godsend these eggs are to us! Ellen was almost wild over hers. I am allowed to buy three a day, but only children or sick persons have permission to eat these luxuries.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

July 22. The little Inglis baby died today. She was not quite a year old. She kept well the longest of any of the children, but first faded away when she was taken sick.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

July 23. We had a very hard rain last night and this morning. I never saw such a rain for so many

hours. Of course this may delay the troops more or less. But it will wash out the moat near us where all the refuse of this little city has been thrown for the past month, and it will give us air to breathe a bit more free from the vile odors, perhaps.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

This afternoon four of us went first to the American Legation, then out into Legation street as far as the German Legation. When they were bombarding us all the time it was not safe to go so far. Such destruction as we saw! The Germans still hold the place, but how the houses are riddled! When the trouble began, they had 51 there. Now they have but 27 who can do duty. Ten have been killed and many wounded. It is wonderful they could have held the Legation the night the attack was made upon it—three guns on the wall and two below firing shot and shell upon them. The Legation is close up under the city wall, so they were at their mercy, as the Chinese hold that part of the wall. While there, one realized the great danger we had been in and still were in, for we could see how close their line was to ours. Looking through a loophole we could see a Boxer flag only a few rods away. At one place, the men's heads came up above the wall, and they beckoned to us. This was during the truce, but even then we did not trust them too far.—Miss J. G. Evans.

July 24. The almost daily rumors of the near approach of the troops have about ceased. Even the sure evidence of the distant sound of foreign cannon, and the sight of the well-known flash light from one of the English gunboats, we have had to doubt as the days go

by. I am afraid our hopes furnished most of the material for these stories. Now any such rumors are received with scorn. We shall believe the foreign troops are a reality when we see them. However, we do believe in our final deliverance. After all that God has done so far, we cannot think he means us as a whole to be swept out. His way and His time will surely see us safely through.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

The Husbands.

Not all of these can be spoken of here. The work of some has been noticed in the chapter on "The Workers," that of others in the journal. In the first of these extracts, the description, though pre-eminently applicable to the one of whom it is written, is such a good characterization of the work of all, that it is left anonymous.

Mr. —— is working very hard. He is the sort of man who fits in everywhere, and puts himself to any kind of hard wark. Time after time he came in yesterday, covered with smoke and grime, clothes all mud and water from fighting fire. He is growing thin, thinner than I ever saw him before. He isn't sick—just worn out with work, lack of sleep, worry, and not the best and most nutritious food. He declares he is just worn down to good fighting flesh. It looks queer to see him shoulder his gun and go off to join the other missionaries who are around.

Since leaving Tungchou Mr. Tewksbury has been more busy than ever, losing much sleep from being up at all hours of the night. He is the chairman of the

general committee, so everything comes to him, and he is driven almost to death. I never see him, or have a chance to get any news from him, but he has kept very well through it all. He has had two attacks of malaria and other troubles, but not enough to lay him up.—Mrs. Tewksbury.

Mr. Chapin was most of the day absent overseeing work on fortifications. Much of the time bullets were continually whistling overhead. One day when going to his work, one struck a wall a few feet away, passing within two feet of him. At another time, while watching workmen, he was suddenly surprised by a shower of broken tile and dirt. Looking around, he saw that a cannon ball had struck the roof of a house thirty feet away, rebounded, and passing directly over his head went through the brick wall of a two-story house. He heard later that it had passed over a bed, falling behind it, without having harmed the two ladies who were lying upon it. Sometimes the work done by the Chinese under his direction was in exposed places, and the men were obliged to lie down and lift brick and other material into place, as best they could. The difference in the work done by the Catholics and Protestants was very noticeable—the latter being more trustworthy.—Mrs. F. M. Chapin.

You ask me to say something about the photographs which my husband took and which have preserved for us such a graphic record of scenes during and immediately after the siege. Mr. Killie had for many years been more or less of an amateur photographer, and

brought into the siege with him his photographic outfit. In the flight to the British Legation on June 20 his larger camera was left behind, but his "pocket Kodak" was saved, together with two or three rolls of films, on one of which some good views had been taken during the twelve days in which we were all at the Methodist compound. With the remaining films more pictures of our daily life and work (such as filling sand bags, digging trenches, fighting fires, etc.) were taken from time to time. But it was not until the siege was nearing its close that any systematic attempt was made to photograph all of the most interesting things. Although the attack on us was daily growing more desperately savage, we yet had word that foreign troops were on their way to our relief, and so we then fully expected that the most of us would be rescued; therefore the British minister, Sir Claude MacDonald, and the General Committee of Public Safety took steps to have the scenes photographed. There were several small cameras amongst the people within our lines, but only one good large one. This was owned by a Japanese professional photographer who had taken refuge with us. He was a skillful photographer, but lacking in courage, and when requested to take the photographs refused to do so because of the exposure to firing by the enemy and consequent risk of life. Mr. Killie, who was one of the "five fighting parsons," associated with Mr. Gamewell on the Fortifications Committee, was then asked if he would undertake it. He was glad to do so, and therefore was relieved from work on the fortifications, and assigned to this duty. The

Japanese camera was turned over to him, as well as all of the photographic plates, outfit and chemicals found in the foreign store. But, alas, the camera was 10x12 inches in size, and the plates were all 8x10, and there were no "kits" for using these smaller sizes. So it seemed for a time as if the difficulty would be found insurmountable, and with an abundance of plates, we would still get no photographs. But presently Mr. K. found some thin sheets of cardboard, and the way was then clear. By taking a number of sheets of 10x12 cardboard together, cutting out an opening the size of the 8x10 plate and then fastening a sheet with a slightly smaller opening in it over the front of this again, to hold the plate in, he was able to use 8x10 plates in a 10x12 camera. The next difficulty was a dark room. There was one in the grounds, owned by a British Legation student, but he refused to let Mr. Killie use it without payment; so rather than make any trouble over it Mr. Killie and Mr. Fenn hunted up an empty room which they put in order as best they could. It was never satisfactory, and often leaked light, so that much of their work was done at night, and sometimes without a light, and if some of the plates were put in wrongly and the pictures taken on the back instead of the front of the film it was not strange, but no one but themselves ever seemed to know the difference. And so from day to day views and groups were photographed until relief arrived. Our American Missionary group was the most difficult of all to secure, and it was appointed for the evening of August 14, and as relief arrived on that day all were wild with excitement and it was im-

possible to get people together for it. The next day several unsuccessful attempts were made to take it, and it would have been given up in despair if it had not been for the preseverance of Miss Evans and one other lady, who, after much hard work, got 53 adults and children of our Missionary company together. It is unfortunate that all could not have been in the group, but they were quite beyond control at that time, and the next day had begun to scatter.—Mrs. C. A. Killie.

An anecdote has been through the newspapers of the child who, when asked by a reporter whether any of the ladies cried during the siege, answered, "No, only one, and she was a *Presbyterian.*" (Loyal little Congregational maiden.) That one had very good reason. She was a lady whose husband had been sent to a very perilous position, which meant almost certain death. And she had let him go most bravely, but after he was gone she went off by herself, where she thought no one would see her, to weep and pray. But children are everywhere, and one of them saw, and remembered, and told the reporter.

The Children.

The children were encouragement to all. Their happy faces, gay laughter and unconsciousness of danger urged even the most pessimistic to bear up and keep his fears to himself. At the same time, our most anxious hours were for the little ones so dependent upon us. The thought of them in connection with massacre record is a mental experience which no parent will even now willingly recall.—Mrs. Inglis.

A box of nine dressed dolls had been sent by a little Canadian servant maid to a missionary for use in the work, and had been carried by mistake to the English Legation. What a godsend these same dolls were to the little foreign prisoners, the baby children of the besieged. It always seemed to me as if those dolls were just too precious in God's sight to be allowed to be lost. They were all dressed in samples, but so neatly were the odd pieces put together that it took some looking to find that out. It surely was a gift to the Lord Jesus in the beginning, and never were dolls more valued than these.

ANNIE H. GOWANS.

Trials of the Children.

It was rather trying for the children in the siege, but they were all very brave and tried to make the best of their surroundings. In their play they made forts and barricades, tiny flags and miniature sand-bags. Small cannon were invented, and one day they had a pitched battle.—Miss E. G. Terry, M. D.

At night we women would sit on our beds on the floor in the total darkness—for lights were forbidden lest they draw the fire of the sharpshooters—and soothe as best we could our frightened children.

Before long, however, a surprising indifference to the bombardment was developed in our little garrison. I remember that on several occasions children came in, bringing bullets all hot in their hands, and saying, "See, mamma, this just whizzed by me!"—Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich.

There was one little five-year-old, who was playing in the chapel where the missionary families were lodged. He was told not to make so much noise lest he should wake the baby. He answered, "Well, mamma, isn't it better for me to wake the baby than to play out doors and get shot?" So the little philosopher woke the babies many times after that.

During attacks one of the ladies, to occupy the children, would gather them into a corner and teach them to sing, "There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes."

Characteristic Speeches.

All children old enough to remember anything about the siege have been asked to give their memories to add to this record of siege life.

Even the babies soon became known by their cries so that we could tell in the night whose baby was crying—"an infant crying in the night, whose only language was a cry." Of course we cannot reproduce these here. But there were two or three of larger growth, just able to put a few Chinese words together (opportunities being equal, children always pick up Chinese more quickly than English), and these little tots soon became known each by a characteristic phrase. It was pathetic how in two of them, Ellen Ewing and Martha Fenn, this characteristic phrase came to be a call for the mother. When before had there been an ache or a pain not relieved by the coming of mamma? So, even though they might be in the mother's arms, the characteristic wail of these two poor babies was in the one case "Mamma lai," "Come mamma," and in the other, "Mamma pu lai," "Mamma does not come."

Ernest Chapin was a little larger, and able to frame an English sentence. One speech of his, many of us will remember, as it so completely voiced the sentiments of all of us. It was in the early dusk of morning, and we had been trying to hold on to the tag-end of a dream with our minds, while with our hands we were engaged from time to time in smiting our brows. Suddenly a child's voice, in long-drawn accents of despair, rang through the chapel, "I DON'T LIKE FLIES." The little laddie may grow into a famous preacher some day, but never will he, in speech or sermon, so completely carry his whole churchful of audience with him as on this his first public address, delivered on the platform of the English Legation chapel. Of course he was promptly quelled by his anxious mamma, but not until each one of us said in our hearts, "So say we all of us."

The Sick Babies.

Mrs. Ewing writes thus of her own and other babies:

Poor little Ellen is broken out with terrible sores on her shoulder and cheek. The dear child tried not to cry, but moaned "Baby hurt, baby hurt. Mamma put on medicine." She also has a chronic trouble over which medicine has no effect. She is too weak to stand on her feet and wants petting all the time. She screams "Go 'way, go 'way," at sight of the woman who tries to help me. Ellen's failing strength almost overcomes me. She is so poor that the skin draws over her little limbs, and I begin to fear I shall never get her home, even though she has held out through the siege. Then in my Sunday reading came this verse to strengthen

me, "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind;" and I took courage and prayed for more faith.

Poor little Miriam Ingram has some kind of skin disease. She was bitten on her face badly, then scratched it, and the sore spread. Her face on one side is covered, and more sores are coming on her body. The doctor gives no hope of cure until we get to a better place where the air is purer.

Martha Fenn was very low with dysentery, but is better now.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

In an experience meeting one Sunday afternoon one of these mothers said with breaking voice: "It is comparatively easy for us to bear hardships ourselves, but to look on powerless, and see our little ones go down into the dark valley"—we finished her sentence for her with our own silent prayers And these prayers were heard, and the life of the little one spared.

"One Dead Lamb."

At times we wondered if the world outside had given us up, so long and deathly a silence did it maintain. We did not know of the hard fighting that they were having in Tientsin, or that the world was equally as anxious concerning us.

The heavy firing continued day after day. We seldom disrobed, but lay down as we were—fell asleep only to be immediately roused by the bugles of the enemy around us, now near, now far, as though calling every soldier up for action; then nearer, nearer—then sudden silence for an instant, followed by a crashing fusillade again the walls and buildings. A pande-

monium of sound ensued, exploding bullets, flying tiles, crashing glass and the return fire from our guards, until the compound seemed lighted with streaks of electricity. Amid it all, the clanging of our alarm bell, whistles blowing, which was the captain's signal for every man to be up who owned a revolver or a knife. Often he called, "Every man to his post, and those who have none, stand by their doors." And not once, but many times in those dark nights, my husband took his place in our little hallway while I could only creep across the floor in the darkness to where my baby lay. Often I knelt over her with closed eyes listening, waiting for the sound of a struggle outside the door, and then the end of all things. Only once did my old Wang Nai Nai break down, and it was in such a night as this. The attack was so bad up in our quarter that we had gone to the chapel. As we crouched together near the little pulpit, the old Chinese woman reached out and took the sleeping child from my arms, and I heard her sobbing softly. The bullets were being poured in upon us, and through the curtain of fire we could hear the demoniacal howls of the enemy, and the shrieks of N., a Swede, who had gone raving mad and was calling out that the day of God's judgment was at hand. Wang Nai Nai continued to sob and I could only say: "Never mind, Wang Nai Nai, never mind; don't cry; it will be all right," and she answered brokenly: "I am not crying for us big folks; it is for the little lambs like this one." Wang Nai Nai's heart was much like any other tender woman's.

About July 14 our little Elizabeth, who had fallen

ill, grew worse, and Lady MacDonald moved her guests around and took us over into her main drawing-room, which was the brightest and best located of any in the compound. Here every favor was showered upon us by our kind hostess and her sister, Miss Armstrong, and in the sad days that followed I could never tell of all their goodness, nor do I wish to. I have it all yet, with that of my other friends, deep, deep in my heart.

But the change of bedroom could not save the life of our child, and on the evening of July 22 we laid her beside the brave marines who died defending her. Wang Nai Nai need not have wept, fearing massacre for her little lamb and mine. When God so kindly took her into his bosom, I knew not whether to grieve or to give thanks, the future seemed so dark and uncertain, and I knew that dangerous days and nights lay between us and any rescue. But I never think of her that I do not think of old Wang Nai Nai, who came upon us in the dusk that night after everything was over. The tears were streaming down her withered cheeks, but taking me by the hand she said bravely: "Why do you weep, Yin Tai Tai? Don't you know that your child has gone to God? Don't you know that Jesus loves her? She is happy there." Thus she spoke, old Wang Nai Nai, the weight of nearly seventy years upon her, who in her youth had cast her dead babies into the streets, thinking, as other heathen mothers, that death was the end of all things for children. Then she had no hope, no expectancy of Eternity. Oh, Wang Nai Nai, what the love and acceptance of

Jesus Christ must mean to such as you, when you can take one sent to teach you by the hand and bid her look up in greater faith to God.—Mrs. J. Inglis.

One Sunday afternoon a sorrowful company went slowly out to the little place that had become almost sacred, and the pathos of the scene may be imagined when by the side of the graves of those stalwart men a little grave was made for a baby girl.—Miss E. G. Terry, M. D.

I shall never forget the beautiful kindness of one of the British marines. A mother, visiting the grave of her baby who had been buried only a day or two before, found the grave beautifully decorated. Looking up, she saw the marine watching her. After a moment he came forward awkwardly, and said: "Do you like it? Me and another fellow thought we'd like to do it for the baby."—Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich.

One evening soon after the burial of little Elizabeth Inglis her mother's heart was moved at finding that fresh flowers had been laid upon the grave by an unknown hand, as well as a cross of lifelike forget-me-nots made from delicately tinted porcelain, and a broad white ribbon, inscribed: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven. He shall gather the lambs in his arms and carry them in His bosom."

Upon inquiry it was learned that, about daylight, the English Hospital orderly, young Mr. F——, had been seen arranging the wreath. Asked if he were making it for one of the English soldiers, "No," he replied, "I am making this for Dr. Inglis' baby; not



only because I feel sorry for them, but be
little baby was born and has died in the ei
since I was home in England. It was our
doing this for its sake."

The same week Mrs. Inglis was appr
British marines of "the better sort." Th
caps, and one said, stammering and blushi
if you will permit us, we would like very
your baby's grave in order. We will br
whiten the bricks and keep the ground le
to see your baby near the Bell Tower.
happy little chap, were'nt he?"

"He called *her* a boy, but a soldier
pected to know the identity of a baby,
Inglis. No wonder that these incidents
her heart, and, as she says, she "could
her thanks to the fresh-faced English lad
father-heart though he could never see his

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

I have been asked to tell you what we
during the siege. I will first speak ab
there. It was very hard to leave my home
I think most of all I hated to leave my
had a great many of them. I had a b
own in my room and it was nearly fil
most of my savings for books. On Chri
my birthday my papa and mamma alw
books, and so did my missionary friends.
sent me a great many nice ones from A
them two beautiful, illustrated copies





MR. AND MRS. F. W. WALKER AND ESTHER.

Progress," which I had read through two or three times. I would have liked to save these, but we did not have room for them in our trunk. I have made a list of the books I lost; mamma gave me the prices and it amounted to over seventy-five dollars. I did not think of my dolls when we left. I was sorry after reaching Peking that I had not carried my best one in my arms. She was a lovely doll. Mamma gave her to me one Christmas. Miss Miner had dressed her in light blue Chinese silk.

We left our home at night and did not have much time to get ready. We got to Peking just in time for breakfast. We went to the Methodist Mission because Dr. Ament told us that all the other missionaries were coming there. They did come that same evening. We were crowded here, though not as bad as in the Legation. We were in danger every night of the Boxers attacking us, so we slept in the large church which had been made into a fort; all the mothers and children slept there, while the gentlemen and ladies slept in the houses. Mamma said it would not be easy to take us into the church at night if we were attacked. During the day we played games and had a nice time. Grace Goodrich, Esther Walker and I were of an age and we were together most of the time. We girls played hide and seek and jumped rope; the boys played soldiers. We were very fond of the marines who came to guard us; the first week we had ten and after that twenty. Mr. Hall was our special friend; he told us stories. We expected Captain McCalla and his soldiers every day, but they did not come.

One morning we received word from Minister Conger to come to the Legation quickly. We could only take a few things with us. We all marched together, native Christians, schoolgirls, missionaries and marines. The sun was very hot. We were afraid the Chinese soldiers might shoot us on the way, for we saw lots of them with their guns, but they did not fire. We were glad to get safely into the British Legation. That same evening the Boxers and soldiers began shooting at us. We could not play much out of doors after we went into the Legation: it was too dangerous. Esther Walker, whose home was in Peking, was able to save her dolls; she had just returned from America and had some very nice ones, among them a Japanese doll. I liked this one because her hair was straight and I could comb and brush it all I wanted to. We would go off in a corner of the chapel and screen ourselves from the small children, who always wanted them when they saw them; the babies would cry for them. I forgot to tell you that all the American missionaries had their home in a little chapel; there were seventy in all, fifteen children, five of them babies. But we did not play dolls all the time. We helped take care of the babies. I took care of my little sister every time it came mamma's turn to help with the housekeeping, which was every fifth day. One of our dear babies took sick and died. We all loved little Elizabeth Inglis very much. We also helped to make sand bags. I have forgotten how many I made. The pieces of silk that were too short for sand bags we used for making dolls' dresses. I have some samples of the cloth we made sand-bags of which

I would like to show you. We did not have very nice food. I did not like to eat more than I had to of the horse and mule meat, mouldy rice and sour bread. Donald Tewksbury asked his mother once if he had to eat the *stones,* too, that were in the rice. Once in a while we had some pudding, but toward the last we did not have enough milk; it grew so scarce that only the sick and little babies could have it.

After the Chinese stopped firing so much we could go out more; we liked to go down to the hospital and see the wounded men; those who were well enough were carried on their cots to the front door of the hospital. Mr. Hall was one of the wounded. Our soldiers held a place on the city wall, and we had to fortify it against the Chinese; he was helping when one of the Chinese sharpshooters saw him and fired at him, but at that minute he happened to lose his balance and fell backward, and the bullet cut his leg at the knee, just scraped the bone, and went through his coat close to his chest. We were thankful that he happened to be falling or he would have been killed. His leg was stiff. He often came up to the chapel, after he could walk, and talked with us; we invited him to eat with us sometimes, which he did. We all wanted to sit next to him at the table. Mr. Sylvia, who was a friend of ours, was shot in the arm; he will never be able to use his arm again. It was very sad to see all the sick and wounded soldiers. I knew Mr. Fisher who was killed. Sometimes we wrote letters to the soldiers who were on duty on the wall. We prayed for them very often, for they were at a very dangerous place and might be killed

any minute. Only a few of them were Christians, but two or three others decided to become Christians while we were in siege. I hope you will pray for the soldiers, too; a soldier may be called upon any time to give up his life. After the troops came to our relief, I went with papa up on the wall. I could see for miles around Peking.

After the troops had been there a week we left in army wagons for Tung-cho, where we expected to take a boat to Tientsin; when we passed the college we saw nothing but ruins; there had been rows of trees to border the walks, but there was not a tree to be seen. Papa went to see our compound, and had difficulty in finding the place where our house stood. We went to Tientsin in grain boats, which were large, flat boats with matting overhead for protection, but it was not much protection. It was very hot during the day, and one night it rained hard and I got soaking wet and had to lie that way until morning, as we had no dry bed clothing. From Tientsin we took an English transport for Japan. I am very glad to be in America, but I will go back to China when God wants me to.

RUTH INGRAM.

SIXTH WEEK.

I. Journals.

II. Articles.

Our Messengers.

Odds and Ends.—Mrs. Arthur Smith.

III. Children's Corner.—Marion Ewing and Henry Fenn.

Wednesday, July 25.—I did not write yesterday. The night before was almost sleepless because of the heat, and yesterday I seemed to have come to the very end of my strength. Mr. Cockburn, who has some position in the Legation, so that his home is here, has opened his library to us lately, and I have rested my mind and taken it away from present surroundings for a little by reading two or three stories. For all the first weeks of our stay here there was nothing whatever to read, and it seemed so strange to be living absolutely without any books or papers. Of all my beautiful library I saved only my Bible, and that is the case with most of us. I do think of my books and of all my Bible-study notes, and of the beautiful pictures, gifts from you and other friends, with something of regret, and indeed of the dear home where so large a part of my life has been spent; my bedroom furniture, the gift of our Sunday-school people so long ago. I find I did care for my possessions, now they are in

ashes, though their loss does not make me unhappy, and I am glad that the really precious things cannot be lost. Of course, if we get indemnity from the Chinese government, as we may, many things can be replaced, but it will be beginning everything new.—Miss Andrews.

This is the fifth week of our stay in this place—a five-weeks' siege. Some one told us long ago that sieges lasted six weeks, and it seems very likely to prove so in this case. The Japanese received word last week that a great army of 33,300 men were coming to raise the siege and avenge the insult offered to the various Legations. I can readily believe the news, and also that our enemies themselves believed it, for a few days before the messenger succeeded in effecting an entrance we—that is to say, the ministers—received friendly overtures from the Foreign Office stating their regret that so many of their houses had been burned, and offering them safe asylum in the grounds of the Foreign Office, only each Legation must come by itself and unaccompanied by a single armed soldier. Fortunately the various Legations now know that they cannot deal with China just as with a civilized power.—Miss Ada Haven.

July 26.—We have had it quiet now for over a week, except that they gave us a little chivaree two nights ago, just to keep their hands in. The quiet and safety of the week have been restful, though the weather has been rather hard to bear, especially for those not accustomed to the weather of Peking in the latter part of July. We are gradually getting ourselves more comfortable in certain respects, though our supply of stores

is getting a little low in some particulars. To many it was a real cross yesterday morning to be obliged to take coffee with no milk, or no coffee at all. I resolutely turn away my thoughts from making out bills of fare that would suit my taste, or sighing for the departed strawberries of Tungchou. I am so anxious that the whole business should be finished up thoroughly, and the whole rotten structure of the present government be razed to the ground, that I am quite glad to have the siege continue till such time as the troops can come in sufficient numbers to accomplish the business properly. So when watermelons came in the other day, sent by the crafty Foreign Office in the name of the Emperor, I would not take a bite, but simply alluded to that little story of Mencius about the present of the goose, and "ni ni chih jru."* I stretched that same conscience of mine yesterday, however, when the watermelon rinds came on pickled. I regarded them as the gift of the housekeeping committee, for surely neither Foreign Office nor Emperor expected us to eat the rinds. —Ada Haven.

July 27.—The siege furnishes one curiosity on exhibition to-day, a man wearing a cangue. Now a cangue in place looks like a large, heavy kneading board

*Mencius tells the story of a man who for some reason that I do not recall would not give allegiance to the ruling official. The latter attempted to bribe the family by the present of a goose, but this incorruptible man would not even look at "that cackling thing," as he called it. One day after dinner some member of the family asked him if he knew what kind of meat he had been eating. On being informed that it was the flesh of "that cacklin thing" his very stomach proved true to his principle. The information acted like ipecac.

with a man's head above it, and his body below it. But it was neither cangue nor man that formed the curio. It was the way the specimen was ticketed. In the first place the ticket was in English—a language hitherto unknown in this class of literature—and, secondly, it announced that the abject object was a wife-beater. It is to be feared this did not cure him. Very probably he took it out of her for this disgrace when once they were outside of Legation walls.

Twice presents of fruit have come from the "Emperor"(?), and we judge by a telegram that came to Sir Robert Hart that they have reported they were protecting and feeding us. We hear the Dowager Empress has three hundred carts waiting day and night.—Miss N. N. Russell.

July 28.—To-day the small boy who was sent out with a letter in a beggar's bowl returned. He brought a letter from the English consul at Tientsin. It was a very unsatisfactory letter, for it tells us almost none of the things we are so anxious to know; says there are "plenty of troops in Tientsin." Of course, we thought that all the time, but what good do they do for us down there? "Ladies have almost all left Tientsin," etc., etc. One sentence puzzles everyone: "There are plenty of troops on the way, if you can keep yourselves supplied with food." What does he mean? On the way where, and what does one's food have to do with it? These are questions which go flying from one questioner to another. But the Chinese soldier who reports to the Japs is the fellow who keeps up our courage. He

comes daily and says our troops are nearing.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

July 29.—How little one knows one's own worth till one sees it in the estimate of others! For instance, I never knew how much my head was worth until I saw it advertised on the bulletin board, copied from some Boxer placard. Thirty taels! Not exactly thirty pieces of silver, but thirty ounces of silver. Dirt cheap! Going—going—no, fortunately, not gone yet. It is worth more than that to me in its own place. I will keep it as long as I can. We can see, too, how much more valuable a man's head is than a woman's, for the reward on a man's head is fifty taels. A child's is only ten.

July 30.—The crazy Norwegian who ran away to the Boxers has been returned by them. On examination he confessed that he had told the Chinese soldiers that they were firing too high and if they wished to get proper range they should fire lower. We shall expect after this that they will fire lower.

There has been much sickness. Two of our missionary children have died, one is now very low, another nearly died and nearly all the grown people have been down sick for a few days. There are ten cases of dysentery in the hospital and three of typhoid fever. There will doubtless be many more. I was sick for ten days with dysentery, three days in bed. The question of diet for the sick and babies grows each day more and more a problem. Some have a little white flour, and a few tins of milk remain for them.

One of the hard things has been that so many of the families have been separated one from another. Some husbands were here and their wives in America, which was the best. Others had their wives in some other place, but in the disturbed condition of things they knew not whether they were yet alive or had gone off.—Mrs. E. G. Tewksbury.

July 31.—Report came at noon that our troops had made another advance, and are only a short way from Tungcho. When that soldier reporter gets the troops within a few miles of us he will either need to light out himself or else it will be because his tale is true. He has them now within twenty miles, so we shall know how much truth he has been telling us before very long.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

OUR MESSENGERS.

Accustomed as we were, even in peaceful conditions, to keeping up with the news of the world, of course we were now doubly anxious to resume relations with the rest of the world, now that our lives depended on it. Some of these messengers, the young student, the "hat" messenger, the "umbrella handle" messenger, etc., have been spoken of elsewhere.

At first our plans were rather crude, not knowing the dangers to which the messengers would be subjected. For instance, one sent to meet the troops we were vainly hoping for was instructed when he met them to shout "America" as a kind of countersign. He went about one hundred yards, when, meeting the native

troops, he shouted "America" and ran back to the Legation.

The methods of concealment of messages are various and tax the ingenuity to devise. Once we sent a double message, one in English, using the Greek alphabet, and telling of our desperate situation, the other in English script and braggadocio style.

One of the messengers was once asked, on his return, how he had succeeded in passing the Chinese sentry at their lines. He said: "I told them if they would conduct me to our lines I would show them where to find some silver. They knew, of course, that a great many wealthy families who had vacated houses within our lines had buried their silver in their courts before leaving, so they were very ready to take the bait and conduct me in."

"And how did you satisfy them at last?" was the question.

"Oh," he replied," when I reached our barricade I pulled out some pieces of silver the foreigners had given me as reward. My guides looked rather blank, but they could not say I had not told the truth, so they took themselves away."

The following account shows how danger beset the messengers from first to last:

By mistake three messengers were shot by our marines (at different times) while trying to reach us. We felt all along it was not improbable there was a spy in the Legation, as there were many servants in there who were not Christians, but went along from the other Legations.—Miss N. N. Russell.

The following account of the Sunday-school boy mentioned before as having been rescued by Dr. Ament is from the pen of Mrs. Whiting, many years a missionary in Peking, and whose husband was present during the siege. We are going to ignore the fact that she gets the story second-hand.

After days of bombardment in the Legation there was a call for volunteers to take a message to Tientsin and make known to the gathering armies the situation in Peking. Some messengers had already gone out and had been killed; others had returned, saying they could not get through the lines of the Boxers. The Chinese boy volunteered.

On July 4th, about the time when American boys at home were beginning to fire their earliest crackers, he was led to the top of the city wall. There a rope was tied round his waist and he was let down into the darkness. When he was on the ground, the wall, forty feet high, separated him from all the friends he had in the world. Before him was a walk of eighty weary miles, and he carried a message that would cost him his life if it was discovered.

As it had been planned that he should go as a beggar, he had been dressed in rags and tatters, and provided with a large, coarse bowl, such as the native beggars carry. The precious message, written very small, was wrapped in oil paper, placed in the bottom of the bowl and covered with porridge. Even the most wily Boxer would hardly think to look there, and the boy had felt no concern about it until he had neared the bottom of

the wall. Then his bowl struck against some projecting bricks and broke in pieces!

He could not call back to his friends, for fear of rousing some sleeping enemy. So he carefully fished out the tiny parcel from the porridge, removed the oil paper, and, tearing a little piece from his ragged garment, wrapped it, with the tiny note inside, around his finger, as if it were sore. Later he ripped the hem of his garment and slipped the note into it.

Before long the boxers hailed and searched him, but, finding nothing, they said: "Let the little beggar go."

His progress was slow, but always in the direction of Tientsin. Kindhearted native women gave him food, and he slept under the stars. All went well until, when about half-way on his journey, he stopped at a farmhouse to ask for food. Now here dwelt a man whose farm hands had all left him and joined the Boxers; therefore he forced the boy to stay and work for eight days.

By refusing to stay or by running away, the boy feared that he would excite suspicion; but while he was working he was thinking how to escape without appearing too anxious to go.

On the eighth day he would not eat his breakfast, but lay groaning and shamming illness. No doubt the rice smelled very savory to him before night, but he would not eat. Finally the farmer said, "You'll have to clear out of here. I can't afford to have you die on my hands." That man would have been surprised if he could have seen how briskly his invalid walked when some distance from the house.

The boy reached Tientsin to find it a scene of recent battle, with soldiers of the united nationalities standing guard everywhere. He wandered about for two or three days before he could get through the lines. He could not step up to the soldiers and say: "I have a message for your general,' for they would not understand his language; but he finally succeeded in getting through, and he delivered the message to the British consul on July 22.

Very soon after a reply was given him, and he started on his return trip. This was the message which he brought on a tiny slip of paper, addressed to Sir Claude MacDonald at the British Legation:

"Your letter July 4th received. There are now 24,000 troops landed and 19,000 here. General Gaselee expected Taku to-morrow. Russian troops at Peitang. Tientsin city under foreign government. Boxer power exploded. There are plenty of troops on the way if you can keep in food. Almost all ladies have left Tientsin."

Our little hero's return trip was less eventful than the one going down, but he saw Boxers in every village, and on reaching Peking on July 28th, having been only six days on the return trip, he found it difficult to get through without attracting attention. However, just before daylight, he managed to crawl through the sluiceway under the wall, and a little later entered the British Legation.

Perhaps no beggar ever received so hearty a welcome, but it did not puff him up with vanity. He modestly made himself useful in many ways, until the Legation

was relieved by the arrival of the armies from Tientsin on August 14th.

He is now with the missionaries in Peking and it is to be hoped will receive a useful education. Then, with his brave heart and willing spirit, as well as his perseverance in the face of obstacles, what may he not accomplish for China?

ODDS AND ENDS.

The contents of houses, temples and what not were emptied into that hitherto aristocratic yard. Among these disreputable odds and ends were two things which were a boon to me. One was a battered and broken card, a green card. On it in tarnished silver letters, "My God shall supply all your need." The other was a huge sheet, too tender for sand bags. We draped it against the side of the church and the front porch, and it made a nice little tent where one could have all outdoors to breathe. An old piece of oilcloth from the church attic made the roof. The woman who slept, without a thought of complaint, in a closely curtained bed in a hall, and commanded no other space for bathing or dressing, *she* was the fairy godmother who divined what other folks needed, and found it somewhere, in some abandoned house, and brought it. Through one of her miracles a nice long table, narrow enough to go in, and an easy chair soon found their way to the tent. After that, the master of our house condescended to bring his typewriter down, and there committees wrote motions and telegrams; there we had little prayer meetings and Christian Endeavor

some fruit, being nauseated and unable to swallow anything. Thanks to our generous friends in the American legation, we had a few tins of cherries and other fruit; but we were prudent, and the name of the hungry folks was legion, so we had four large cherries apiece that night. Several ladies clubbed together and, saving theirs, made her half a cupful. The mulberries ripened in that summer sun. They were not ours to pick, but they continually dropped on the ground, from which I eagerly rescued them. A friend down by the gate house drank too much beer because he hadn't any tea, he said. I gathered our tea leaves, dried them on the roof of my tent, and kept him supplied with cold tea. On the Fourth of July we had badges of red, white and blue sewing silk. The children sat on my bed, heard about Goliath and ate candy, and the Boxers fired our crackers for us. The 18th was my husband's birthday. My old green card never failed me. God had foreseen everything from the egg that needed to be laid in the middle of the yard to the two birthdays to be provided for. I found a scrap of brocaded blue silk and rescued it from a sand bag. The dominie never has dusters enough, so we made him one more. Clever Dr. I. designed the embroidery and the dear Methodist school girls worked it. In the center were his initials in gold silk; at the left, a cannon; at the right, a musket; above, a pile of sand bags loop-holed; below, the date; on the left of it, a pile of cannon balls; to the right, Psalm 1-03:4—"Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies." That, and a pin ball, and a chance to sit by

me and eat that night, instead of my waiting on the table, so went birthdays in July, 1900. One of my most blessed odds and ends was an old kerosene stove given by a Peking friend. On this I made bran coffee for the delicate digestions, and cooked for the sick servants and my insane patient. Some of the Master's providing was so pathetic. The missionary family with the little one recovering from smallpox were given a veranda, or at least about six feet square on it, close to the main gate, to keep house, the four of them. The pastor hung up some blankets, to make a little suggestion of privacy, and they praised the Lord for all His mercies, and were never heard to grumble once, though the gentleman had to lie cross-wise to be able to stretch out, and after the Chinese got the range of the gate a shell fell on their veranda. The baby was put to sleep in an old shoe box and covered with a fragment of old lace curtains to keep off the flies. Poor little thing! One disease after another besieged the small, suffering body, until one morning they carried away from the veranda another little box, longer and with a cover. The tiny body was beautifully robed, for a sad-hearted Presbyterian mother whose little darling had just gone where joy is forever new and dresses never grow old brought out little saint Elizabeth's dress for Baby B. The sad parents followed the English service with some difficulty, but when the children gathered round the tiny grave and sang "Bright Jewels" in Chinese, and the baby's sister sang, too, then we all seemed one.

It seemed a queer choice to some, but I insisted on

saving my concordance as well as my English and Chinese Bible. What a mine it was. There were 119 school girls with only one Testament and one hymn-book! Also many church members over in the Fu had no books at all. The dearest duty of every day was finding a message of cheer and making many copies, one for the front door of the church for the missionaries, one on the bell tower for the community folk, one on the front gate for the marines and passers-by, one for our wounded missionary, one for a shut-in official, one in Chinese for the window where the servants washed the dishes, one for the besieged and sorely harassed Christians in the Fu, and occasional ones to the girls.

Here are a few of these which comforted and steadied us: *"I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord."* "For I, saith the Lord, will be a wall of fire round about her, and will be the glory in the midst of her." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea in seven there shall no evil touch thee." "In famine He shall redeem thee from death, and in war from the power of the sword." "Strengthened with all might unto patience and long-suffering with joyfulness." "Ye were made a gazing-stock both by reproaches and afflictions." "I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and all flesh shall know that I am thy Savior and Redeemer." "Be strong and of a good courage, fear not nor be afraid of them." "Glorify ye the Lord in the fires." "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in." "Behold

He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper." (The terrible gun that threw shell into our gateway was suddenly silenced.) "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength." "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." "Be content with such things as ye have." (Provisions low.) "He doth not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men." (Baby B. lying in its little casket.) "So there was great joy in Jerusalem, and their prayer came up unto Heaven." (The day after the troops got in. "Old things are passed away, behold all things are become new" (when we passed out into a city of ashes and ruins).—Mrs. Arthur H. Smith.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Marion Ewing's Memory of the Siege.

When we left home we could have hardly any of our things. There was a Chinese that drove the wagon.

In the siege Ellen was sick, and she almost died. Some nights papa slept on the table, so as to be near mamma to help her. I slept with mamma on the benches (I say "benches" because there were two). There was a mattress on the benches. I slept all right, but mamma didn't, because Ellen waked her up. Ellen cried, and that waked mamma up. I heard the men firing off the guns in the night. I said: "I wish those Boxers would stop shooting us." The Boxers made a great big noise by firing their guns off. It was very hot, because there were so many of us in one small place. I slept right by a window.

When I woke up in the morning there were a *great many* flies; and they buzzed *very much;* and they bit us. They ate up our food for us, there were so many. We had to blow them away. Mamma lost a spoon there.

We had horse meat to eat, and rice. The rice was brown. No, I did not like it. I liked the horse meat very much; I did, really and truly. Mamma said I would have to eat the rice all up before I could have any more horse meat. We ate where papa slept, because he slept on the dining-room table. The dining-room was the same thing as the sleeping-room.

I went out to the bell tower, and there were some other children that I played with. That was all the play house we had, and it was a very good one, too. We made dolls with our handkerchiefs; I just doubled it up, and played that was a doll.*

Near the gate there was a house; and some of the children that I played with lived there. Between that house and where we stayed there was something like a house without any walls, and we played in that when it rained. The pillars held the roof up.

There was a road around and a good many houses on it, and papa and I took a walk on that road. I went over where Elizabeth was buried, and papa showed me the place.

There was a kind of tent place fastened to the build-

*NOTE BY MAMMA—That *play-doll* was something I had never heard Marion speak of before, but the little ones must have missed thir dolls and books and toys just as we older ones missed some of our valued treasures.

ing where we lived, and we had a meeting there every Sunday afternoon for the children. Miss Sheffield led one Sunday, and she taught us to sing. Mrs. Smith led another Sunday, and taught us a prayer and a song, too.

One day I went to where they killed horses for us to eat. Mamma told me not to go, but I forgot all about it. When I came back I told mamma about it. I saw them kill the horse.

The American soldiers came after the siege. We only had to wait a week; but it seemed like a month to us, because we had so much trouble. I went for a walk with papa, and I saw something that papa told me not to look at because it was so bad.

That is all I remember about the siege.—Marion Ewing.

I do not remember much about the siege, but I remember how we used to go out in the morning and gather our hats full of bullets that had fallen during the night. We boys had cartridge belts into which we put them. There were a good many curious shapes among them. I remember, too, how we used to make sand-bags and pile them up into little forts in front of the chapel. We used to fight sham battles with the boys who were living across the road. That used to be fun, but when the real fighting began they used to send us indoors. Then we had to be quiet for fear of disturbing the babies. I think I would rather have staid outside and run the risk of getting shot. I remem-

ber going up on the city wall after the troops ca
and eating a ripe date that I found growing there. V
stood in the tower over one of the gates and saw anoth
one on fire.—Henry Courtenay Fenn.

SEVENTH WEEK.

I. Journals.

II. Articles.

Songs.

The Bright Side.

Later Conditions of Siege Life.

Our Chinese.

a. School Girls.—Mrs. Jewell

b. Other Christian Chinese.

III. Children's Corner.—Donald Tewksbury.

Aug. 1.—A message is in from Tientsin. It seems the reports we have been hearing from Tientsin are *absolutely untrue*. The troops are to leave Tientsin somewhere about the 28th or 29th. We have still a long waiting time before us. This has been the way all through these two dreadful months, that our hopes have been raised and then dashed to the ground.—Miss J. G. Evans.

Aug. 2.—Yesterday morning the Chinese soldier who has been keeping our courage up with his fine reports came in and said our troops had retreated eight or ten miles. From all he said they decided he must have been telling falsehoods all these days. A messenger came directly from Tientsin last evening, one whom the Japs sent out July 23. He left Tientsin the

26th, and says the foreign army will start in two or three days. The delay has been caused by difficulties in procuring transportation. I have no doubt there are political international troubles which hindered their starting quite as much as difficulties in getting mules and carts. Why can't they leave these international quarrels alone until they relieve us, at least? But then we do not know what they at Tientsin may have had to deal with, how many difficulties to overcome, or how much fighting to do. We all wonder whether we shall have to be here after it gets cold.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

Aug. 3.—Last night was a memorable night—for we received the first authenticated news that the troops were really on the eve of starting. Of course, great excitement prevailed. I was in the ballroom when the messenger first came in, having gone up to see Miss Russell, who was ill. All at once I heard sounds in the distance. I said: "That sounds like cheering," but did not dare to dwell on it too much, fearing to arouse false hopes. We have had enough of that lately, with the lies furnished at $30 per diem by a soldier of Tung Fu Hsiang's who pretended he got them from the army spies. He had got the foreign army up as far as Chang Chia Wan, and then, fearing his deceptions might be proven by the non-appearance of the soldiers, did not dare to bring them up any farther, but had them retreat to Ma T'ou. The company meanwhile followed anxiously the supposed movements of the grand army, tracing its course on a map carefully prepared by Dr. Ingram and hung up on the bulletin board. But the people were beginning to get

a little suspicious of him (the soldier, not Dr. Ingram), and to wonder how the Chinese forces could defeat such a large army as was said to be coming to our relief. Then, as I say, in came a messenger, our own messenger —a Methodist man, sent down eleven days before to Tientsin. Hearing, as I say, the cheering, I proposed to my companion that we take a little walk. We went down the avenue, and I was struck with the happy look on the faces of the Europeans we met. The street reminded me more than ever of a boulevard in a foreign city—the bell tower taking the place of the band stand. This same bell tower is the congregating place, for here hang the bulletin boards with military and market notices; advertisements of goods, lost and found, translations of imperial edicts from the Peking *Gazette*, items of news, true or false, that may have drifted over the barrier, etc. This time the place was astir. Going up to a group and inquiring, we heard that Mrs. Ed. Lowry had received a letter, and afterwards heard that Sir Robert, Major Conger and Captain Myers also had received letters. These last did not seem so strange, as the diplomats had had letters from the Tsung Li Yamen and even home telegrams from their governments. But that Mrs. Ed. Lowry should receive a letter from her husband made it seem as if we really were living on this mundane sphere after all, instead of in some Mars-like sphere where the only possible communication could be by flashlight, and that only made reciprocal in case the other sphere happened to have chemicals suitable to respond, and to possess the code. By the way, our disappointment had been keen

two or three days previous, when Sir Robert had received a telegram (in cipher) of sixty words from London, and been unable to read it, as the key to the cipher had been burned up. But to-night the letters the man ripped out from between the straw braids of his hat brought joyful news—10,000 troops ready to start—others to follow—particulars about Tientsin siege and cheering exhortations to hold out. One letter from the leader closed, "God grant we be not too late." That went to our hearts, showing the General loved God and his fellow men.

I cannot say I did not envy Mrs. Ed. one wee bit for her letter. But I have not said much of the news we received. As one after another was deciphered it was brought out to the bell tower and read to the assembled crowd. They are posted now on the bell tower bulletin boards. It was 10 p. m. before the last letter was announced to the excited group about the gate-house.

One other thing had occurred during the day to make it memorable—the taking by the Germans of the piece of ground just back of Mr. Cockburn's house. It was a case of quiet possession rather than storm. Finding the place deserted, they went in and built their barrier on the further side. The capture of this new piece of territory is a great gain to us, as it will enlarge so much the distance between us and the enemy. We fortified at once, and an inclined plane was built to the top of the wall behind the Cockburn house, and a platform at the top. The Italian gun was run up this plane, and now stands under a little booth at the top,

well sand-bagged, of course, on the exposed side, and a soldier is there on watch all the time.

Our newly taken property was guarded only by four dead Chinamen, evidently lying there for six weeks unburied. It reminds one of the Ancient Mariner. Many fine garments were found here which were brought to Dr. Ament.—Ada Haven.

The messenger says that in Tientsin they are using bags of rice for barricades, good white rice, I suppose. Think of it, when we have been eating just as little as possible, and saving white rice for those who were sick. Of course they seized the grain boats and can live high. Perhaps they will bring us some. No one can tell just when they may come, for in small places the enemy are preparing to make as strong a stand as possible. There may be great loss of life. This seems to be the most authentic message we have received. One of the ladies had a letter from her husband, who has been in Tientsin all these weeks. How happy she is! Even if this had been no particularly good news, I feel as if my joy for her would be enough to set me up for a week. It is very interesting the way in which this messenger carried his letters. He had a large straw hat, the brim of which was made double. Two sheets of waterproof silk were put between the layers, and the letters were between these. Of course he was searched, but fortunately no one thought of that place to look.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

At last our men saw the Chinese were going to make an attack before long, and they concluded they

would give them a surprise. At 3 a. m. August 3, they made a dash, and it was a grand victory, won by the Americans, as the Russians, who were to help, failed to carry their side. Since then our men have had no use for the Russian soldiers.—Miss N. N. Russell.

A statement was sent to the Foreign Office of the number of times we have been fired upon since the truce. The answer returned was that the guns fired were the morning and evening watch-setting!!—Miss J. G. Evans.

August 4, Saturday.—The news of the day before yesterday was still enough to live on. To-day the question came up whether we should beg the enemy to send watermelons, eggs (2,000), several sheep, a cow or two and a number of other articles per diem for the use of the women and children, but was vigorously protested against by the ladies, who said if the men wished to ask for these themselves they must do so in their own names. Some among us even characterized such doings as dishonorable and unworthy. It was said in answer that this was to be merely palaver, just to talkee talkee with Tsung Li Yamen (Foreign Office) and keep them busy till the troops came. Finally they chose another topic for debate, namely, the going down to Tientsin, the Yamen urging the departure of the ministers. The ministers responded that they must have three days to send telegrams to their home governments, and then three days to wait for replies, for they had no right to leave their posts except by authority of their governments. The Yamen granted them permission to prepare such telegrams.

Aug. 5, Sunday.—I have just finished breakfast, and the Presbyterians and Methodists are just having theirs. So I am sitting at the chapel door, using Mr. Hobart's chair and the ink on his little round table, while he is eating. He usually sits here to give out breakfast and dinner tickets to the squads of Chinese workers returning from their work.

There goes a body of British marines, just off duty at the Han Lin, their measured tramp causing me to lift my eyes. British and American boys can be told, even in motley uniform, by their manly bearing. It makes one proud of one's race.

The week is sure to be a most eventful one, and we shall watch with our prayers for the coming of the troops, so many of whom, we fear, must lay down their lives for us before we can be rescued.

Some one showed me what I had not noticed before, that on the little gable-peak over the entrance to the chapel the dragon perched on the top had been sore wounded in the back by a cannon ball. Then, looking up at the top of the church, I myself noticed that the cross on the top was absolutely intact. Later in the day some one noticed that this cross was standing on a dragon. I did not recognize the thing because its head had been shot off. But when my attention was called to it I saw that other parts were just the same as that of the creature below—unmistakably a dragon. What more forcible illustration of "In the cross of Christ I glory, towering o'er the wrecks of time," or, "But the cross is standing yet"? I have been trying in vain to recall the preceding lines from "Hallelujah for the

cross"; I only remember that they exactly describe our circumstances. One topic up for conversation to-day was a medal to be struck off in commemoration of the siege.

Dr. Walker preached to-day, showing how the events of the summer had fallen out for the furtherance of the Gospel. He compared our circumstances with Paul's list—stopping after each item, as he read the list to check off in one way or other—as "perils by sea" (sometimes); "perils by robbers" (not many of us); "stripes" (probably none of us); "perils among false brethren" (yes); "perils by the sword" (yes); "hunger" (not often); "nakedness" (never); a haphazard list as I give it; as he read it from the Bible it was quite effective. The sermon also was most comprehensive. Afternoon Bible reading led by Mr. Fenn.—A. H.

One does not know what is coming. The Chinese soldiers are friendly. One said to Mr. Tewksbury, "We are like dead men, you are the living ones," showing how hopeless they considered their cause.—Miss J. G. Evans.

Aug. 6, Monday.—Mr. Tewksbury in the morning showed us his design for the medal—Bell Tower on one side, with "Siege of Peking"; on the other side, a dragon, with "Mene mene tekel upharsin."

At dinner, in his characteristic way, as soon as we had got far enough into the meal to make sure that the whole company were present, he clapped his hands to insure silence and announced his item of news. (We always know what it means when *he* claps his hands.

When the housekeepers clap their hands we know it is to make some such announcement as, "There is white rice this meal for those who cannot eat horse meat." Then everyone knows what it means, namely, that others are not expected to touch the white rice.) Well, to return to his item of news: "Many of you will be glad to know the substance of the letters recently exchanged between the ministers and the Foreign Office. Having a chance to send telegrams to their governments (for the purpose of procrastinating before the troops came), ten telegrams were handed in, in cipher, for the Foreign Office to transmit. They were to the effect that the government here insisted on the ministers removing from the capital, but they did not feel they could do so while the Chinese diplomats were still residing in their respective capitals, and also that they would not remove without receiving orders from their governments to do so. One telegram (not specified which) added that there need be no haste to reply to this telegram, as it was sent only to gain time."

Yesterday Mrs. Mateer and I made an interesting trip. First we started to go over to the Russian Legation to see the soldiers' graves. Our soldiers are buried there as well as the Russian, for that compound is permanent possession, while the American Legation is only private property rented. They are buried in a quiet court. A statue marks the entrance to the court, separated by some shrubbery from the back of the church. Following the path around to the side of the church, we came upon the graves, some on the level with the walk, some on a terrace slightly raised above the general

level, just at the base of the wall. A little American flag, as well as the English inscriptions on the simple wooden head-boards, proclaimed the site of our graves. The Russians were marked by high wooden crosses, with three horizontal pieces, one put on at an angle with the rest, not parallel. These also had wreaths of artificial flowers, and Christmas tree tinsel. One also had a birthday picture card tacked on the top. Inscriptions, of course, were in Russian, all in script, not printed.

Afterwards we went and swung the outer door of the chapel and looked through the inner glass doors into the little chapel, a dusky glow of color, from the high-up stained glass windows at all sides, and the gold and crimson of the oriental decorations at the back of the church. Then we climbed the bell tower, a great square building in front of the church. The west side of the room at the top was broken by a ball and, standing on the debris, we saw the ruins of the Chien Men (the great southern city gate).—A. H.

Aug. 7.—It is sewing, chiefly, which now occupies my time. I have made one shirtwaist, and it has been greatly admired. The ladies are all after my pattern and asking me to help them make their things. It strikes me as being very funny. I am going to trim some hats, too. They are beginning to come in. It is fine to have my time so occupied. Since the arrival of the messenger from Tientsin last week there has been little going on. The "truce" (we speak of it in that way for want of a better term) still continues.

One day last week our men took a new position where

they found a little more white rice. The new position included a man's home. He with his wife and children probably, and one other person, were found dead. Beside the bodies a can of opium was found, so very likely they had killed themselves in fear.

Ever so many of our Chinese babies are dying of pure starvation. There is no milk for them, or food of any kind which is nourishing or good. It is pitiful. Five little foreign babies have died in all—one last night. Mr. Galt is making a little rough board coffin for it now.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

Today in the early morning the little Bok baby (Swedish) died. Now, in the evening about twilight, the funeral is to take place. It is to be at the chapel, so the Presbyterian and Methodist supper was hurried up so that the chapel might be free between supper and bed time. I must go and attend it now.—Ada Haven.

SONGS.

One of the developments of this siege is the latent musical talent that has manifested itself. It started by Mrs. and Miss Woodward,* Mr. Hobart, and Mr. Verity forming a quartette to sing to the hospital patients. Then they began to sit out at the bell-tower in the evening and sing popular songs and hymns, in which every one joined. One night they sang "My Country, 'tis of Thee," and "Star Spangled Banner," then thinking that in such a cosmopolitan place the songs of no one nation should predominate, they asked the British marines to

*Chicago people who were visiting Mrs. Conger. The other two are of the Methodist Mission.

sing "God Save the Queen," and so it grew night by night till one night we had the national airs of Great Britain, the United States, Germany, France, Italy and Russia sung by representatives of each country. As "God Save the Queen," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Die Wacht am Rhein," the "Marseillaise," and "A Mighty Fortress is our God" floated out on the breeze in turn, and in turn were applauded by all the other nations, the effect was certainly thrilling and inspiring, and made one's patriotic blood flow quickly. It will be one of the memories of this siege well worth carrying away and not soon to be forgotten.—Mrs. Ed. K. Lowry.

The following, ground out with our flour by our faithful miller, Mr. Fenn, was sung by the quartette, all joining enthusiastically in the chorus:

A Song of the Siege.

In the city of Peking, with its ancient walls of brick,
And its streets for mud and filth afar renowned,
We have been besieged for weeks, by a beastly Chinese trick,
And the buildings all around us burned to ground.

Chorus.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching;
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath our various flags we shall breathe fresh air again
Of the freedom in our own beloved home.

There are diplomats galore, representing foreign powers,
And they cause the Tsung Li Ya-men anxious care.

They will neither march straight home, nor reside 'mid
fruit and flowers
At the Ya-men, though they've been invited there.

They have poured in shot and shell with an aim so far
from true
That the most of us still live to tell the tale.
Six pound shot and shrapnel fierce, walls and barracks
passed through,
Yet in every wild atack they always fail.

From all nations have we come, on a peaceful errand
bent,
Be it preaching, customs, railroads, or what not,
China wanted not our help, so she stupidly has sent
For the Boxers to exterminate the lot.

We've four hundred brave marines, who have borne
fatigue and pain,
And have seen some scores of comrades fall in death,
And we feel it certain sure that no enemy can gain
Our strong fortress while these men have vital breath.

We have rice and corn and wheat, stores of grain for
weeks to come,
Pony steak and stew we find not bad to eat;
Why need we at all to count on Imperial favor's crumb,
Be it watermelons, squashes or fresh meat?

We've a cannon old and tried, from a junk-shop saved by
chance,
Which we fire upon the enemy with glee;

When they first did hear her roar, how it made them
hop and dance!
For "our Betsy" is a wonder for to see!

We've been kept in best of cheer by the blessed ladies all,
Who have worked with might and main to help the
men.
Of the wounded and the sick they have taken best of
care,
And have made a million sand bags lacking ten.

There is news from Tientsin that our troops are "on the
way,"
Three and thirty thousand men, of valor tried,
So in joyful hope we wait, sure that they will bring the
day
Of relief to us, and death to China's pride.

Chorus.—Tramp, tramp, etc.

—Peking, July 26, 1903.

And the following was one morning found posted on the bulletin:

Rhymes for the Times.

Away, away with the helm and greaves,
Away with the leeks and cheese;
I have conquered my passion for wounds and blows,
And the worst that I wish to the worst of my foes
Is the glory and gain
Of a year's campaign
On a diet of leeks and cheese.

—Lord Lytton.

Away, away with the pony and rice,
But bring up the leeks and cheese;
Though I've conquered my passion for wounds and blows,
Around us are numerous heathenish foes;
So alas and alack,
I wish I was back
To a diet of leeks and cheese.

—Not Lord Lytton.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

There was enough of what was very ridiculous in all our experiences to keep us from dwelling only on the dark side; and I am afraid the brave soldiers who were coming to our rescue would have been quite disgusted to find us so cheerful, and indulging in so much laughing and joking.

Though feeling the gravity of the situation, and the solemnity of being always face to face with death, so that no grown person, even if we had time, thought of touching a piano or playing a game of any kind, yet for the sake of keeping up the spirits of others, if any one could do anything to add a glint of cheer, it was not repressed. For instance, one gentleman used to raise a smile on the worn face of the lady in waiting by replying to the question "boiled or unboiled"—"Give me water from the unbiled well," and the same one when he heard us worrying about how anxious our home friends would be about us, used to say, "Never mind. When they let us out you can imitate the example of Mark Twain and



cable home: 'Reports of my death greatly exaggerated.'"

Once one of us tried to stir him up to make a parody on the old squib about the rhyme for Timbuctoo. One remembers of course how the wager was originally met thus—

"If I were a cassowary,
On the shores of Timbuctoo,
I would eat a missionary,
Hat and coat and hymn-book too."

So this was slightly modified and passed on:

"If I were a missionary
At the siege of Cambalu,*
I would eat, like Dr. Wherry,
Musty rice and pony stew."

This was passed over to our reverend friend with the remark, "Now this is very terrible,—to lug in Dr. Wherry just to make a rhyme of him. He is no more given to eating these things than the rest of us. Now can't you do something better than that? What ought that missionary to eat, anyway?"

At the next meal he passed up several written replies, all quite satisfactory. But alas, sufficient care was not taken in time to preserve them, and when looked for they were gone. Two years afterwards one of these replies was discovered in America. The lady who had charge of the cleaning that day had found this one, and

*Peking.

preserved it as a relic, though ignorant of its "raison d'etre":

"Oh, if I were a mission-
Ary a starving in Cambalu,
I'd summon some very distinguished physician
To order eggs, milk and a sea voyage, too."

That "chestnut" horse that kept us waiting while it was curried need not again be trotted out save to record the repartee of Miss Miner as she settled her knife and fork on the plate she held in her lap and composed herself to wait, saying, "Let us hope it was a short horse."

We smiled as we pinned each week deeper plaits in the bands of our dress skirts and drew our hunger-belts tighter. The less there was of us, the less the likelihood of being hit. When Dr. Gilbert Reid was hit, of course we were all much alarmed; but when we heard the wound was but slight, some commented on the superior markmanship of the sharp shooter who could succeed in hitting him, and they said if Sir Claude were to stand with his side to the fire of the enemy, he would be as invulnerable as a Boxer (though in actual loss he suffered less than our own sympathetic chief, who lost sixty pounds).

Our ordinary speech took on a new phraseology from our surroundings:—any obstacle was a "barricade," the plural of a thristy mosquito or flea was "a combined attack," and having neither public store nor private storeroom, what was procured in other ways, even legitimate ones, was "loot."

LATER CONDITIONS OF SIEGE LIFE.

At first we lived pretty well, but as time went on stores decreased, the hope for a deliverance became less, and it seemed likely this state of things might continue for weeks. We had to go on rations, till now for some time since all milk, white rice, butter, white flour, etc., have been cut off. We are limited to four cubes of sugar a day, and our food is horse or mule meat, musty, husky rice, of which the smell was always enough, and Chinese flour bread. Our diet has but little variety, perhaps a few Chinese green beans or crackers, with a little jelly for dessert. "When it seemed certain that certain kinds of food would give out or even had already gone, the soldiers would advance their lines, seize new houses or shops, and in would pour sugar, flour, rice, etc., to relieve our need."—Mrs. E. G. Tewksbury.

We have, by careful living, food enough to last three weeks longer. Of course it is food very different from what we would have if in our homes. The only meat has been horse-meat, until yesterday, when a cow was killed. The horses belonged to the Legation people, and there are enough to last ten days more. I believe they kill two a day.—Miss N. N. Russell.

The quantity of horse meat being cut down to half a pound per diem for each person, will affect our meat-loving English cousins more than it does us. I do not notice the difference. We always have some one thing, at least once a day, from the canned goods. Each one may perhaps have only a few bites, but it helps the rest down. And there is always a plenty of bread (from

brown Chinese flour ground here) and red rice, so one need never suffer from hunger yet awhile.—Miss Ada Haven.

Our mouths also grew sore, so it was hard to eat enough of the coarse bread to satisfy hunger. But while our food did not improve as time went on, our lodgings certainly did, thanks to Yankee ingenuity, some instances of which are described below.

We have a punka fixed up today. Do not know what that is, and can you find it in the dictionary? I don't know whether it is a Chinese, English or Indian word. Well, it is a big fan hung from the ceiling, and pulled by a Chinese boy. We hoped it would shoo away the flies, but it only seems to cool the air, which is something. I wish we could have it going all night, only I would be sorry for the Chinese boy.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

The following shows a further improvement on this invention:

For these punkas the theater scenery was used, with fringes of newspapers to help scatter the flies. We could not have them pulled all the time, but to be able to eat without a swarm of flies on the table was comfort indeed.—Mrs. Ewing.

The same ingenuity that adapted that useless stage scenery and those piles of newspapers that had filled valuable space in the loft of the church, and the same thoughtfulness for the rights of others that induced our missionary carpenter, Mr. Galt, to climb up and drive the nails for hanging them on the tops of beams and cornices so as to leave no wound in the walls, also pro-

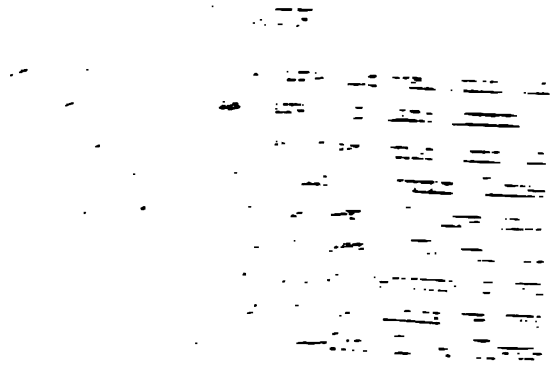
ded eventually for the pulling of that punka so as not to take valuable brawn from the defences. After the thing was fully systematized, it was pulled part of the time by a lame Chinaman and part by a blind one. It was sometimes pulled also in the half hour when the babies were being put to sleep at night.

The Bell Tower. This fateful place, from which the alarms rang, fast for fire and slow tolling for general attack, now during the armistice ceased to fill us with dread and we used to gather on its triple platform, to discuss the events of the day, or to copy the notices or public letters which covered its sides. Almost all these notices were in English, even though this language might not always be the vernacular of the bill poster, as per sample: "At the place said, 'The Tunnel,' there is now eight o'clock horses debris deposed. This is very bad for salubrity. Please Comity [committee] do necessary, some observations for filth." Sometimes, however, an important notice would appear in the three principal languages, English, French and German. Many of these showed a strong siege flavor, as the one urging the duty of replacing any brick that one might temporarily, for the sake of making obversations, remove from a loop hole. After it became too dark to copy edicts, gazettes, etc., one could amuse one's self looking down upon the crowd below, passing on the Boulevard. Here are some Chinese returning with their shovels, to exchange them for dinner-tickets. Here is a new group among those going to take an airing, some Japanese ladies and a toddling baby, looking like a bright flower blowing in the wind. We had supposed Japan was represented only by men. But this armistice brings the ladies and

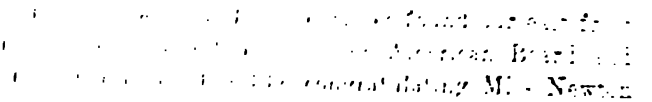
children out. Here, too, is the result of a notice we have just read on the bulletin, that after a certain date, now past, all dogs weighing over seven pounds will be shot if found running at large. That is with a view to the benefit of the Christian Chinese, and to remove said dogs from the list of eaters to the list of eaten. The result is seen in a big, strong dog going about the compound leading a little European lady about by a string, and sometimes he leads her a chase, to be sure. Here is a little index of the length of time we have been in the siege, little baby "Siege," going past wheeled in his carriage by his mamma. He was born after we had been in the siege a week.—A. H.

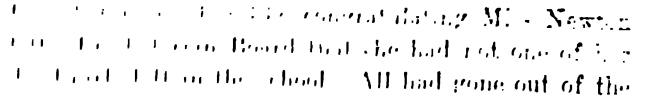
Attic. There is an attic over this church which has been filled up with all sorts of rubbish. For several weeks some of the men have been sleeping up here, because it was dangerous out in the whizz of bullets. One day last week a bright idea came to some of them, that part of the ladies, also, might sleep there. So a lot of the rubbish has been cleared out, and by means of curtains, etc., little rooms have been made. A long passage way leads down each side of the attic room. It is about five feet wide. On the east side there are windows, and here Mr. Galt and I have about nine or ten feet for our apartment. It isn't very cool or very clean, but it is a tiny bit of a place we can have for our own. We have a bed fixed up, too, so we are not right down on the floor, as we have been for so many weeks. By the time we are ready to leave this place we shall be quite comfortable, perhaps; no one will be sorry to leave, however.—Mrs. Galt.

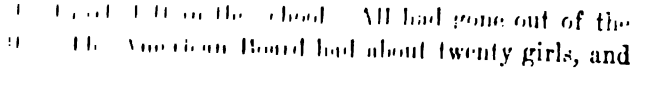






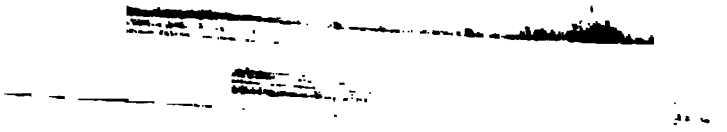








MISS E. SHEFFIELD.



the Methodist, one hundred. The storm of wrath was closing in on all sides.

We, of the Methodist Board, had planned to send our girls home in small companies under the escort of the native preachers as they returned from the Conference held in Peking the last of May. The tearing up of the railroad prevented this. That event then seemed like the most unkind thing that could have befallen us, which proves how little we know what is best. It was the forced stay in the siege which saved our girls from a still more horrible summer outside and, no doubt, many from death itself.

When, according to the general decision and the advice of Minister Conger, the American missionaries all congregated at the Methodist Mission premises, Miss Haven and Miss Sheffield came with the American Board school girls. A few days later several of Miss Newton's girls came, driven in by the fury of the Boxers outside. After going to the British Legation, three pupils from the Church of England Mission joined us, making altogether one hundred and thirty girls.

We were in a state of partial siege at the Methodist Mission until the 20th of June. The premises were too large for our small guard to attempt to hold. It was decided in case of attack to abandon the Women's Premises, which were on the south side of the alley, and all go to the compound on the north side. The church there was made into a fortress so that if necessity required the women and children could take refuge in it. One of the entrances to the church we filled with rice,



which both barricaded the door and insured food supply for the schools.

All the belongings of the Methodist girls except what were in constant use were packed away for safety in the North Compound. The girls from the other schools left behind them all but present necessities when they came.

Watchmen (or women) were on duty all day ready to give the alarm to us on the Women's Premises in case of approach of the enemy. The girls held themselves in readiness to fly to the church at a moment's warning. As soon as night came they went to church and to bed on the floor. What time the ladies in charge of them slept at all, they, too, slept on the church floor.

I, personally, had little time during these busy days to be with the girls. Mrs. Arthur Smith, of the American Board, greatly endeared herself to them all by her unceasing interest in them and her strengthening of their faith. Passing in and out among the girls, one could see that their daily, almost hourly, occupation was prayer.

I shall never forget, one morning when danger had become very imminent, one of the girls coming to me with this message: "We see how tired and worried you are and we know it is about us. We want to tell you that we are all praying and are at peace. If God spares our lives we shall be very glad; but if we do die it will be all right."

The night the Chinese city was for four hours filled with the fiendish howls, "Kill the foreign devils!" the girls were peacefully sleeping on the church floor.

Once only was there a giving way to grief. That was

on the morning of June 20, when they were told that foreigners were all ordered to leave Peking. In such an extreme hour, I could but tell them the plain facts as they appeared to me; which were, that although some native Christians might hide away, yet, if the foreign ministers should leave the city, they and all who should go with them would be massacred, while those who remained in Peking would share the same fate. In short, I thought the most of us would be in Heaven before the close of that day.

My last feeble plan for our girls was to give each one some bits of money to secrete about her person, so that in case she escaped she would not be penniless. I told them, if attacked, to lose themselves, if possible, in the crowd. They saw the probable futility of this plan as clearly as I did and said, "Where shall we go? The Boxers are everywhere. We will not try to go anywhere, but all stay here and go to Heaven together."

We were all of us—teachers and pupils—in one of the school rooms at the time; and we had a consecration meeting right then. At first nobody paid much heed to what others were doing; but each, where she stood or knelt, was speaking earnestly to God. Then we sang the song we had all learned in the revival meetings that had blessed us a few months before. It was the girls' favorite of all they knew. You know the song—"I Can Hear My Savior Calling, Take Thy Cross and Follow Me." Then, "I'll go With Him to the Garden," and again, "He'll go With me all the Way," and "He Will Give Me Grace and Glory." How every word was brought home that morning! Then we all prayed to-

gether, "If it be possible, let this cup pass; nevertheless Thy will be done." We were helped right then to say it *all*. While still praying, a messenger came hurriedly in saying, "Baron von Ketteler has been shot and killed and the ministers will not leave the city. All the Americans are ordered to be ready to go to the United States Legation in twenty minutes." "What about the native Christians?" was asked. "Captain Hall will come for them afterwards," was the reply. Will they *be here* when he comes back? one could but wonder.

Before we had finished telling the girls of these last developments, another messenger came saying that all of us—Americans and native Christians—were to go to the Legation together. Oh, joy! that we could live or die together.

Each person could take to the Legation only what he or she could carry. All the poor girls possessed, except the clothes they wore and a few testaments and hymn books, were in the North Compound and impossible to be gotten at. We were going to nobody knew what, without food, beds or medicines. We were not molested on our way to the Legation. The school girls, at the head of the long column of Chinese, marched quietly all the way and in perfect order. An old Scotch gentleman stood and watched them pass within the Legation defences. He said afterward that in all his life he had never seen such a wonderful sight as that.

The teachers went with the girls into an open court yard adjoining Prince Su's palace grounds. After a while they were moved into another court near by where were a lot of shade trees. Straw from a stack close at

nder the trees, and here we sat for
o be out of the glare of the hot sun,
r other shelter.

ames of the Imperial University of
y in the day assured us that he would
to secure the use of Prince Su's palace
e. We are indebted to him for the open-
palace which provided shelter and living
for all our Chinese the first ten days of the
t cost Mr. James his life. He was shot that
vening while going among the Chinese on this
of love.

he school girls occupied an immense hall of the
ace, entirely without furnishings and with a damp
rick floor. This we covered with straw. Preparations
were made for cooking, and native women were put in
charge of the girls. This was no sooner done than the
foreign ladies were ordered into the British Legation,
as firing had already begun and they might be soon cut
off from the quarters designed for them.

By and by the firing abated and Dr. Gamewell went back with me to where the girls were. Shooting soon began again, however, and we had to return under fire. As we left the girls they did not see us go; for they were prostrate in the straw to escape passing bullets through the windows and were praying as if they had lost sight of all but two things—their enemy and God, their help. That was the last time I saw them for several days. The firing was so heavy that ladies were not allowed to pass over to them. The girls' sufferings were very keen. Fighting was fierce about them. A per-

sistent effort was made to burn Prince Su's palace. A horrible death stared them hourly in the face. Since the siege I have heard the girls reviewing the events of it. When they came to the days spent in Prince Su's palace they said, "Oh! don't mention them. They were too dreadful!"

After the palace was burned the girls were brought, under cover of night, into a Chinese private residence a little south of the British Legation, which was deserted. Although the majority of the girls had to sleep on boards, trunks, tables, floors, and although the open space these one hundred persons had to move about in was only about forty feet square, yet here was comparative luxury. This place, too, could be reached without being directly exposed to fire. This deserted home proved a very well-to-do one, stocked with food and all sorts of beautiful and useful clothing and unmade goods. The girls' shoes were worn out. Here was material for new ones and they knew how to make them. Of every thing there was, we used what we needed.

The girls gladly helped in every way possible. They cooked, washed, mended and darned for many people and made sand bags; I cannot tell how many thousand. One or two days they helped tear down old buildings and carried the bricks to make fortifications. It was all done, not only while facing their own peril, but the almost certainty that their dear ones at home were being hunted and slain like wild beasts.

Minister Conger, with the greatest anxiety, said to me the day our native Christians came within the Legation defences, "What are we going to do with all these

Chinese? We are bringing them up here to starve to death." It did *look* that way, but we couldn't *walk by sight* those days. That same afternoon food enough was found to supply all our people for several days, and the supply never failed.

Having but few dishes, they ate in small divisions. It was past noon before all had breakfasted; for there was the added difficulty or almost impossibility of cooking thoroughly the whole kernels of wheat which made the morning meal. It was late at night when supper was ended. They had but the two meals.

For want of house room we had evening prayers in the open court. Many a time in the midst of prayers a fusillade would suddenly open and bullet after bullet would whiz over us.

Once a cannon ball struck just beside the kitchen door, where, but a moment before, some girls had been standing. A bullet grazed one girl's clothing, another passed between two girls sitting side by side, went into a room and struck under a table, but none of the girls were hurt.

After the allies arrived, the owner of the home we occupied came back. He said he would like to get some of the clothing and bedding in the house if we did not object. He was told what we had done with his things and that we were destitute. He was very nice, saying that he could not take all of his things away. He would take some and leave some. He left a good supply of clothing for all the girls. That was not bad, was it? This man was not a Christian, of course.

All our school buildings and homes had for weeks

been lying in ashes. Six days after our release we divided our flocks, and, with thankful hearts for the unfailing mercies of the summer, went to live in such quarters as we could find. "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side when men rose up against us, then had they swallowed us up quick."

We believe that God has a very definite purpose in the world for these young lives that in the hour of trial leaned upon Him and whom He so manifestly delivered.—Charlotte M. Jewell.

Other Christian Chinese.

The Chinese were all put into a large Fu (residence of a wealthy family) across the street from the Legation. The Japanese were in charge of the Fu, and treated the Chinese very nicely. They were so polite and considerate to the Chinese that many of the servants of the foreigners preferred to go over there and work for them than to stay in the British Legation and work for Europeans. At first Protestants and Catholics were together, but they were separated later.—Miss Maud Mackey, M. D.

Prince Su's palace was at first protected on three sides by Legations, and had a special guard of Japanese and Italian marines. The abandonment of the Austrian Legation left it more unprotected on the northeast, and though the Japanese made a brave defense, the Chinese soldiers gradually pushed in their barricades on the north, so that before the end of the siege the quarters the Protestants once occupied were all burned or included within the enemies' lines. Thus driven back by fire and

sword, our people were gradually brought over to scattered Chinese dwellings near the British, Russian and American Legations.—Miss Luella Miner.

Although part of the premises formerly occupied by the Christians has had to be given up, the new quarters are much safer and more comfortable. Before, the people were huddled together, and many had only open pavilions for shelters. When the rains came on, sixteen days ago, this shelter was, of course, insufficient. Now nearly all have good houses, some even better than their own original homes.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

A number of Chinese were hurt and some valued workers killed, but they too can tell many stories of wonderful preservation. For instance, a cannon ball flew into a small Chinese room with thirteen people in it and did not touch one of them.

The Christians have been true, and none of them have been too proud to work like coolies. They have built our barricades, and dug our countermines. They have not been treated very kindly by the foreigners in the Legations, either, but they have tried to bear it meekly. —Miss M. A. Mackey, M. D.

Developing Courage.

A number of the English-speaking young men from the Methodist school, because of their free use of English, were employed as messengers to all points within the line of defense. One young fellow carried a white face through the first days, and said that he could not sleep. He never shirked duty, but be was frightened.

Later on, noticing his fearless bearing, someone remarked to him that he did not now look like the frightened boy of those first days. He laughed brightly and said, "Oh, we have *developed* courage." And so they had, both he and his comrades in a common danger. These boys were very proud of their associations with the marines, with whom they liked to chat on all possible occasions.

A marine asked one of them, as they chatted one day, which he would rather be, a British soldier or an American soldier. The questioner was British and the young Chinese wanted his favor, but he stood by his colors and answered bravely: "America has educated me and given me all I have; I love America and would like best to be an American soldier."—Mrs. F. D. Gamewell.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

"The Siege of Peking."

Three years ago I was in the siege of Peking. We left Tungcho by night in Chinese carts, and went to the Methodist Mission. We put all our baggage in the church, and some of us slept there every night, because we were afraid of an attack at any time.

We went all in a crowd to the English Legation. We had to live in the church there. We were very crowded. First we slept on the floor, but later, my papa made a little room in the attic just big enough for us to sleep in.

We ate brown bread, musty rice, horse meat and cracked wheat mush every day. Papa, Gardner and I ate some brown, strong smelling Chinese jam on our bread, when we could not get butter.

The Chinese soldiers were around us all the time, shooting with big guns and rifles, trying to kill us. They tried to burn our houses, by burning the houses around us, but they did not succeed. The girls had their dolls to play with, but we boys tried to build a tent, but the wind blew it down several times. Mr. Galt succeeded in building it so it would stay. Every Sunday, Mrs. Arthur Smith had a Sunday school class for the children.

A Boxer shot off one of the little images on the roof of the church, and it fell on Mrs. Smith's tent.

There were lots of messengers that started for Tientsin with letters to the troops. Some of the messengers had their leters sewed into their coats, stockings or hats, for fear the Boxers would find them. One, a little boy, went as a beggar. He put his letter in his bowl of porridge and he succeeded in getting to Tientsin and back again.

In the night of the 13th of August we heard some foreign guns, and we knew it must be the troops. On the next day they came into the English Legation.

They were so tired that they dropped right on the ground and we all passed them tea and water.

On Saturday we went to a Prince's Palace to live. The Prince was nine years old, and had a cart and little donkey.

I was glad to come out of the siege, and live in a house. We were glad God saved us from being killed.—Donald George Tewksbury, 8 years of age. Jan. 13, 1903, Tungcho, China.

EIGHTH WEEK.

I. Journals.
II. Children's Corner, Dorothea Goodrich.
III. Articles.
Last Hours at the Siege Hospital.
(a) Last Night, Dr. Terry.
(b) Last Day, Dr. Gloss.
Special Providences.
To Deum.

August 8.—We had a fearful night, three sharp attacks and then incessant firing all the rest of the time. Branches and leaves are all over the ground this morning. It is reported that the soldiers who have been firing on us have been sent out to fight the foreign troops, and that there are new ones. I suppose they thought they would see what they could do and make a record for themselves.

Men were working in the trenches outside the front gate all night. The plan is to mount a cannon outside.

Miss N. N. Russell.

Last night's funeral (that of the little Swedish baby) was characteristic of our siege state. We walked in procession two and two to the little burying ground, and laid her between baby Inglis and the soldier shot just inside the gate by a random ball from the enemy. We had a few shots over our own heads during the services at the grave; just as is usual with siege funerals. It almost seems as if some spy must let them know our

times of funerals, and they take this time to fire when they know many foreigners will be in that part of the compound. For the most part now our days are quiet, with an occasional midnight attack. One of these attacks was so sharp that it served for subject matter with the Foreign Office. Those on watch at the time said it had been preceded by a great shouting, and said the enemy's barricade had fallen down, and this so scared the Chinese that they screamed, thinking the enemy close at hand, and opened a hot fire on us. But the Foreign Office said their sentinels heard our screaming, and supposed themselves attacked, and so opened fire.

I am housekeeper today. It happens on a red letter day as to supplies. The great pile of things in the store room are used almost down to the ground to be sure; we have only one little spoonful of butter a day (to eat on our porridge with sugar at breakfast, in place of milk, which gave out long ago); white rice is only for those who get a physician's certificate that it is absolutely necessary; the horse meat ration of a half pound per head a day must soon be made less (this amount is entirely ample); jam never comes on the table except occasionally, when for dessert each person is allowed two small crackers stuck together with jam; eggs can no longer be obtained, as a new barricade is made where the egg merchants used to come in, and several men have been shot. Not even the prospect of buying ten eggs for four cents and selling them at from forty cents to a dollar will make a man ready to risk his life. But the reason why this day was an especial one as to the bill of fare was because, as had been announced on the bulletin for

some days previously, a cow had been killed, and all the ladies and children among the foreigners were to have a portion. I think it was an especial forethought that made the market committee pick out this day for the killing of Mrs. Jewell's horse, knowing of course that she would not wish to eat horse meat on this particular day. Over seventy-five horses have been killed at the market (by Sir Claude's kitchen) since we went into siege. They have naturally reserved the treasured pets and the race horses till the last. We shall soon be obliged to commence eating the racers unless the troops come quickly. There are two gentlemen at our table who never eat horse meat and so are obliged to go without animal food altogether, Dr. Goodrich and Dr. Ingram. Not only did these men receive a good help, but whatever was left was kept for them till the next meal. In fact, in our mission, everyone, man, woman and child, received a portion. But I shall long remember the time we housekeepers, Mrs. Smith and I, had in cutting the meat that night!

I wonder what would happen if, at this late date, I should confess that I got a little mixed between the various platters in the pantry that night?—the Cong. beef for slicing, and that for making into stew for tomorrow, two similar platters for the Methodists, and then the platters of mule meat. I *tried* to keep them all distinct, and everybody enjoyed what they *thought* was the beef, and perhaps it was.

In the afternoon, having the choice between going with Dr. Dudgeon at two to see the Fu, the Japanese Legation, etc., or going at three with Mr. Galt to see the

wall, I chose the former, but on presenting myself at two, found that the party had been given up, being considered by Sir Claude, who heard of it, as too dangerous. So I waited till three. We went first through the Russian and American Legations, then through a little labyrinth of small courts connected by holes through court walls, till we came to the street just below the wall. This was defended at the crossing by a high barricade on either side, leading to the foot of the ramp (or inclined plane leading up the side of the wall). The fortification of the ramp was very interesting. To guard against shots being fired down the ramp, abutments were built out, first from the city wall, then from the outer wall of the ramp, so that one in ascending went on a zig-zag between these little barricades.

The bricks to make these walls were dug from the city wall at places between the little barricades. I speak of them as little, but of course they were as high as a man's head. It had been an immense labor to dig these enormous bricks out of the wall, as the bricks were more than twice as large as any bricks I had ever seen.

This zig-zag path led from the bottom to the top. It was sad to think of the hard labor and many wounds this zig-zag had cost our Chinese. Of course all the way up, and all along the top of the wall as far as we hold it, all the depressions in the battlemented top were filled in with brick, and loop holes left in spots, just a large enough crack to sight through. Along the top also, there were no clear spaces left for free sweep of guns, all broken up into barricades, narrow passages, etc. At the large square tower-like projections of the walls

we could see east and west along the face of the wall and over the city. The ruined southern tower of Chien Men (gate) was in full sight. The broad open space both sides of the moat was quite deserted. I did not see a living being in the Southern City all the while I was on the wall. We went to the eastern barricade and looked over to the enemy's barricade two hundred yards distant. The marine on sentry duty at the loop hole gave us his glass, but of course we could not see the enemy, only their flags. Then retracing our steps and going further west, we went nearly to the farthest barricade, but not quite up, as there was some firing going on. Then we went down.

This same afternoon a number of gentlemen among us took the task of counting the Catholics in the Fu, for the purpose of trying to make some plan to keep them from starving. There turned out to be 1,295 women and children (men not counted). In the morning I had secured a very small portion of the food they eat, as a specimen. (It did not deprive them as it was replaced by better.) It was black and in little cakes, with so much dirt in it that I immediately disposed of the bit I took in my mouth, and my mouth felt gritty for a long time. Another coarser kind contains much straw, oats, etc., and was filled with a stuffing of elm-leaves.—Ada Haven.

August 9. This morning I visited the wall and saw our barricades, very near to the enemy's barricades, where their flags are. Our marines have done wonderful work there, and it would seem almost impossible to drive them out. Fires have destroyed much of this part

of the city. The north Roman Catholic cathedral is still standing. It will be wonderful if the 3,000 over there have been able to hold out. We cannot send relief and they cannot come to us. We could look over into the Imperial city. A pillar of one of the verandas there had been struck by one of our balls.—Miss J. G. Evans.

August 10.—This morning at three o'clock we had a furious rifle attack. The cannons have all been sent out of the city to meet the foreign army. Bullets struck the skylight in the hall, and the glass came crashing down with a terrible noise. Our machine guns were turned on, but I have not heard whether many of the enemy were killed; in fact, we could not know, as they fight from sheltered places. Yesterday Capt. Van Stroudt caught men just outside our walls digging a mine. We drove them off and succeeded in getting their bag of powder.

Later, 8:30.—Sharp fighting, and we can hear the bugle blowing. It may mean we are in for an attack tonight, as there has been more or less firing all day, and if you could hear the bullets whiz now in our tree-tops or strike the wall, you would wonder how I could sit here quietly writing. After seven weeks of it you would understand. The last two nights we have had sharp attacks, and we wonder if it means that the foreign troops are nearer, or where they are. The bugle still keeps blowing. Our men have been countermining for weeks, and strengthening all the weak places in our walls. What we fear is the enemy being defeated and driven back into the city.—Miss N. N. Russell.

This afternoon we received letters from the troops through a messenger sent out by Mr. Tewksbury four days ago. Yesterday when he left them they were at the halfway place. We may expect the first line at least by Monday or Tuesday. Of course this news makes us all very happy. The first announcement I heard was "Eat all you want now; the soldiers will be here in five days." This is the letter received from General Gazelee: "Strong force of allies advancing. Keep up your spirits."—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

August 11.—In the night (last night) came up a severe thunderstorm. The thunder and lightning mingled with the firing made a fearful night. We hoped when the storm began the Chinese would cease, but no, they kept right on. Our American troops upon the wall report its having been fearful up there—the two combined. It has been our part to pray. A number of us get down on the floor close together, so our voices will not disturb those who have already lain down, and there in the dark pour out our hearts for those who are standing guard through these fearful nights, also for the men lying wounded in the hospital.—Miss J. G. Evans.

August 12.—During the night there were two attacks. After the first we heard great cheering, and wondered what it could mean. One of the gentlemen went out to investigate. The Chinese had made a fierce attack by way of noise. They resort now to blank cartridges and great fire crackers. One wonders if it is to frighten us with their noise, or to make the Empress think they are doing their best.—Miss J. G. Evans.

In the midst of the attack the Italian soldiers put their fingers in their mouths and whistled. The British marines took it up and shouted bravo. The sound was tremendous, and the firing ceased at once and we had quiet for over an hour; then they took it up again. We have to stay indoors, as the bullets are too thick for any one who is not on duty to be out. The old International, the Betsy, and the English machine-gun are speaking now and have been for some time.

A letter came from the Tsung Li Ya-men tonight saying that tomorrow Prince Ching and Prince Tuan desire audience with the Ministers. This latter man is one more responsible than any one else for all this trouble. He openly said he expected to line his cart with the skins of foreign devils; then and then only would he be satisfied. If he does not find himself minus a head, then I am mistaken.

Now, while I am writing, we are in the midst of a furious attack. It is the fifth or sixth we have had today. Our men estimate they have killed 100 Boxers and many soldiers. Today our men on the wall report hearing heavy cannonading to the southeast. That is where the Chinese expected to meet our troops today, and we expect there is a big battle on. Our men also say they have seen thousands of soldiers leaving the city today and the cavalry going out on the run.—Miss N. N. Russell.

More than one romance is at present interesting those who love to watch and report such matters. There goes a Legation couple down the Boulevard behind me just this instant. The last thing before that which made

me raise my eyes was a part of a cannon being taken past. Cupid and Mars forever!

But it is not on such things I like to dwell tonight. I feel the weight of the deep consequences of the eventful week on which we are now entering. This week, in all probability, China must acknowledge her weakness. Her future, in a certain sense, will be decided this week. And this week will come up the decision, probably, of the immediate future of the Christians in our charge.

So many decisions rest on what we shall hear when the world and we again assume speaking relations. It seems so strange that such a large body of foreigners at this stage of the world's history could be, for a couple of months at a time, not on speaking terms with the rest of the world. All communication with the outside world is by bullets, and of late, bulletins also—these latter from the Foreign Office, and within the last few days, occasional short messages from the advancing troops, giving a plan of march, and urging us to keep up heart. "Hold the fort, for I am coming," is the spirit of their messages. Many think we shall see them Tuesday, and this is the plan they have themselves made—to *reach* Peking Tuesday. But there may be delay outside the walls. I try to picture what it will seem like to see them marching in, our American and English boys. And how I hope they will bring a *mail bag* with them. Oh, the wonderful revelations, while now we have only guesses!—A. H.

On this the last Sabbath of the siege, some of us thought we would like to really go to church, to see how it would seem. There was only one place where we could

do it—in the Russian Legation. In going to attend it we are obliged to pass through the Chinese preaching place. The contents of two or three stores between the English Legation and the little lane at the back of the Russian Legation had before been cleared out to make a free passage between the Legations. As time passed on, this passage, at first rough with the debris of broken partitions, etc., is made clean and smooth, and now at the end is placed a great green counter, probably from one of the shops, and here as we pause a minute, we may hear the Rev. A. H. Smith recounting to an attentive Chinese audience standing before him the mercies of our wonderful preservation. We go on, and pass up the lane, where each little store is now occupied by one or more of our Christian families. One of each family remains to keep house while the others are gone to the service.

Arriving at the Legation, we pass through the outer court, and into the chapel, and soon find ourselves standing with the other women of the little congregation. This was really more like a church than anything else we had within our lines. We had ourselves turned our English friends from their chapel. But this little church was not thus desecrated by the affairs of ordinary life. Nevertheless, even here, with surroundings wholly ecclesiastical, the word "siege" seemed written everywhere. We could see it in the gaunt faces of the congregation, and the unchurchly dress of some. It showed in the make up of the choir. We had once attended a service in the Russian chapel in the northern part of the city, and been struck by the rich sweet voices of the young men who rendered the musical parts of the serv-

ice. Now the choir is composed of whoever can sing the parts—two or three civilians, perhaps belonging to the Legation, some young girls with profiles reminding one of Greek cameos, a marine or two. Some of this motley choir came in late, going to the platform on entering. The priests wore the usual rich robes, coming up behind the head like a kind of reredos, and there was the usual changing of robes, and adjusting of the girdle, sometimes being worn long from the shoulder, and sometimes crossing behind the back, over or under their long hair. But the choir wore no vestments. Here was a man with official insignia, there a marine whose striped undervest showed through a great hole in the sholder that it was the only garment to his back. Some of the girls wore hats, some not. On both men's and women's side of the congregation, we could see the same contrast in clothing and condition. But on all faces we saw a look of grateful veneration, and could know that they were rendering homage for preserved lives, the daily miracle. This seemed especially to impress the marines, who had passed through so much danger. Some of these on entering would bow to the ground, touching the forehead to the floor as in the Chinese k'ou t'ou. There is a marked difference between the Legation gentleman and the marine, the latter bearing the distinctive mark of the Russian peasantry, low brows and heavy features, and with hair the color of the yellow earth from which they seem to have sprung.

We recognized some of the faces we saw in the church, the priest who had helped Mrs. Conger fill the sand-bags, and worked with an ax on the burning tree in the Han

Lin, the matrons whom we had seen serving as Red Cross nurses in the Russian ward of the hospital, and one slender strip of a boy, whom we had seen passing in and out among the beds of the Russian patients, giving each a word of cheer, or himself sitting on the floor beside some bed to read to a patient. He had struck me as looking thin when first I saw him there on his little errands of mercy. Now through his calico shirt one could see that he was worn almost to a skeleton. He was here also in his usual capacity—serving; acting as acolyte—lighting or extinguishing the lamps at appropriate times, and passing the communion, that is, the plate of bread from which the congregation partake. The wine is drunk by the priest alone, as in the Roman Catholic service. We had watched with interest the ceremonies, the passing back and forth of the intoning priests, the opening and shutting of the vine-carved door leading into the holy of holies where the host was kept. All this was after the established order of things. But when this same youth in whom we had been so much interested, took the plate of bread and made a straight line for us, we were slightly embarrassed, and wished we had slipped out before. He offered it first to the youngest of the party, a child of six, and his mother declining for him, the rest of us were passed by, thus saving any question either as to fact or method of partaking.

Soon after this the little congregation disperses, or rather adjourns to the court, the place under the wall already made sacred by the ashes of our brave defenders, American and Russian, and which is now to receive two more. The grave is already dug, and the uncoffined

bodies lie there on stretchers covered by a flag, under the trees. We try to find places where we may be sheltered a little from the sun, which is very hot. As we stand there, we note an index of the weary length of time we have been in the siege. The graves on the terrace under the wall are those of our own boys, and on those of the ones who fell in the early part of the siege the weeds have now grown from one to two feet high. It seems sad for the two Russians who are now to be laid away—the relieving army now so near—yet it will come too late to save them.

The service is partly read, partly sung. At one point there is a slight delay. Everybody seems waiting. Finally the priest whispers a word in the ear of a marine who disappears immediately on a keen run. He appears after a while, this time also on the double quick but with more caution than before, and his hat is not on his head, but is held carefully with one hand in front of his breast, while the other hand holds something carefully guarded behind this shield. On coming up he gives it to the priest, and one sees that it is a lighted candle. With this the necessary thing, candles or incense burner (I forgot which), was lighted, and the service proceeded. And now finally the bodies are lifted one by one on the straw matting on which they lie. The men carrying the burden stoop at the grave, lower and lower, until their arms are stretched at full length down the grave, and then they let go. "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."—and then we all leave.—A. H.

Just a line before tea. Besides the letter from the English commander, received on Friday, the

same messenger brought another from the Japanese commander giving a more definite idea of their hope and plan in regard to reaching here. Their hope was to reach Chiang-chia-wan yesterday, Tungchou today and Peking tomorrow or the next day. Word came today of a great battle and a great defeat of the Chinese troops at Chiang-chia-wan yesterday, but I don't know how reliable the word is. The messenger brought word from Tungchou that a Boxer flag was over every store in the city, and a man had been impressed from every one to join the Boxer army. They were systematically hunting out and murdering all our Christians.

A fierce attack was made in the night last night upon the French and German Legations, one man being killed and another wounded. We too were attacked, and the bullets whistled past our windows, but no harm was done.

We have had our usual Sabbath service today. This afternoon a very precious experience meeting, telling one another the lessons the Lord had been teaching us during these weeks of storm and stress, and the things for which we thank the Lord. The Chinese had had their meetings as usual, and Miss Evans had a meeting with one group of women. I wanted to meet another group, but it has been so fearfully hot that I thought I would wait until after tea. Later a fierce attack came just after tea, and the bullets were flying so everywhere that I delayed my meeting till the firing stopped. Then it was so far to the group I wanted to reach, and so many sick ones to see by the way, that I was finally obliged to give up my meeting as the darkness was already gath-

ering. Just as I was starting back another terrible attack began and I was rather afraid to come back; but I could not know how long it would last, and dared not wait lest it be dark, so I rushed, and asked the Lord as I went to cover me with his hand, and he did. As soon as I got within the walls of the English Legation (our people are scattered about among all the Legations), I went into the first house I came to, in which were Miss Douw and the ladies of her mission, and waited there until there was a lull in the firing. There have been five distinct attacks today, in one of which the French commander was killed.—Miss Andrews.

August 13, Monday—Yesterday we had another Sunday. How we appreciate them now since we were deprived of them for so many weeks. Yesterday was, however, a very noisy day. The enemy began firing upon us in the afternoon and kept it going all night. We all wonder if the enemy realize this is their last chance at us.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

Last night I gave up writing, the firing made me so nervous, and then we dared not have a light, it got so bad. The night was simply beyond words. All day there was firing, and several attacks. About seven in the evening it was bad, and simply grew worse till three this morning. Then we had a let-up of an hour or so, then they started in again. Thousands of bullets struck all about us. One came into our room through the window, but did not hit any one. One struck just over the window, and brought down some tiles, and several struck on the roof. All our west barricades were badly injured, and it will take all day to

repair them. Our three machine-guns and cannon were all working. It is simply wonderful that tens of thousands of bullets could be fired and only one man killed. The Chinese simply point their guns in our direction and fire; they have some fine marksmen among them, but not many. Capt. Van Stroudt, the leader now of the English marines, had been instructing the Chinese soldiers, but he said some months ago he saw what was coming, and resigned his post. Our American flag, also the Russian flag, have been raised on the wall today. I do hope our troops will come in to-day; it does not seem as if we could endure another night like last night.—Miss N. N. Russell.

Last night was one of the hardest since the siege began. New soldiers evidently were firing upon us, hoping they could accomplish our destruction before our troops arrive. They are using Mauser rifles. The firing comes mostly from over by the Fu (on the east) and the Mongol market (on the west), and may have been from other places. It was almost continuous through the night. The air seemed full of bullets. The chapel where we are is right between the fires. Sometimes the noise was so great it seemed as though they must be inside instead of a few rods away. It is very, very warm and the air seems dead. We are so nervously tired it seems almost more than we can bear; the poor children did have such a hard night.—Miss J. G. Evans.

On these last afternoons, the chapel presents a scene varied from its former use. Here at the end of one table sits Dr. Reid, able now to be about again, dictating to Miss Andrews, who can write a beautiful microscopic

hand, certain numbers, cipher telegrams, and here, further down, is Dr. Ingram, making a map of the defenses. Here sits Dr. Goodrich, whacking out a home letter on his type-writer. And here, in the large open space in front of the tables, sits a group of ladies, one reading while the others work.

During these last days, when there was no longer a demand for sand-bags, we could avail ourselves of the kind offer of one of the English Legation ladies, who put her library at the use of the missionaries, and I suppose of any who could read English. This was certainly most generous at a time when the only way anyone could be *sure* of finding any of his belongings was to keep them under his hand *all* the time. We had time also for another employment—to make ourselves some new clothes. Some of the stuff from the foreign stores proved far too thin for sand-bags, but would make very pretty shirt waists, delicate satin stripe challies, and such material. They had been sent to the chapel weeks before by the storekeepers, with the request that they should be given to the ladies who most needed them. These were put away at the time. Who could tell whether we would ever need shirt waists? But we did need sand-bags, and desperately, too. But now that the troops were almost here, we would make up those new shirt waists (for we sadly needed these too) and wear them first in honor of their arrival, making a gala-day of our welcome to them. And so it was that on this last afternoon of the siege, we found ourselves gathered where we had often with such feverish haste rushed forward the sand bags, sitting quietly doing our own sewing, while

one of our number read aloud from one of these English books, about the Siege of Lucknow. We had often spoken of this remarkable siege before, wondering as we passed through certain experiences, whether these others had had similar trials or mercies. So now this gave us a chance to compare. As the one read, the others would often interrupt her, renaming the persons or the places of the story, as they seemed familiar—"Why that is Major Conger or Sir Claude," or "Call that Tungchou or Ch'ien Men." Never was history so interesting.

In a letter written after the siege one of the ladies writes thus: "One of the army officers asked, if we had the siege to go over again what we would do? I said there was one thing we would not do, and that was to take extra trouble to have on clean clothes to welcome the relieving army. I do not like to recall how I ironed the day before the troops came. I had been sick and was just up and able to get around. My knees trembled under me while standing, and two bullets struck the roof of a little house five or six feet from where I was standing, and sent the brick dust over my clean skirt and shirt waist. We had one iron for I don't know how many people to use, at least twenty-five. These ladies were waiting for me to get through so they could iron."

We began to expect the troops on the 13th, but doubted much whether we would be alive to welcome our rescuers, for, as the Chinese army fled before the allies, it fell back into Peking and vented its desperate spite upon us.—Mrs. Gamewell.

August 14.—Tuesday. This is a day, and last night

was a night, long to be remembered. Just about eight last night we were in the porch talking—taking refuge from the rain. Mrs. Tewksbury said "Sir Claude has favored the plan of the German captain who proposed to give the enemy all our cannon in case they made another night attack." Mr. Tewksbury replied, "Oh, there will be no attack tonight." But the word was not out of his mouth when the attack commenced hard and sharp, so there was hardly a chance to hear a word shouted in one's ear.—Ada Haven.

Early in the morning, in the midst of a rainstorm, the enemy situated in the Mongol market began an attack. Yesterday, in consequence of the great noise of the attack the night before, we had mounted our five large guns with a range on this place. There was the "Betsey," the English Nordenfelt, the Italian one-pounder and the Austrian gun. The crack, crack, of the enemy's rifles, the thud, thud, of our guns was kept up just about the entire night through. Twice during the night the armed civilians were called out. The first time was just after we had gone to bed. When the forty or so men assembled, Sir Claude came out and announced that he called them out simply to see how many would be ready to respond. 'Tis true some did not know where their guns were, for it had been some weeks since such a call has come. But about three o'clock in the morning the bell sounded again, and this time each was assigned a position, for the enemy was thought to be on the point of making a rush. Nothing was done, however, and the men came back in a little while—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

The horrors of the night began early and there seemed

little use of retiring. We would no more than lie down when there would be another attack, and such fearful ones. It seemed as though all the powers of darkness were arrayed against us. We hear the new official had said he would take us in five days. This was his last chance, and well he tried. If such an attack had come two months ago, we could not have withstood it, but God did not allow it then, and gave us time to fortify. At first the attacks would last some half hour or so, and then there would be a quiet time; but for the past two nights the firing has been almost incessant on our north, east and west, and not more than 500 yards away from the church. We expected the Chinese would do their best when they knew our troops were near. Before that they thought they could starve us out. But now they wanted to get us out of the way, so we could not give testimony against them. Our soldiers planted four guns to fire upon the Chinese, for now that the allied troops are so near, we did not need to be so careful about using up our ammunition. We had the Nordenfelt, our Betsey (this you remember was the International gun), an Austrian, the automatic (Colts) and the Italian, and how our men did fire them! Think of five cannon going, and most of them not more than 500 yards away, accompanied by the incessant reports of rifles on either side. The explosive bullets made a fearful noise. Some counted six separate attacks during the night, but to me it was one long-drawn connonading. The enemy had a cannon which at last got the range of our buildings, and threw shells. One entered Sir Claude's bedroom, but no one was in it at the time. Three

struck the rampart at the front entrance of the Legation, one of which came in, making a great hole and exploding inside, knocking Dr. Dudgeon on his back, but doing no harm. Wonderful Providence through it all!—Miss Evans.

And now that it comes to the crowning moment of all, when we first heard our rescuers, it is impossible to pick out the story of one. Let us have a symposium, a chorus of voices telling the same story just as it was that night in the church porch.

At two o'clock I suddenly heard the boom of distant cannon. "Listen, it's our troops!" I cried. Exultant voices and hurrying footsteps assured me that others, too, believed our troops were near.—Mrs. C. Goodrich.

About two a. m. we heard the distant roar of our troops, and now shells are bursting in the city on the east side, and our troops are reported within three miles. It seems almost more than we can endure. Now our relief is in sight our strength is gone; I mean our physical strength. We may have another bad night, for the troops may not be able to get into the city today. One German was killed; our American gunner, Mitchell, was seriously injured, and two other marines were also injured. Our soldiers heard the Chinese officers urging on their men to rush our walls last night, but they did not get up their courage to do it. Our big guns were put on the weaker places and sent volley after volley into their barricades.—Miss N. N. Russell.

Shortly after midnight we heard the distant roar of cannon and knew our troops were engaging the Chinese

forces not far away. The roar grew stronger and louder, till about four o'clock when the men on the small portion of the wall which we held could see the flash of artillery. All gates were closed, for the last time perhaps, and barricaded.—Dr. Leonard.

Between the heavy fusillades against our compound walls, we suddenly heard the thunderous boom of heavy guns outside the city gates. Boom—boom—boom—then the nearer reply from the Chinese on the wall, striving to drive them back. But in vain. Until long after dawn we listened joyfully, tearfully, hysterically to the welcome roll of artillery and the click, click, click of the sharp-spoken little machine gun. There was not much sleep after the first sound of the relief guns was heard. The whole compound was full of life and movement. The Chinese soon turned more heavy artillery upon us, sending big shells bursting into different houses in the Legation.—Mrs. Inglis.

Between two and three in the morning, while many of us stood by the door of the church, there came a little lull in the noise about us, and we heard a Gatling gun in the distance and we soon realized the allied troops were drawing near. I cannot write what it was to us to hear that sound after two months anxious waiting. We knew they were still some miles away, and a strong wall and gates between them and us, but we could hear them, and then the cannonading here.—Miss Evans.

Hurrah! we hear the sound of our friends knocking at the gates. What a night it was last night! It was about two o'clock when we became quite certain that

the sounds we heard must be either our troops or guns fired at them, in either case of course implying our deliverers were near. Today was the day they set for coming, so we can readily believe them near.

The attack last night was perfectly fiendish, six attacks in fact, each sounding like a concentrated Fourth of July and Chinese New Year, so magnified and brought together by some acoustic instrument as to make the sounds one great crack, and snap, and roar, and whistle. Of course part of this was our own answering fire. In fact, with the exception of four shells (one of which they say went into Sir Claude's bedroom), all the artillery was on our side. We have learned to distinguish the separate voices of our ordnance, the Nordenfelt was near us, our pet "International" in the stable court, the Italian at the Mongol market, and the Colts at the front gate. My place to sleep is in the garret of the church. But of course little sleep was done by anybody. Hearing the distant guns and the joyful voices of those lodging below, I went down stairs and joined the excited group in the moonlit church porch, who were rejoicing in the prophecy of the new sounds. Presently Mrs. Smith came along and asked Dr. Wherry to voice our thanksgiving in a few words of prayer. I shall never forget that prayer as we stood in the moonlight huddled together in the porch, to be out of range of the sharp firing going on.—Ada Haven.

I think I was the only grown person who slept any after eleven o'clock. I woke before then, and I realized the good news, but was too tired and weak

from my three weeks' sickness to get up. Several came to my bedside and asked if I heard the firing. I sleepily answered "yes," hoping they would soon quiet down and not wake the children. So when for the third time I was disturbed by "Have you heard the good news?" I said "Yes; I say 'Thank the Lord,' and go to sleep in peace." I was so nearly worn out as to have no more enthusiasm than that. Even through the day I did not get worked up to the situation. When everyone else rushed out at the last to greet the soldiers as they entered, I stayed behind with my sick baby who was trying to go to sleep. But when the "hurrahs" rang out on the air, a thrill ran through my heart, and I did feel the excitement of the day, and the relief from the long strain.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

Morning.

There is no doubt but what our troops are advancing, and that this firing is the battle. Some say they are really inside the Southern City; others say at different gates, but all agree that they are within four or five miles of us. If it should be the entire army, and not simply the advance guard, we will see them before night. I have just now heard that they are probably coming in two sections, judging from the direction of the Chinese firing. This would seem to indicate that the entire army is close at hand. I also hear a "yow-yen" (rumor) which I take with at least two grains of salt, that two or three explosives have come from outside over into the Forbidden City. It is a fine morning to get up stories. Everyone is happy, exultant in spite of the weariness

from lack of sleep after so many nights of continuous attacks. I am trying to be calm, and not too expectant. So many times we have been mistaken. I very greatly hope it may be true, and especially because of the food supply. It seems pathetic that dear babies should have nothing but horse soup to live on, as some of the older ones are doing.

I wonder where we shall go in the few days before the way is opened to Tientsin. I feel sure it will be some interesting place. In some wealthy Chinese residence, perhaps, or the Temple of Heaven; or even the palace itself would be attractive. If we could get out of this compound we can buy melons, fresh fruit, eggs, etc., and live high.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

And then in the morning came the pounding of cannon against the walls and gate of the city. I couldn't have believed it possible that I could ever find delight in such a sound, knowing how much it must mean of havoc and probably of slaughter, but it was music to us all, because we knew that only so could deliverance come to us, and only so salvation to China. We didn't think it possible that the troops could get in before night, if indeed at all to-day.—Miss Andrews.

Afternoon.

Dr. Wherry and I got permission to go up on the wall, the day the troops came in. We saw our Americans marching up on the Southern City side. They called up to us and gave us the news from Tientsin and asked about our condition. Oh, it was glorious to see them all come in! We could hear the Russian band before

we saw the men. They kept perfect time as they sang with thousands of voices their song of victory.—Maud Mackey, M. D.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the American marines on the city wall sent up a terrific shout. The allies were creeping into the north city under the city wall, fifty feet beneath the feet of our cheering American boys. A few minutes later they filed into the British Legation. British officers, sturdy Sikhs from India, with their comrades, the Royal Rajputs and Bengal Lancers mounted upon their war steeds.—Mrs. Inglis.

Inside the British Legation the tides of life were flowing as usual. The Chinese millstones were grinding the wheat which had indeed been the staff of life to the thousands of beleaguered foreigners and Christian Chinese; the butcher was dividing up the flesh of two horses; the men in charge of the fortifications still flew from place to place, superintending the Chinese workmen; soapsuds were still splashing in the laundry; the cobbler was trying to reconstruct the tattered fragments of a refugee American's only pair of shoes; the ladies had laid out the most respectable shirt-waists in their limited wardrobes to don in honor of the arrival of the troops.—Miss Miner.

At 2 o'clock p. m., the British Indian troops came through the water gate, up the side of the canal and into our compound. It was hearty cheering they got as they came in, and they did look so pleased to see us alive. The troops had heard the heavy firing on us in the night and made a desperate rush to get in.

The British left Tungchou, thirteen miles away, and reached the southeast gate of the southern city at 11 o'clock. This is the weakest gate. They had no trouble in getting through and came right on in.—Dr. Leonard.

I was lying on the bed when some one came to tell me that they were really here—in the tennis court in our compound. It seemed incredible that, with the great wall of Peking and all the gates barricaded to keep them out, and the Chinese troops who had gone out to meet them, our American boys could scale the wall right under the place where the Chinese soldiers had been firing on us. They took them by surprise, drove them away, and were soon in possession of several gates. When I got down stairs that day, only a few Indian Sikhs had come in and they continued to come in numbers, the English also, and such cheering you never heard. We waved our handkerchiefs and they shouted Hurrah!—Mrs. Tewksbury.

About two in the afternoon I was trying to take a nap up in our "sky parlor," for the noise for some nights has been almost unbearable, and fleas were worse. Sleep was out of the question—when suddenly I began to hear a great commotion down stairs, running to and fro of people, shouting and hurrahing in the other end of the compound. It flashed through my mind "Have they come?" and with nervous fingers that would scarcely put the buttons and pins in their proper places, I began to dress. In a few minutes Mr. Galt came running up to tell me, with tears in his eyes, that they had really arrived, and then he ran away again to see the sights. In a minute or two more I was with the rest of the crowd

watching hundred after hundred of soldiers march through the tennis park, when they dropped in the grass under the trees, poor, tired, hot men.—Mrs. Galt.

The first to march in were the Bengal Lancers (Sikhs), with their big turbans, strange costumes, long lances, their splendid physique, sparkling eyes and jolly faces. They came in with a hurrah and were wildly cheered. Of course they were under English officers, and soon after the English troops followed, but with less of dash.—Miss Andrews.

My letter was interrupted by the cry, "The troops have come." I jumped up, dressed hurriedly and ran out into Lady McDonald's front hall in time to greet the British officers. The court outside was filling with magnificent Sikhs, all turbaned and jolly looking as could be. Oh, what cheering, huzzahs and tears! Old Gen. Gazalee and the officers, browned and sweating, all had trembling voices as well as tearful eyes. The troops entered the Southern City, after sending a few shells through the gate, and then, instead of shelling their way into the north city, they crept man after man through the water gate.—Mrs. Inglis.

The relieving army, we fear, were a little surprised when they came, to see us clothed and in our right minds, and not so very unlike ordinary people. We had heard the quick-firing guns, joyful sound! during the night, and knew the troops were really and truly coming, and everyone put on his or her cleanest clothes, and of course looked very cheerful and happy as the troops slowly filed in. One officer saved a little beer to give to some

fainting refugee when he got to Peking, and was disgusted to find any amount of wine on the grounds. In fact, so much rum and whiskey had been brought in from the foreign stores that we were in great danger from the drink. Soldiers took it, and were sometimes unfit for duty, and in that way we lost men and some of our positions. One of the American officers destroyed all the bottles he could find, but there was too much left that he did not find.—Miss McKillican.

About the heaviest firing of all was as the troops came in, not the Sikhs, who came first, and who I think rather took the enemy by surprise, but the English troops coming later. It was in this wise: We had gone out to see them crawling through the water gate. In the general excitement, even we women were allowed to go out of the gate by the corner house and watch them. But by and by it commenced to patter a sprinkle of leaden rain. Those by the gate ran to the shelter of the corner house, but by the time I reached the gate the shower was so hard that I rushed for a little tree growing close to the wall of the little cemetery. That is one advantage of being reduced to a skeleton—you can slip into any kind of a crack. In this place I felt safe, even though the blast of the terrible ones was as a storm against a wall. It seemed like half an hour that I was standing there alone, with the bullets whizzing overhead; and the leaves and twigs falling all around as on a windy day in the late Autumn. The two or three who passed by on the road went like frightened animals, bent almost into quadrupeds as they ran across the exposed space.

After the troops were in, the Chinese made one more

attack upon us, during which a French woman was wounded, but not seriously. A company of Sikhs were called up, formed into line, and went over into the Mongol market west of us and drove the Chinese troops away. I should think they would run to see such a company coming. And I wish we could do something for our poor tired soldiers. They have gone out to camp under the wall of the city.

Welcoming Our Americans.

If we all joined in chorus as we heard for the first time the guns of the relieving army, and then again mingled our hurrahs as the Sikhs came in, still more must we all join in the welcome to our Americans, even though the hurrahs stick in our throats and have to be gulped down as sobs. Finally the Americans came in, a Montana regiment being the only ones we saw that afternoon. They were the nearest exhausted of all, for they had been at work since they reached the city, taking more of the wall, between the barricades which our soldiers have been holding there and the Ch'ien Men, one of the city gates. We waved our handkerchiefs and shouted and hurrahed as they passed, but one poor fellow said as he dragged along, "We can't spare breath to shout, but we are so glad to see you." Many were overcome entirely with the hot sun and the march from Tungchou—fourteen miles since morning, with but a bite of breakfast and nothing more all day. One of them said to me a little while later, as I was talking to a group of them who were sitting in the shade resting and smoking cigarettes: "It is worth it all to see you alive here;

we were so afraid you would all be killed." They had heard as they came toward us the attack which the Chinese made the night before on us here, and they thought time after time that we would not be able to withstand it.

The plan the troops had for entering the city was for different nationalities to enter at different gates. The Japs, however, broke agreement and started along,* bombarded one of the gates, and drew the Chinese forces there, so that the others came in with less resistance. The Americans, however, have been doing some fine work; they blew up one gate, and the English walked in behind them. Every city gate was closed and barricaded, but a little dynamite could soon do the work of opening them. It is difficult beyond telling to get any real accurate information as to just what was done or what is to be done. Each one you talk with has a different tale to tell, and what the soldiers themselves say can not be depended upon. They like to make big stories, for one thing, and they don't know the names of the different portions of the city. One fellow talked to me about coming in through "Chinatown," just as though it wasn't all Chinatown.—Mrs. H. S. Galt.

The Indian troops came in at the water gate, while a good many of the Americans scaled the wall. I do not see how they could, but they said they were bound to get in, and there seemed no other way. These did not know

*Bless them! If it had not been for that, if they had planned to enter after each nation was ready at the appointed gate, the nearly finished mines would have been sprung, and the allied armies would have found only the enemy in the British Legation.



about the water gate—a little gate under the wall.—Miss McKillican.

After all, the pounding on the Chi-huo-men* had been only a feint to divert attention, and meanwhile they had battered down a less strongly protected gate and entered, and then by the water gate into the Legations. Our American marines had opened the gate, but they did not get in first as they had other plans.—Miss M. E. Andrews.

They were first in the Southern City. The gate attacked by them was more strongly defended and two companies volunteered to scale the wall. Their path then lay along the wall, which was occupied by Chinese soldiers. They had some twelve or more wounded.—Dr. E. E. Leonard.

The Sikhs had joined in the shouting, but the Americans were "too tired to cheer." They did look terribly tired and hot. They had had a fearful march, night and day, from Tientsin—three days without rations, and one day without water, except what they could get out of the mud.—Mrs. Tewksbury

I wish it were possible in some way to show the soldiers how much we do feel for them, and appreciate their sufferings in the hard march from Tientsin.—Miss N. N. Russell.

If tears flowed, I know you will not think us childish. They came in on a run, and cheering when they found that they were not too late to save us. The

*The large gate at the east, bombarded by the Japanese.

firing during the night before had been heard at Tung-chou, fifteen miles away, and they made a forced march to reach us, fearing that at the last it would be too late. The Indian troops could stand the heat the best, and so got in first, and came in through the water gate which is near us. Some of the Americans saw the flag, the Stars and Stripes flying on the wall of the city, and came up the face of the wall to join their comrades on the top, while the artillery was forcing open the Ch'ien gate. The English looked tired, but nothing to what our men did. At three in the morning at Tung-chou, they were just ready to eat breakfast when they were ordered to march—couldn't even bring it with them, and had nothing all day. So they came in so tired that they could not return the cheers we gave them. How our courts filled up, yes, and the city also—in all some twenty-two or twenty-three thousand troops arrived. We sang the doxology. Our hearts are full of gratitude and wonder at God's great goodness to us.—Miss Evans.

The day the relief came, our troops, dusty, weary and faint, drew up in line to salute the American Minister. We had nothing to give them but cups of cold water, but the water was fresh and clear from the well.—Dr. Terry.

At five o'clock our own American boys, worn and weary, some of them swaying from the terrible heat and lack of food, marched in to our relief. If our cheers seemed feeble, it was because they came from hearts too full for utterance, and if our handkerchiefs only half fluttered, it was because they had to be used to wipe away the tears that would chase one

another down our cheeks. Dressed in our cleanest clothes and with eyes glowing with happiness, we made an appearance that surprised our rescuers. They said that they had expected to find us all dead and dying, and instead of that we were having a garden-party. We were, and in honor of their arrival.—Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich.

Sobs and fears and laughter akin to tears, hand clasp, cheers and prayers of thanksgiving. And so we welcomed the Allied Relief Force on that day of God's wonderful deliverance.—Mrs. Inglis.

The Legation had been transformed into a Midway Plaisance, and our troops were hardly noticeable as they made their way into its teeming courts. Their welcome was not a noisy one; for the members of our little American community were still busy with the routine work whose faithful performance had been the means of preserving the lives of that vast company, and the few who, mingled with the crowd, tried to wave and shout a welcome, found their hearts swelling with a deep thankfulness which stilled hand and voice. Then as we looked into the haggard faces of those men who had made that terrible forced march through the summer heat to save our lives, men who were too weary to respond to our welcome, men who had left beloved comrades on the way, dead or insane from heat and fatigue, we felt that some shadows must be painted into this last happy picture of the siege of Peking.—Miss Luella Miner.

But the Legation hardly afforded standing room for

the multitudes now filling the tennis court, Midway Plaisance and every other place. It was one great tangle of besieged and rescuers, men, women, and horses, (principally men, however), faces black, white and yellow. Something must be done with them. The crowd of us standing near the bell tower were given an object lesson of how troops opened the gates, as a hole was blown with dynamite in the adjoining court, the Imperial carriage park, where the elephant chariots were kept. The Sikhs camped out here, the English and Americans going to the sacred places in the southern part of the Southern City, the Temple of Heaven and the Temple of Agriculture. An examination of the carriage park showed us what we had escaped.—A. H.

Evidently the Chinese did not expect the troops so soon, and we think they had planned to blow us up that very night, for some big mines were found all prepared with powder and fuse ready to light, enough to blow up half the Legation, they say.—Dr. Mackey.

After the troops had marched out, two men in khaki suits, remained seated at the base of the bell tower. We soon learned that they were reporters from Manila, who had marched with the troops, and had shared all the privations of the army. One of the ladies brought out some bowls of the pony soup we were to have for supper. The men said it was the best soup they had ever tasted. —Dr. Terry.

Our danger was great, but God's omnipotent hand saved us. The stories we hear of missionary friends,

their sufferings, in many cases their murder, make us heart-sick. We cannot speak of Paotingfu friends to each other.—Mrs. Inglis.

The rest of the afternoon was full of the wildest excitement and joy. Mr. Edward Lowry had come with the troops, also Mr. Lewis of the Y. M. C. A., and Mr. Brown of the Methodist Mission, and from them we learned many things about Tung-chou, Tientsin and other parts of our mission—Miss M. E. Andrews.

How we clapped Ed. Lowry when he came into the chapel while we were at supper! And in the evening, how we gathered around Dr. Smith's little booth, first to hear the cablegram he had prepared to send home, a verse from our "Freedom Psalm," the 124th—"Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers; the snare is broken and we are escaped." And then how breathless we all stood around the little booth while Mr. Brown from within retailed the news to the assembled crowd, telling of the world at large, and how it had conducted itself during the past two months, and especially of the siege of Tientsin. And then we asked again the question that lay deep in our hearts. That afternoon when our troops came in, we had demanded news of the reporters, and first of all about Paotingfu. Oh, the saddest day of the siege was that day when it was lifted! Eyes that had shed no tears during the whole siege were wet then. And yet they gave us no details. It was a simple "No," when we asked if anything had been heard from Paotingfu. But no news after these two months meant so much! And so now we asked the same question of Mr.

Brown. Then a shudder passed through us as he told how, on examining the records in the viceroy's yamen after its capture by the foreign soldiers, a document had been found from the head official in Paotingfu stating how he had beheaded the foreigners in Paotingfu, and how the next day copious showers of much-needed rain had fallen. The letter closed by advising the Tientsin official to do the same, that the sacrifice might be followed by a like good result, and that they might hope for a good harvest.

Oh, blind officials—a rain is indeed to follow the precious sacrifice, and it will bring a glorious harvest, and we will all sing a glorious Harvest Home then, in the day of the Lord's release. And no tear shall dim the rejoicing of that day!

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

General Gaselee.

When the troops came to save us from the Boxers, the English general, who led all of the soldiers from different countries, was the first to enter the Legation with some Sikhs—great tall Indian soldiers with turbans around their heads. I was pretty white because I had been so hungry. When General Gaselee saw me, he stopped and asked me how old I was. When I told him eight years old, he stooped down and kissed me for the sake, he said, of his little girl at home.—Dorothea Goodrich.

Last Night.

I was not on regular hospital duty, much as I should have enjoyed it. Perhaps it was well, however, as it left me in a more antiseptic condition to attend to any emergency cases among the Chinese. Then there were the regular housekeeping duties in which we all took part, besides the clothing to be made for the rest of our marines, and then to assist in our woman's part of the defense, viz., making the innumerable sandbags.

There were four happy nights when I was permitted to take the place of one of the night nurses. I was on duty the last night of the siege. The firing that night was terrific, and a constant rain of bullets poured down from every direction. The enemy seemed to be making one last determined effort to destroy us. One of their generals had promised to exterminate the foreigners in five days. The five days had passed, and then the cry went out, one day more and the foreigners will all be destroyed. That last night had come. Some of the men who were convalescent were restlessly moving about. Others were too sick to notice what was going on. Mitchell, the fearless gunner who had manned the International, was brought in before midnight, wounded in the elbow, and placed on a bed on the floor. About midnight, above the roar and din of the musketry and artillery going on all about us we heard other sounds

which we had not heard before. The trained ears of the soldiers detected the sound of the machine guns of the troops who were coming up in advance, and we knew relief was near. While I was giving gruel to a typhoid fever patient, the other night nurse came in and said, "The troops have come." The news seemed too good to be true. There was wild demonstration of joy in some parts of the Legation compound, but all was quiet in the hospital.—Dr. Edna Terry.

Last Day.

At last the end came, the Fourteenth of August, and "the troops." The guns of our rescuers had been heard in the night, and the morning found everyone restless, excited, expectant. About two o'clock there was a great running of people past the hospital "going to see the troops come in." The hospital was suddenly emptied of every one who could get away on foot or on crutches, with arms in slings and heads in bandages. They too had joined the running crowd; not a soul was left about the premises but the nurse on duty and a few patients who could not by any possibility get away. A sunny-tempered Japanese left alone in a back room waited patiently for someone to bring him news. A German marine wounded in the head became excited and had to be led back to bed every few minutes. In another room a Russian wounded in the neck, who had been watched most carefully with orders to put him on the operating table and call the Surgeon at the first sign of a hemorrage, suddenly disappeared. Intense anxiety was felt for a few moments until he was found, made quiet and dis-

covered to have received no harm.* By this time the crowd was surging back again. Men, women and children running and shouting and hurrahing, "The troops are in."

In their midst ran the men of India's native regiment, smiling, joyous, waving their arms and shouting as wildly as anyone. An American officer, wounded while leading a brilliant charge made during the siege, and who had wasted in the hospital ever since, with great anxiety on his face asked what the noise was all about. "The troops are in," the nurse replied. "Impossible," he answered. She moved the screen and pointed through the window to the black, turbaned soldiers passing by. The sick man looked, tears coursed down his haggard cheeks as he saw for himself that help had come and the terrible siege was ended. "Are you not glad?" the nurse inquired. "God knows that I am glad," he said. Another officer had been quietly watching the excitement from his cot. Though he said nothing, his face told us that God knew that he also was glad.

With the return of the crowd came work for the hospital. The first woman wounded during the siege was brought to the operating table. Then one of the

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*The above narrative of Dr. Gloss lacks a little of the personal element thus supplied by a friend to whom she told the same story. "She does not tell of how in the turmoil of the coming of the allies she stood, with hypodermic syringe in a hand that trembled with excitement and weariness, over one wounded and suffering man, to turn and find the next escaped; or how she hunted up the big Russian who was to be watched so carefully, and returned to find others gone on crutches, or *anyhow* that they could get away."

Sikhs, who had rushed to our barricade to help defend us, was brought in badly wounded in the face and shoulder by a bullet. It was while dressing this patient that the surgeon who was known as the Saint of the Hospital, because of his unvarying kindness and patience, for the first time showed some irritation. "I have but two hands; I will be obliged if some one will hold this bandage for me," he said to the several assistants who, with thoughts on the tennis court where the American troops were being welcomed, were rendering him very ineffectual assistance. They had worked through days and nights of attack with shells screaming overhead and bullets falling like hail, but this new joy of rescue for the moment unnerved them.

With the coming of the troops, the wonderful organization which had controlled everything ceased. The patients in the hospitals were sent to the care of their own armies, and in a day the International or Siege Hospital became an empty, desolated dwelling-house.—Miss A. D. Gloss, M. D.

I have not another thought but of praise and thankfulness that I was allowed to live through those days, and to be permitted to see God's hand.

Annie H. Gowans.

If there is anyone who thinks the benefit of prayer is simply subjective—an exercise to be gone through for its effect upon our own minds—or who thinks that the business department of the world is run by evolution simply, without any margin for special providences, that person ought to have been in the Peking siege.

No wonder it puzzled M. Pichon, the French Minister, who in his dispatch which sums up the situation says: "A general massacre was averted only by a series of extraordinary events the origin of which was perhaps due less to the will of man than to a combination of circumstances impossible to foresee."

The Chinese came a little nearer to guessing the mysterious origin of these "series of extraordinary events," when they said they could not kill us until they had first shot away the supernatural beings that guarded over us in midair. So they aimed high, and we were safe, "under the shadow of His wings."

While our danger was the greatest, and reports of

our massacre had reached the home-land, a prayer meeting was held in an upper room, and, almost stunned with the news that they had thought was true, the godly women there assembled took their sorrow to the throne of Grace. After several had spoken and prayed one rose up who knew better than anyone there the countless dangers which would surround us under these circumstances, for she herself had been a missionary in this same city of Peking. But she knew also the "secret of the Lord," and clear-sighted as a prophetess of old, she rose and gave her message. "We know that any who have survived the danger and anxiety have been drawn so close to the Lord that they have had visions which will remain with them as long as they live." How true that is! Who can ever forget the tender love of the Shepherd, the comfort of the rod and staff in passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the conscious presence of the Lord guiding every step!

Before hearing from a number a recapitulation of some of the great deliverances, the table spread in the presence of the enemies, etc., let us call attention by a word to the "pastures of tender greenness and waters of pleasantness." For not only were the great necessities of life, its preservation and nourishment, provided by our kind Heavenly Father, but the cravings of our finer feelings were satisfied by here and there such a beautiful touch of sentiment that it seemed to come right from the Father's heart to our own.

In sitting a moment to rest in front of the chapel we might raise our eyes and try to see if we could not

distinguish the path of the screaming shell that seemed as if it must leave a crack in the sky. Shell or ball or shrapnel, we could never see one, though the air was rent with the sound of the weaving of this warp and woof of death. But in looking up our eyes would meet the pure, bright blue of the heaven above, just as beautiful as if it looked down on times of peace. It seemed to speak of a calm above all the strife. And framing in the blue above were the exquisite fern-like leaves of a blossoming tree, all a glory of delicate tassels, looking like pink balls of thistle-down, a vision of beauty.

And many a time some unlooked-for mercy would come, and with it the thought, as if direct from the Father, "It is necessary for the larger purposes of the destinies of nations that you should suffer loss in some things. But here is a little love-gift direct from the hand of Him who knoweth the fall of the sparrow." For instance, was it not a wonderfully tender provision of love, when we had no tombstones with which to honor our dead, that over in Prince Su's palace should be found a large number of porcelain memorial wreaths, imported from Europe, enough for every grave? Thus even sentiment was provided for. Cut off from communication with the outside world, our comrades seemed the dearer to us, a blessed compensation. As Mrs. Inglis writes, "What friends can ever be cherished as those who faced death together in the siege of Peking?"—A. H.

But now let us hear of the larger mercies, and let many join the chorus in the "Songs of Deliverance."

to describe.—Grace Newton.

From a letter written after t
if we had decided to take poi
heard the word poison in regarc
I am certain no one thought of t
times talked of what we thought m
from the first I felt certain some
I did not believe the Boxers would
some might die or be killed.—Miss

I have never heard of clearer evi
than we have had while inside here.
we were all gathered together in ti
massacred in our homes. Then w
starting for Tientsin under a Chi
we were supplied with food. When
thought we might get along with our
the most two weeks (you know the pl
were burned), but we lived, and at
day for eight weeks.—Miss Maud M

As the time passes, that wonderf
Providences which led to our deliv
and more wonderful. There were
stances and events, such a combina

one of which, if it had been wanting, the results would have been disastrous. That great company had come together without provision for a single day. Yet the place had been specially prepared. Food, water, fuel and supplies of various kinds were stored up within those lines. The cool weather tended to our health and comfort, and the absence of heavy rains made it possible for relief to come to us. The native Christians were saved, and, as our Minister said, without the help of these native men our salvation would have been despaired of. The place which sheltered the native Christians was the key to the situation on the east, and holding this protected the Legation. There was the timing of the crisis, which came when the Chinese were unprepared for it; also the timing of the relief, which came before we were totally destroyed. In the great emergencies there was always the right man in the right place. All these events go to prove that the chain of Providences was complete.—Edna G. Terry.

We had been able to protect our native Christians after many refusals at the beginning. And our having them with us gives us a force that makes it possible for us to fortify our position and to fight the fierce fires. The few foreigners could not have done this alone. The foreigners have been able to collect in a body in a defensible position.—Mrs. C. E. Ewing.

Health. Another special providence is the comparative good health of all. When everyone would naturally predict sickness and pestilence, on the whole all kept well, and some who were very low have largely recovered. Only the babies do not get better.

Preservation of life. Still another thing that is so remarkable that nothing else than a miracle can explain it is the preservation of life in the midst of constant firing. Of course, during any special attack we stay indoors (the ladies and children), but stray shots are coming all the time. Men, women and little children are continually passing back and forth through the compound, and yet not one civilian has been seriously hurt here. Shells are bursting over our heads and falling in fragments. Solid balls from four to fourteen pounds in weight have entered dwelling-houses and pierced many walls, but in all this compound (English legation) only two persons have been killed, and these were marines. Even the soldiers, who some of them know God's name only to take it in vain, have borne testimony that nothing but the power of God could thus preserve life. In their own posts of danger, where many have been killed, they recognize the same power as keeping them from being entirely wiped out. Just think of it! Less than 500 trained men holding out for nearly two months against thousands and thousands of Chinese soldiers, besides multitudes of Boxers, and with no artillery until the capture of the "International."

Some people kept account of the number of shells thrown, and there were 3,900 during the siege. It seems very strange, when we think of the vast number of bullets and shells that have fallen into our compound, that not a missionary was hurt. There were many narrow escapes, but we *always* escaped.

Dr. Leonard, two others and I lived in the Legation

smoking-room. Four cannon balls struck the roof of that room while we were there, but the fifth came through while we were all out to supper—the first time we had been out during that day. When we came back there was a big hole in the ceiling and a dent in the floor.—Dr. Mackey.

Stepping out of the door when the shells were bursting overhead, I often thought, "Another step and then perhaps the end," and the end did come for several just that way.—Mrs. Inglis.

It would have been very easy at any time, especially at first, for the enemy to make a fatal breach in our walls and wipe us out, none being left to tell the tale. All the reasons why they did not do so will never be known till the Judgment Day, but one peep behind the scenes may show possibilities. After the siege was lifted a coolie, in talking with his former mistress, said: "One night we feared they would finish you. The Red and the Yellow Boxers agreed upon a certain night to make a concerted attack and kill every one of you after breaking down the walls. But while they were drawn up there, waiting for the signal to begin, they fell out among themselves, and the next morning cart after cart carried away the dead bodies, packed like a load of pigs."—A. H.

It must be an eye-opener to them that a few hundred could hold out against their thousands and an entire city. They said at first that in two days we would all be in their hands, and it is now two months; but it has not been by might nor power of men, but of God.

There have been as wonderful providences and miracles as in the leading of the Jews out of Egypt.—Miss Russell.

And how the Lord rescued us in time of fire, either by sending rain or by changing the direction of the wind, until even the Chinese said "The Lord put out the fires."—A. H.

We have had more thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes than we care for, and have become acquainted with the horrors of war. The summer has been a trying one in many ways; but God's grace has always been sufficient. We have had a quietness and peace in our hearts which neither crackling flames, whistling bullets nor booming cannon could frighten away. Why our lives were spared, when so many as worthy as we were horribly tortured to death, only God can tell. It seems as though it must have been because so many were praying for us.—Emma E. Martin, M. D.

The perils of our surroundings revealed as never before God's special care. Many promises were like the stars that are visible only in the dark. We did not need to question under what circumstances David wrote "The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer."

There was devout thanksgiving and praise for our own deliverance, but sorrow when we remembered our fellow missionaries and native Christians who had perished. It is a sad thought that they will never more be there to welcome us, yet we do rejoice that they







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Deborah's song, outflashing,
  Shall wake the slumbrous palm.

We, in our modern lyre,
  Will find some hidden chord
To sound, with heaven's own choir,
  The glory of the Lord.

To him whose way is shrouded,
  But who, through day and night,
His purpose keeps unclouded,
  The victory of Right—

To him, in holy rapture,
  Our pæan shall ascend,
Unloosed, the heathen capture,
  God, our Eternal Friend!

—*Christian Herald.*













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